Liberty

FEB. 12, 1944

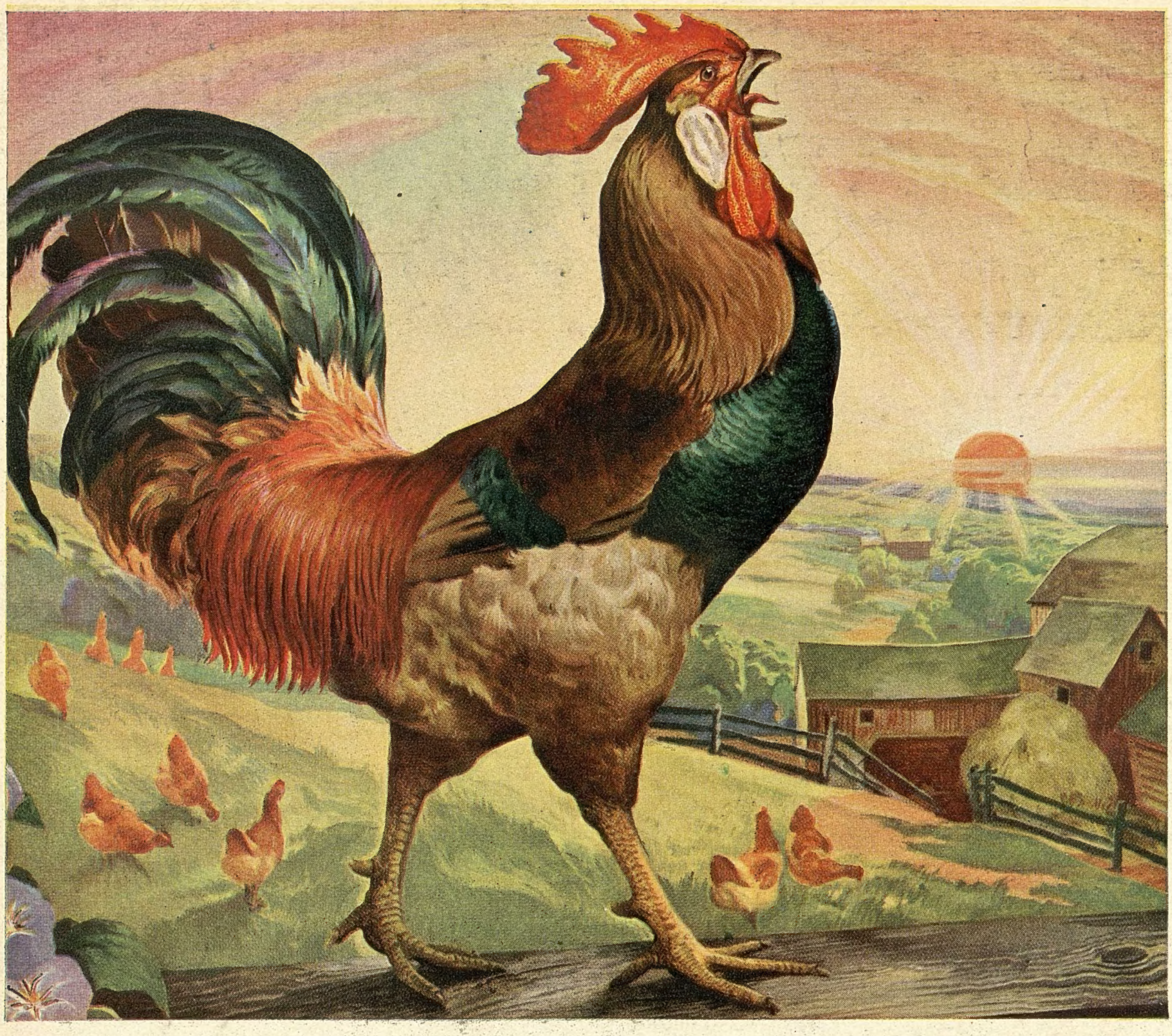
10c

Book:

A SURGEON'S WORLD

A Doctor Looks Back

WHY FINLAND KEEPS FIGHTING



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You will say many nice things about Schenley Royal Reserve. But *one* thing *all* who taste it agree upon: this fine smooth flavor is like morning sunshine in your glass . . . *so mellow and light* . . . a work of genius . . . each sunny amber drop a glowing part of a magnificent whole. Over all others, it's America's first choice among whiskies — Schenley Royal Reserve — *because we made it America's finest!*

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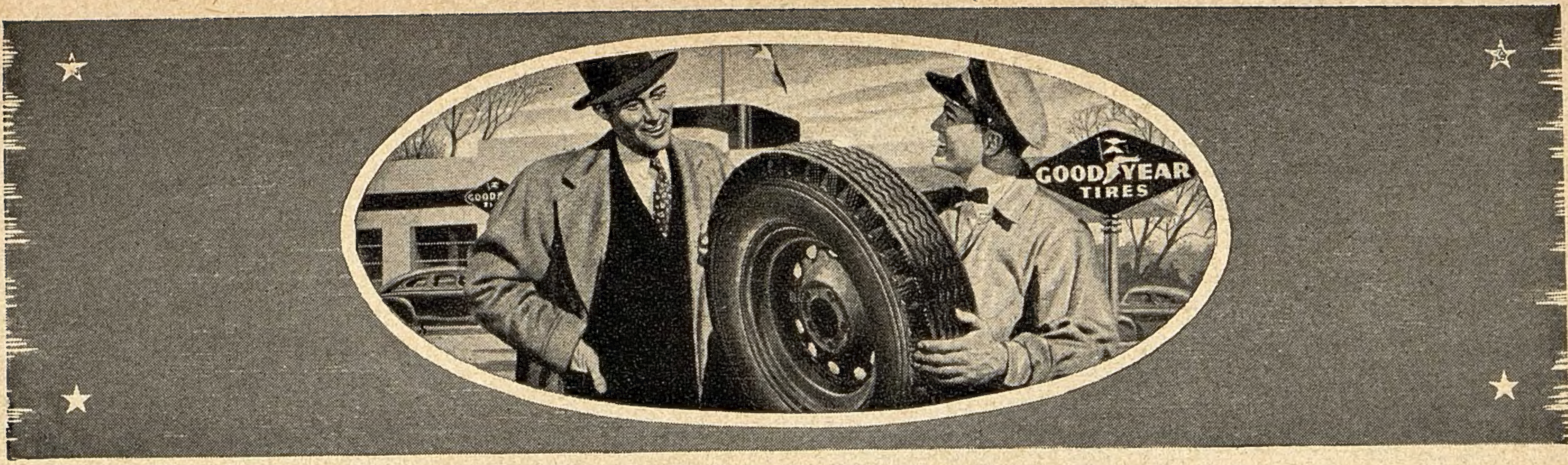

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SYNTHETIC rubber tires for civilian use are a new thing in America, and the hope is to build 30,000,000 of them in 1944.

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The second thing to look for, is that the tire is backed up by convenient and competent dealer service — with synthetic tires that remains as important to full performance as ever, if not more so.

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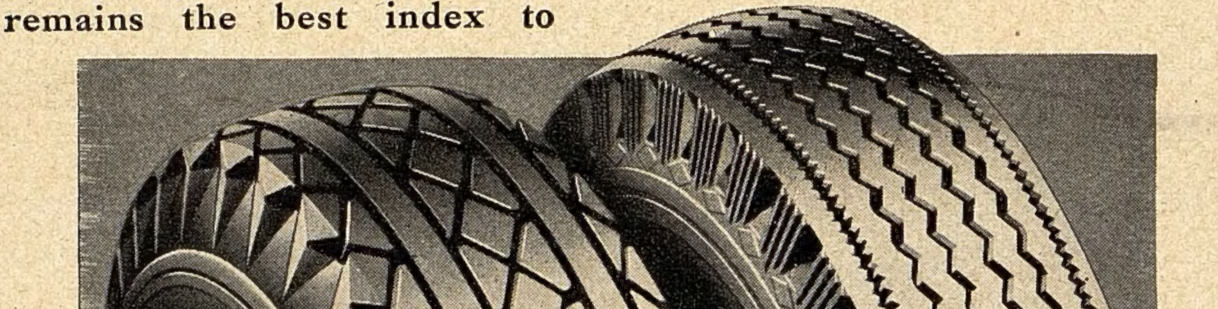

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GOODYEAR
TIRES

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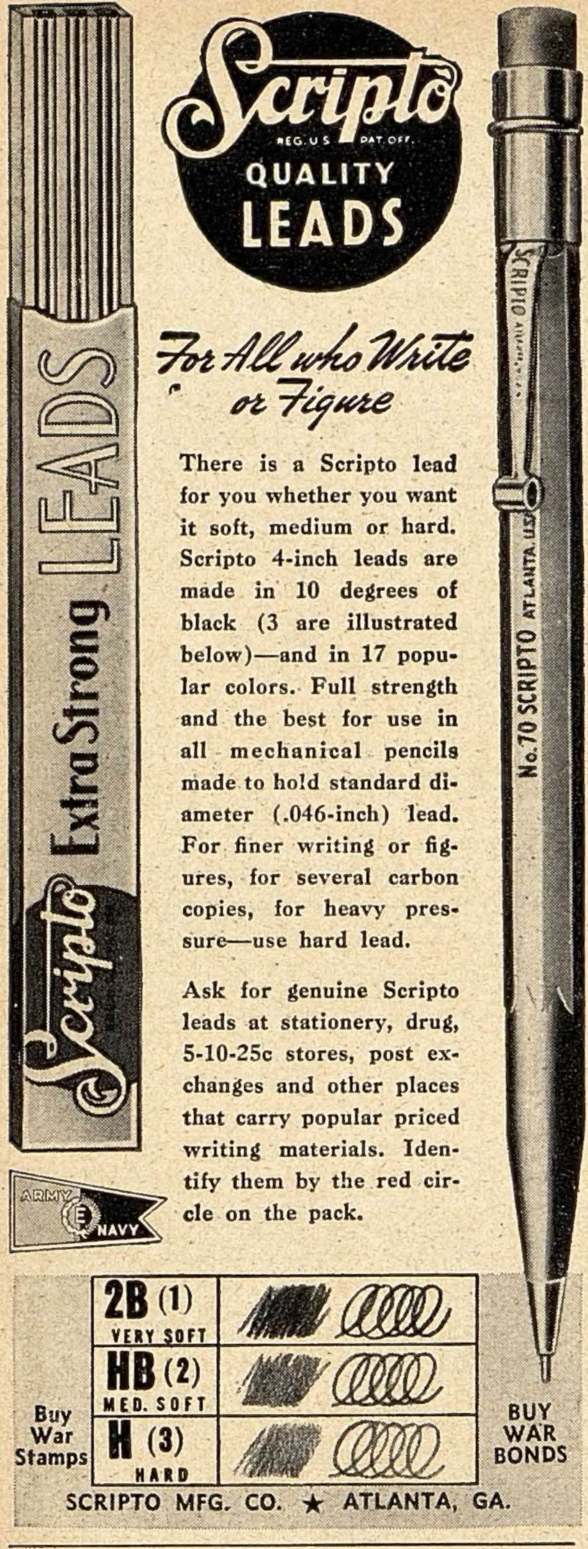

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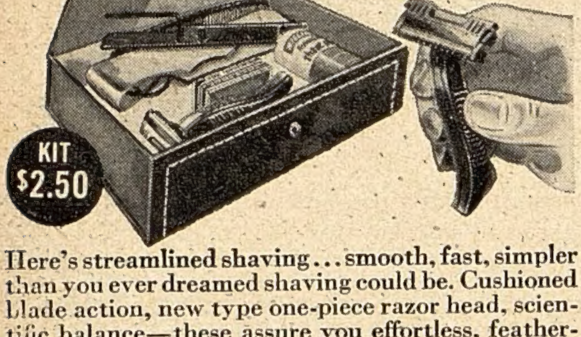

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Front Line Breadmaker

OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTO BY SGT. F. S. ERRIGO AND CORP. A. R MILLER

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

SUNUP TO SUNDOWN

Cape May, N. J.—Attention, Lieutenant W. K. G. (December 18 Vox Pop.) There has never been a farmer, and I mean farmer, who has had four and a half winter months to toast himself behind a stove. I don't know where your "home community" is, but you make me think of Tobacco Road, of which every state has representatives, much to the shame of those who *are* industrious.

Farmers who are good Americans spend those four and a half months in cleaning, repairing, oiling, or painting their equipment and outbuildings. Also, they take care of their livestock. Lieutenant W. K. G., the fresh milk you drink in December was not taken from the cow in August. And when do you think they do the late plowing and early plowing, or enclose their pastures? —*M. E. B.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—I used to be on a farm myself, and it just blisters me to see what people who know nothing at all about farming are trying to do to a hard-working people's pride. They certainly have a right to make a living without being on a dole.—*Pearl L. Blair.*

ROGUES' GALLERY

Hollywood, Calif.—I'm another Ted Shane fan. Have been for years. In fact, his crossword puzzles are the most fascinating ones I have ever worked, and I am a crossword puzzle enthusiast from away back.

For a long time I too have wondered what this Shane person looks like. Having formed my own mental picture of this combination screwball-sage personality, I have hesitated to ask that his picture be printed, for I was afraid if I saw how he really looked I might be disappointed. But now my curiosity has gotten the better of me and I would like you to print his picture. Will you?—*Dorothy Herman.*

The first chance we get.—Vox Pop Editor.

LONDON CALLING

London, England—Of late we have managed to get hold of your magazine, and to date have liked it a lot.

The short stories and articles make very useful and handy reading for people who haven't the time to read long novels.

Now, here's the rub. The September 18 issue has an article entitled Birth of a New Britain, and if the aforementioned article was written by a British journalist, as you state it was, he ought to take a running jump into a lake for all he knows about wartime Britain and for the sloppy way he has of attempting to put it over.

His statement that the great weight of public opinion has been growing that Princess Elizabeth should marry an American is the greatest bilge we ever heard. The first indication of this "great weight of public opinion" that ever came our way was from your magazine —and, believe us, we do get around.

Having had our beef, we wish to reiterate how much we like your magazine.—*Phil and Arthur Jackson.*

SARCASTIC SAILOR

San Francisco, Calif.—W. H. Benz suggested a while back in Vox Pop that the government increase the gas ration for the purchase of war bonds.

I haven't been near a pleasure car in almost two years, therefore I'm sure I can't fully appreciate the inconveniences you limited drivers are enduring.

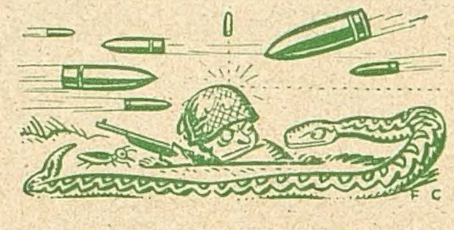
A lot of people seem to have the idea that the government has an unlimited supply of gasoline, etc., hoarded somewhere, and is merely withholding it from John Public as a wise mother would hold candy from her children, knowing too much of it will be bad for them.

Finally, are we so small that we must be rewarded for patriotism?—*E. V. Pfeifer, M. M. 2/c.*

WAR STORIES: PRO AND CON

Corpus Christi, Tex.—In January 1 Vox Pop there are too many people trying to forget there is a war being fought. The boys out there fighting certainly can't forget. They're getting the real thing—twenty-four hours a day seven days a week. Don't you suppose they want to forget? If they can't forget, why should civilians be allowed to?

We need to be more and more war-conscious. Just let some of these armchair fighters try the real thing sometime—then they'll really want to forget it. We can't do it.—*F. S. Powell, U. S. Maritime Service.*



Amarillo, Tex.—I am pretty well burned up with all these guys wanting you to drop war stories. I agree with Mr. George, and would like to know what's the matter with Mr. Raab and Mr. Ashby. Haven't they guts enough to face the facts?

One of the boys that keep the big ones flying—Pfc. O. F. Ashby.

California—Give the people more war stories. When I think of my wife and son and all the folks back home, I want to go over and do my part in finishing it. I'm a volunteer and all the rest of my natural life I'll never regret it. I still say, "More war stories."—*Private Claude Bordeaux.*

Baltimore, Md.—May I also ask for fewer war stories and more cartoons?

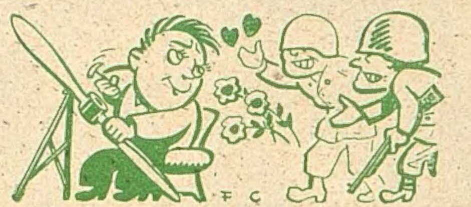
I am plenty war-conscious as it is, and I would appreciate more diverting reading.—*Mrs. G. L. Hofmeister.*

PLANE TALK

P. O., San Francisco, Calif.—We just finished the article Aviation Is Behind the 8-Ball in Liberty of August 14.

All the aircraft workers have our sympathy and we give them the famous tune Hearts and Flowers.

It's too bad those workers aren't happy. They have such a tough life and must find it pretty rough!



How a group of people can be unhappy under such working conditions is beyond us. What poor, simple people!

I guess we'll have to write to the aircraft employees to try to raise their morale.—*William J. Sapienza, Ted Swenson, Harvey G. Miller, Wayne A. Kishlin, Richard J. Vrgal.*

ORCHIDS FOR PEARLS!

Philadelphia, Pa.—I find "pearls of great price" in the editorials of Paul Hunter. The last one I found was in the January 1 editorial titled Year of Decision, and it was: "Let us seek the golden kernel of truth in the chaff of words."—*Rayam S. Moyer.*

GRIPER

Omaha, Neb.—Can't go for Liberty any more. You are entirely too New Dealish for our blood in this part of the country. Why don't you get next to yourself?—*R. J. Mayer.*

WHERE D'JA GET THOSE EYES?

Des Moines, Ia.—Referring to the recent discussion on inherited hair and eye coloring, this topic is explained quite fully, simply, and scientifically in a book called You and Heredity. It is proved conclusively that parents with dark hair and eyes can have children with blond hair and blue eyes, and vice versa. In fact, practically any combination of hair and eyes is possible.

Now is every one happy, or must we go back to the birds and bees and flowers?—*Mrs. Don Heefner.*

We hope fervently that this closes the issue once and for all!—Vox Pop Editor.

PLAINTIVE PUZZLE PLEA

West Haven, Conn.—Can't we please have a real crossword puzzle once in a while instead of this Cockeyed business? No one can make head or tail of the crazy thing. I am a puzzle fan and

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- ***If my wife's jewelry disappears and I can't prove it was either lost or stolen, can I collect the insurance?***

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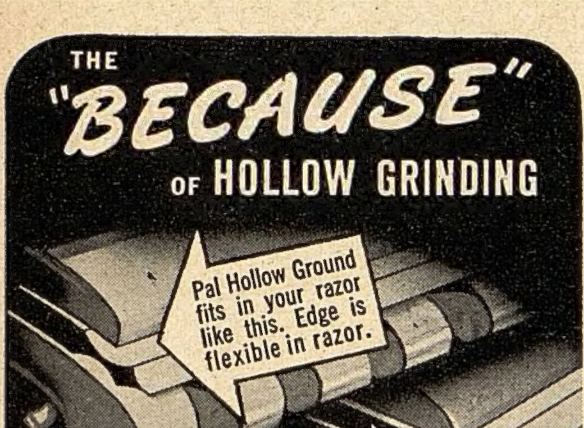
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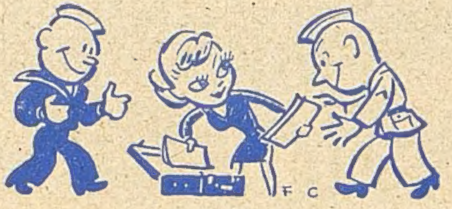
PAL
HOLLOW GROUND

get very disgusted when I pick up Liberty week after week and see that darn thing.—*Mrs. S. Howe.*

BOOKY ROOKIES

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—A few weeks ago I took a trip out West. In anticipation of the ride, I collected a number of Liberty's condensed best sellers. Once I was settled on the train I started reading, and no sooner was I in the middle of Burma Surgeon than a soldier approached me and asked if he might read the booklet—later on. I opened my bag and let him see my library. He was thrilled to find The Human Comedy, as he had seen the movie.



Pretty soon a sailor came around, and then a Wave, and all my booklets were rapidly distributed.

I just want to thank you, in the name of our boys and girls as well as for myself, for the way you make Liberty readers acquainted with the best sellers we are unable to read in the lengthy form.—*Fanny Schuelein.*

MAIL CALL

VANDERGRIFT, PA.—I do want to express my appreciation of Lieutenant Davis Newton Lott's article How to Write to a Serviceman (January 1 Liberty). Perhaps he advises spreading on the mush a bit too thick to suit me, but aside from that he's written an interesting and helpful article. I'm now awaiting the promised results of following his advice.—*Fay Shellhammer.*

INDIANTOWN GAP, PA.—Just finished reading How to Write to a Serviceman, and I know if our friends and relatives read the article, *man,* they will know just what we fellows want in our "morale boosters."

I am an ardent Liberty fan and have been so for years. Cheers to the editors. Keep 'em coming!—*T/4 William G. Preussner, Hq. Co.*

STOCKTON, ILL.—I publish a newspaper in a town of 1,500 population, and in addition to completely covering the local field, I have 218 subscribers among servicemen all over the world—Iran, India, Aleutians, Africa, Italy. Your writer says, "Most of the news will be old stuff by the time it reaches him." Your writer, permit me to say, is full of wet hay, and I speak with experience from both sides, as I was in France in 1918 and remember how eager I was for the home-town paper.—*Charles Sughroe.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The article on How to Write to a Serviceman was a very interesting article on the do's and don't's of a letter to some one in the service. But I am afraid Lieutenant Lott has not included the rest of us—or should I say the few of us who don't have sweethearts or husbands in the service.

What puzzles me is what type of letters should be written to some one whom you have only met once or twice and is shipped away. So would some one please advise us girls how to write to servicemen who are just casual friends?—*Antoinette Di Giovanni.*

NEXT WEEK

WAR HAS CHANGED RUSSIAN IDEAS

By Maurice Hindus

What do you know about Russian home life—or religion? A hot-off-the-cable story of how Russia put aside world revolution in wartime and stepped forward as a nation proud of its destiny.

PACKING THE YANKEE PUNCH

By Edwin Diehl and Carl Bostelmann

The art of shipping has been turned topsy-turvy by the hectic demands of war. An inside account of the man who knows all the short cuts to good shipping—be it bombers, bullets, or beans.

HIGH-LINE HERO

By Bill Gulick

When you're young, danger—even on a high line—seems highly overrated. That's what one cocky kid thought until he came face to face with it!

HOLLYWOOD IS TERRIFIC

By Gretta Palmer

What's the low-down on the glitter city? Do actresses really have mink spreads on their beds? The spotlight is turned on Hollywood and some startling stories are revealed.

YOUTH HAS FLAMED BEFORE

By Edith M. Stern

Figures say American youth has tossed its cap over the windmill. Read this story before you condemn the younger generation.

BOMBER OVER WEWAK

By Vern Haugland

The crippled bomber made an easy target for the Japs. But only until a big hunk of man proved they counted their victory before it was matched!

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

By Willard H. Temple

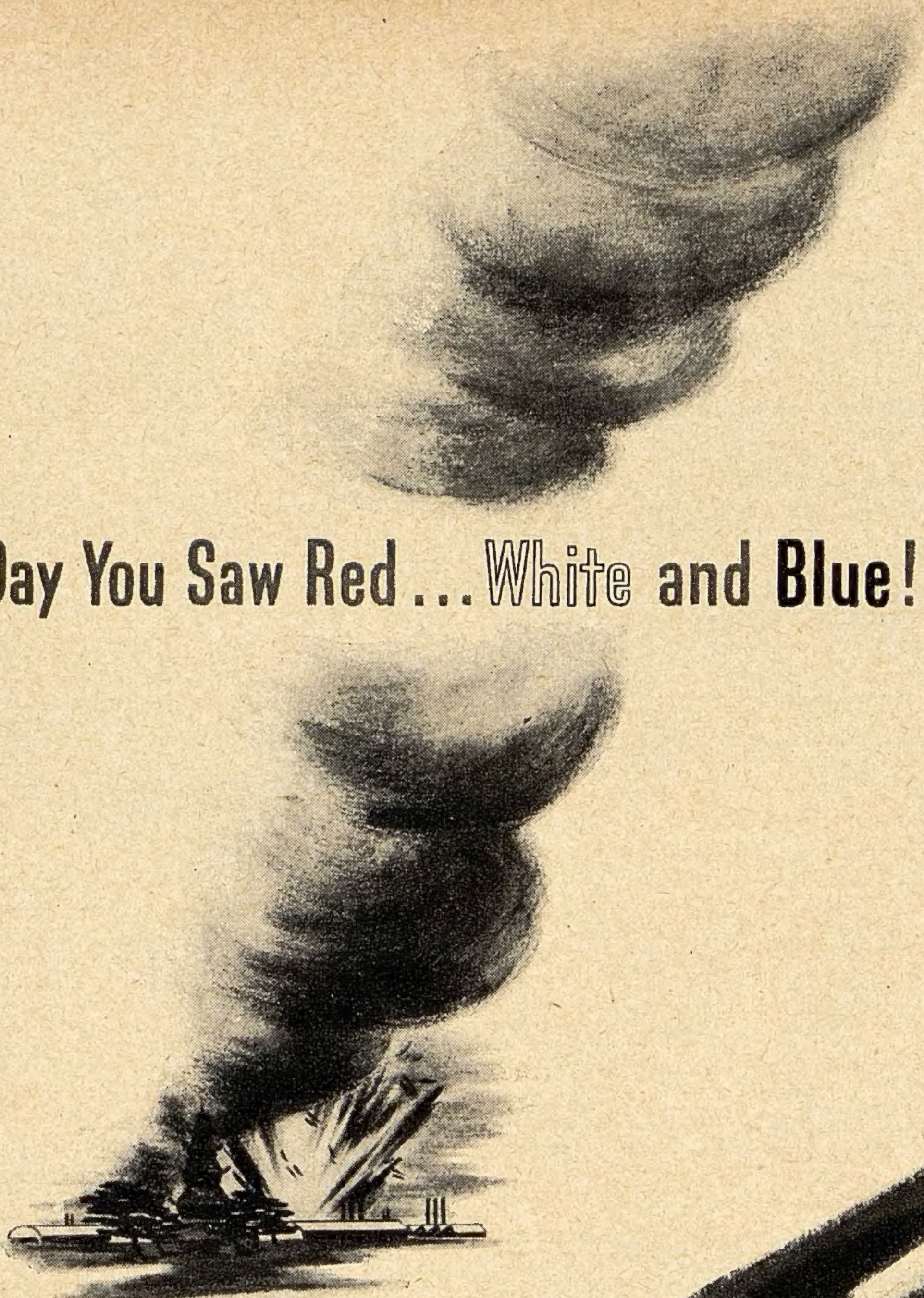
Adele turned pen pal for patriotic reasons, but the paper acquaintance blossomed in such a way it changed her whole life.

THIS IS MY BROTHER

By Louis Paul

Liberty's Book Condensation

One of the finest novels written out of this war. A little group of Americans, taken prisoner by the Japs, are tortured mercilessly. But they refuse to tell what the enemy wants to know. Instead, each man learns what he is fighting for.



The Day You Saw Red ... White and Blue!

On April 18th, 1942, the first installment of a vengeance-debt was paid. American bombers blasted Tokyo.

To bring you the story *behind* the story of this memorable event, Warner Bros. went not to the skies, but *under the sea*—to tell a story heroic beyond belief!

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'DESTINATION TOKYO' is superb entertainment . . . a magnificent picture. It is also an adventure in 'applied Americanism'.

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DESTINATION TOKYO

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CARY GRANT
JOHN GARFIELD
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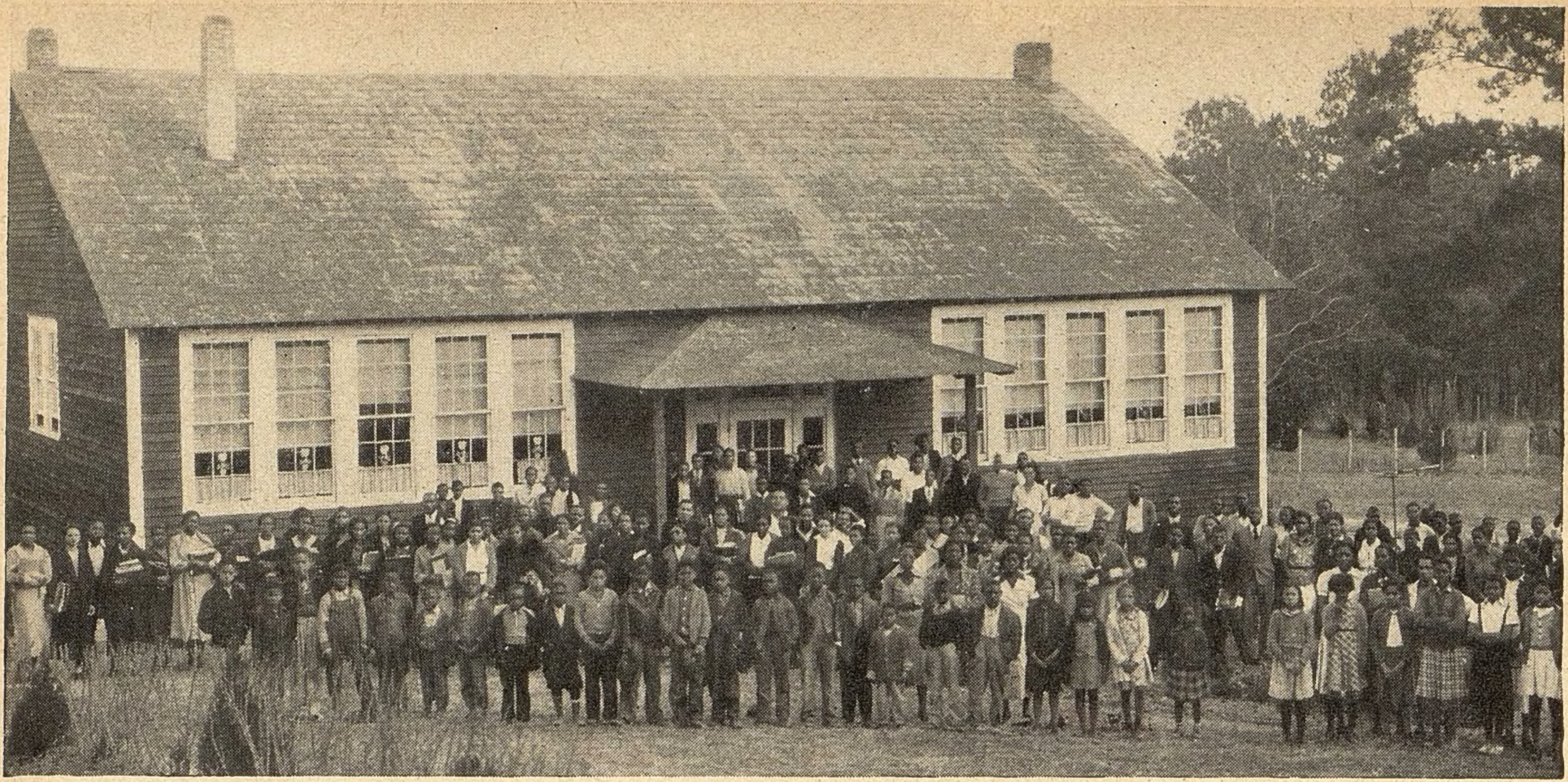
DESTINATION TOKYO
with
DANE CLARK · ROBERT HUTTON · WARNER ANDERSON
JOHN RIDGELY · ALAN HALE · WILLIAM PRINCE
Directed by DELMER DAVES · Produced by JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Delmer Daves and Albert Maltz
From an Original Story by Steve Fisher
Music by Franz Waxman



To the Piney Woods Country Life School come students of all ages to "learn by doing."

"We Come to Git Educated"

BY RUTH M. HARRIS

Here is a story to make Americans proud—an inspiring tale of people who will not be denied their birthright of progress and of the man who is showing them the way

THE rattly little truck left Mississippi Highway 49 and turned in under an arch that said PINEY WOODS COUNTRY LIFE SCHOOL. The little road wound through a woods of young pine saplings and scrub oak, and finally out into the open, where several two-story brick buildings were clustered. Negro boys and girls were hurrying along the sidewalks; a bell was ringing somewhere. There was the sound of building, the sound of a dynamo. There was life and bustle.

"Here it is," the young Negro man driving the truck said with relief and awe. "We got here." He stopped the truck and pointed toward the buildings. "Just look. Just look!"

The young woman beside him sat in silent wonder, and the children perched upon the meager household goods in the back of the truck stopped their singing and laughter to stare, too.

"We come to school," the young man told the Negro woman who came out of the office to greet him. "We come to git educated." He spoke with confidence. He had made the long and hazardous journey safely; he had done his part. The rest was up to Lawrence Jones. Whatever plan Mr. Jones had for them was what they wanted to follow.

Luckily, Lawrence Jones was there, not away on one of his many trips to raise money for his school. His kind eyes took in the situation at a glance. He did have a plan for this homeless family, its bridges well burned behind it. It was the same plan he has had for all his people for many years. To teach them how to care better for their health, how to earn a better living—that is the first part of his plan. To teach them to live with dignity and self-respect and courage—that is the second part.

Lawrence C. Jones went to Jackson with $1.65 and an idea in his head.

No mention of difficulties was made to the trusting family, no reference to overcrowded dormitories, to students already turned away. Before nightfall temporary quarters were prepared, and the next day the whole family began its education at Piney Woods School. The father had his first reading lesson in the twenty-fifth year of his life. The children were introduced to books, too, and to the novelty of running water and the strange taste of fresh milk. The mother had her first lesson in nutrition, although she thought she was merely helping in the kitchen.

Thirty-five years ago Lawrence C. Jones, the son of a Negro hotel porter, who had literally washed and scrubbed his way through the University of Iowa, arrived in the pine woods near Jackson, Mississippi, with a dollar and sixty-five cents in his pocket and an idea in his head.

He wanted to start a school.

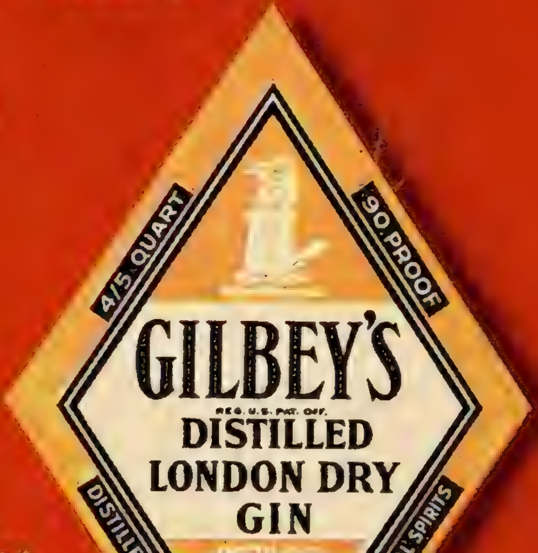
"But why here?" I asked him. "Why did you come here, where the ignorance and the poverty must have made everything almost impossible?"

"Because ignorance and poverty are what I am fighting," he said. "I could have stayed in Iowa. I was invited to go to Tuskegee in Alabama, where George Washington Carver earned his fame. But the start had already been made in those places. The people here had nobody—nothing.

"I had a definite idea about the kind of education my people need. I wanted to substitute hope for hopelessness, and I wanted to begin at the beginning.

"Who can think clearly on an empty stomach, learn anything with a brain dulled by a lifetime of malnutrition and neglected disease? I felt that if I could

(*Continued on page 54*)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THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN..ENGLAND..AUSTRALIA..CANADA

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The new Curtiss Helldiver bomber is designed for aircraft carrier- and land-based operations, making it an important addition to the naval air service.

Simple but Effective

One of the many secrets of why a small group of American flyers based on out-of-the-way airfields in China could outwit the greatly superior Japs and consistently win by a ratio of fourteen to one, was the air-warning net which Major General C. L. Chennault built over a large area in southeastern China before the Japs began their big southward march.

In a country well equipped with communications of all types, it is relatively simple to set up a warning system that will advise of the approach of enemy planes. But it isn't so easy in China, where modern communications are almost nonexistent. This didn't stump General Chennault. Imagine two concentric circles, one with a radius of 100 kilometers, and the other of 200 kilometers, around each of most of the airfields and large cities of China, and you have the general picture. In those circles are thousands of reporting stations, some within the enemy lines, some right on the enemy fields themselves.

The warning net is secret, so details cannot be disclosed, but in general a coolie may be sitting on a city wall watching for airplanes and reporting their approach with a visual signal. Perhaps it is a soldier in a field with a walkie-talkie radio. By one means or another, the reports finally get to the outer circle, where some of the information is filtered. It goes to the inner circle via telephone, where it is refiltered, and finally to the plotting board or operations shack, and the airmen get ready to meet the enemy raiders. Because of this efficient warning net in which many thousands of Chinese have a part, the Americans are never taken by surprise by the Japs, can anticipate Jap moves, and save much fuel through not having to maintain extensive aerial patrols.

Postwar Transport Travel

Six years ago a group of air lines began planning seriously for the era of forty-passenger four-engined transport planes and asked Douglas Aircraft Company to build an experimental plane according to air-lines' specifications. The Douglas DC-4 was the result. It flew around the country on test hops while the air lines had a chance to study it and draw up a list of improvements. The testing completed, the plane was torn down and sold to the Japs—with full approval of the government. (The Japs couldn't do much with a single plane of this type, and when they put it back together they crashed it, as expected.)

This single DC-4 model was the forerunner of the champion transport plane of the present war. Substantially improved, it appeared as the Army's C-54 Skymaster, a speedy, reliable, and fast giant that has flown all over the world and is coming off assembly lines in quantity. Secretary of State Cordell Hull and his diplomatic emissaries made the 26,224-mile round trip to Moscow in two C-54s. President Roosevelt has flown many thousands of miles in one. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, Winston Churchill, ex-Ambassador to Russia Joseph Davies, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Queen Wilhelmina, and many other notables have flown long distances in the C-54.

Many of the large air lines have already indicated that the C-54, converted to peacetime use as the DC-4 model, will be their standard equipment after the war, carrying from forty to fifty passengers on much faster schedules across the country.

The C-54's Accomplishments

The C-54, one of our invasion airplanes, has gone through its paces before Major General E. G. Chapman of the Airborne Command at Camp MacKall, North Carolina. The Skymaster, which has been widely used as a transport, now has a new designation: "combat transport."

In the first test passed successfully, the plane was required to take off in 1,800 feet with a near maximum gross loading of 62,000 pounds, and to land using only 1,900 feet of runway. For a plane of this size, it proved that large and heavy airplanes don't necessarily need relatively more runway length than smaller planes.

In loading tests, an army crew, trained but two days, used the plane's electrical hoist and winch to put aboard field pieces and other heavy military equipment in seventeen minutes. With this heavy military cargo, the C-54 had to take off within 1,300 feet and land in 1,340 feet, a remarkable achievement.

It also passed the paratrooper tests. The engines were throttled down to 105 miles an hour and the left inboard engine nearest the exit was idled while the infantrymen bailed out in rapid succession. All the men landed within a 200-foot circle. With the inboard motor idling, it was like a free jump. There was no prop wash at all—an added advantage to four-engined airplanes.

Then the C-54 towed two, later three, big fifteen-place gliders, each carrying eight men, climbed to 1,000 feet and cruised at 120 miles an hour for fifteen minutes before cutting the gliders loose.

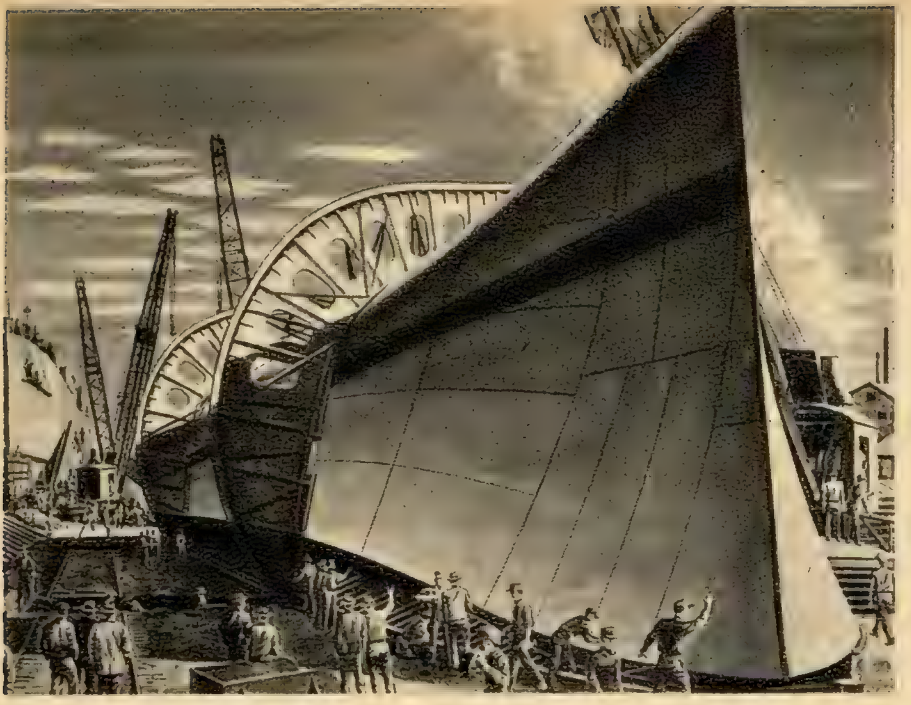
Private Plane Landings

Cessna Aircraft Company has written to On the Beam to suggest that we say a few words about the need for construction of landing strips for the personal airplane. This is a good idea. The Wichita, Kansas, aircraft company was one of the large builders of personal-owner airplanes before the war and has many plans for the postwar period.

"It is our view here that the development of many landing strips is absolutely vital to the development of any large-scale personal airplane ownership, and at the moment the airplane, from a utility standpoint, is in the same position the automobile was before we had roads upon which to operate them," the letter reads.

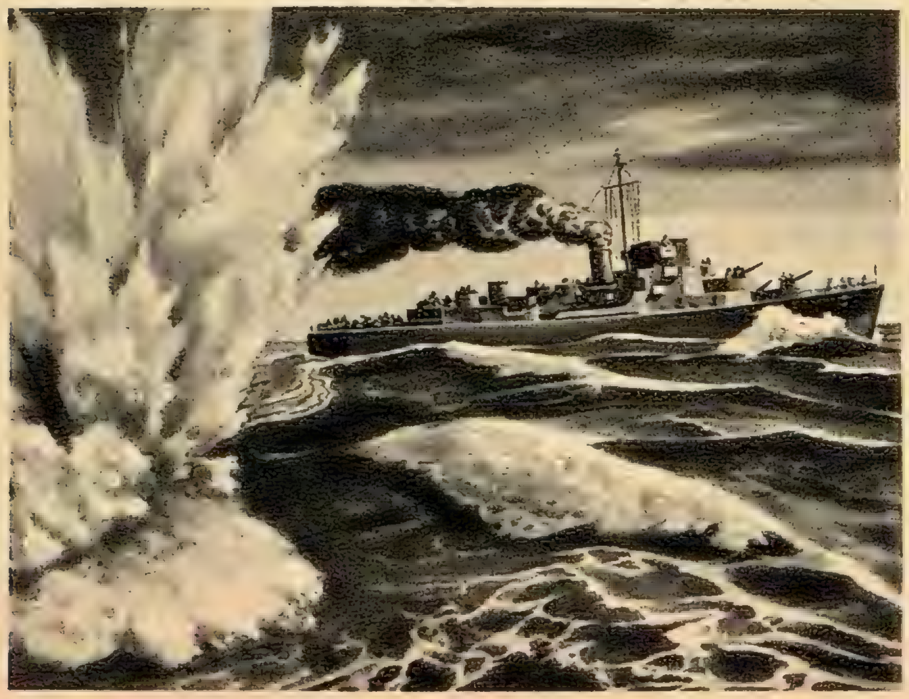
What airmen call landing strips are in reality small airports which may consist only of a single runway built to accommodate small airplanes. Sometimes these landing strips can be built in an **L** shape to take care of wind shifts.

Personal-plane manufacturers realize that large-scale use of airplanes is hopeless unless there are many places to land them, hence they are pleading for this type of airfield construction instead of a fewer number of large and costly airports. They favor landing strips being built adjacent to highways, and some state highway departments have laid plans for building these strips simultaneously with new highways. Many hundreds of these inexpensive landing strips are needed.



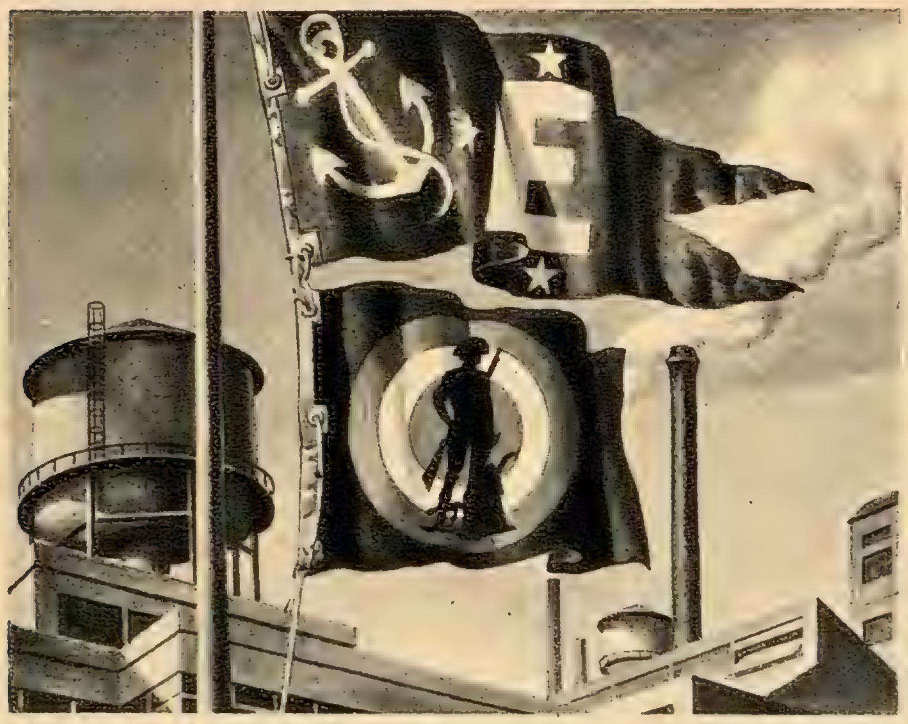
On Land!

Defoe is now building 1700-ton Navy Destroyer-Escort ships—the *largest* warships ever launched on the Great Lakes. Through its unique "roll-over" process, Defoe is able to deliver *twice the production per man hour,* resulting in double the number of ships built at *half the labor cost per vessel!* And all without a dollar of government financing.



On Sea!

With depth bombs, shell fire and ripping knife-like prows, hard-hitting DE ships, such as Defoe builds, are smashing U-boat packs and clearing the sea lanes for America's convoys. By releasing more and more destroyers for other combat duty, these battleworthy craft have added tremendously to the striking power of our Navy.



In The Air!

The Navy "E" with three White Star Renewal Citations flies from the Defoe flagstaff . . . along with the Treasury Department's special Bull's-eye flag awarded because Defoe employees regularly take more than 10% of their pay in War Bonds. And when Peace returns, the experience and ingenuity of this organization will play an important part in building new and better products for America.

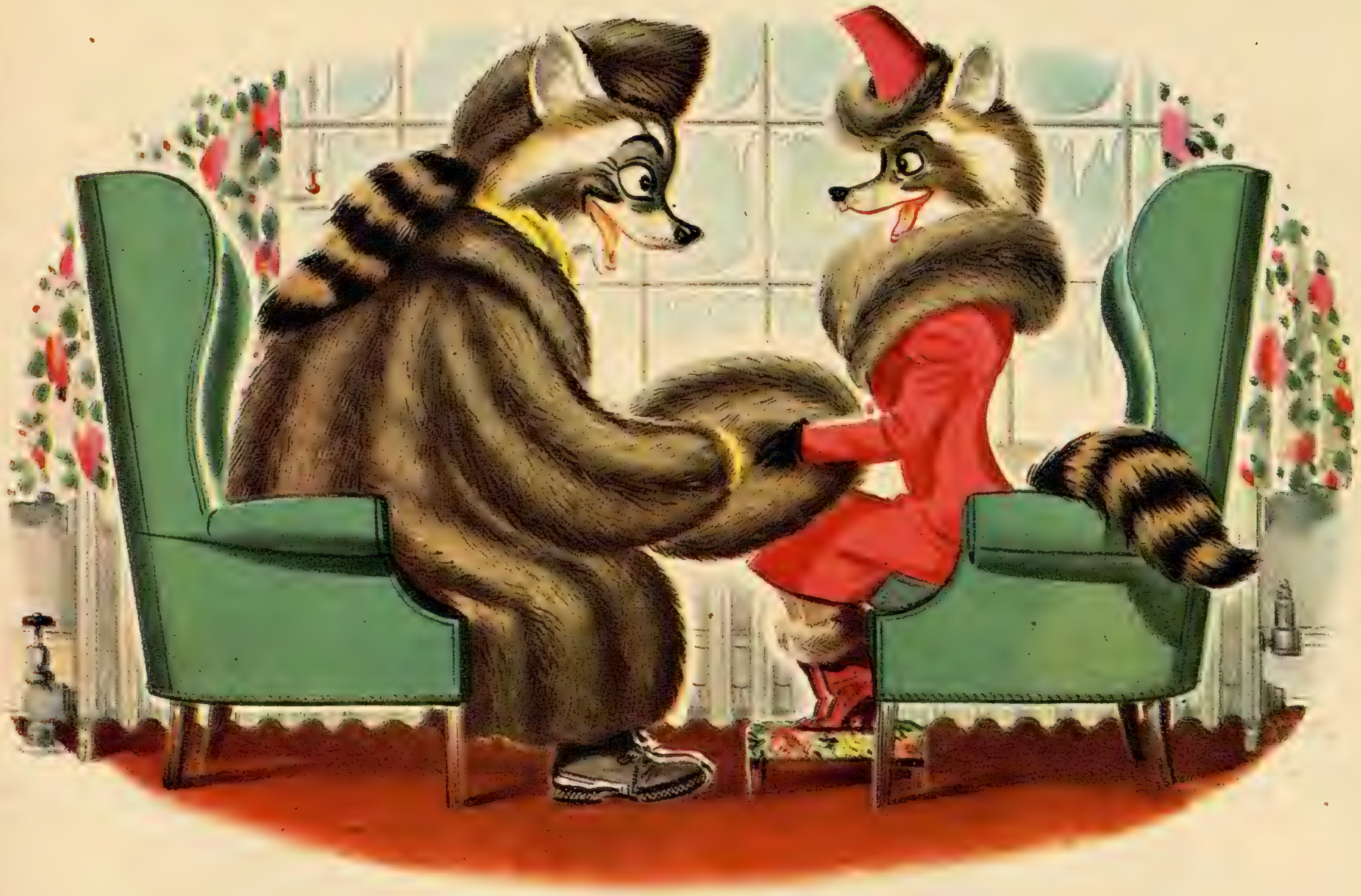
DEFOE SHIPBUILDING COMPANY, BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Three White Star Renewal Citations now decorate the Navy "E" Award won by Defoe workers.

Defoe

Ships for Victory
Servants for Peace

Never muff a chance to save fuel these days



It takes a lot of fuel to win a war. Now is the time to conserve yours . . . make it last out the winter. More clothing means less heat needed to keep comfortable. Tightly closed windows and doors will help. So will drawn curtains and shades – except when the sun shines in. Warm coöperation saves fuel and serves the war!

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
Calvert
SPECIAL

Clear heads choose Calvert

A Suggestion by the Makers of

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The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof – 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.
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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Vaino Tanner, Minister of Finance, and President Risto Ryti, the men who control Finnish policy.

WHY FINLAND KEEPS FIGHTING

Stockholm (by cable).

"TWO years ago everybody here thought Germany would win the war, and that one should adapt oneself accordingly. People were wrong. It is clear that Germany is not winning the war. It is said today that Russia will win the war, and one must adapt oneself accordingly. But, my friends of the party, we must not forget that the war is not yet finished and that much can happen before the bells of peace ring."

As burly Vaino Tanner, dictator of the Finnish Social-Democratic Party and the government's Minister of Finance, made this eagerly awaited speech, his ironic smile revealed to the secret party meeting that he knew more than he said.

It was an old political trick, but the Old Fox succeeded. He was trying to create the impression that a too hasty peace now would leave Finland at Russia's mercy, and that every day sees Russia weakened in the battle against Germany, while the Western powers are getting stronger. If Finland held out a few months more she could be certain that, when making peace—say, in five months—she would be supported by a powerful America who would oppose Russian boundary demands. Thus spoke the voice of the prophet.

It was exactly what the delegates had yearned to hear when they set out for Helsinki from Lapland's wastes, from Kuopio's lake-dotted expanses, and from Tampere's factories. "See to it that we soon get peace, and tell them in the capital to hurry up, so that our boys can come home again. We need them." That was what the fishermen, the small farmers, and the workers had told the delegates. And on November 7, they returned from the conference with reassuring words.

Just what assurances, exactly, did they have?

Well, naturally they couldn't tell all to simple people, because the great Tanner had said it was a secret; but they could hint that all was well.

Thus the people, from Petsamo to Viborg, learned that the government was doing its utmost to withdraw from the war at the earliest possible moment and that there was every reason to look forward to tomorrow with confidence—which must, of course, be complemented by patience. The news was good.

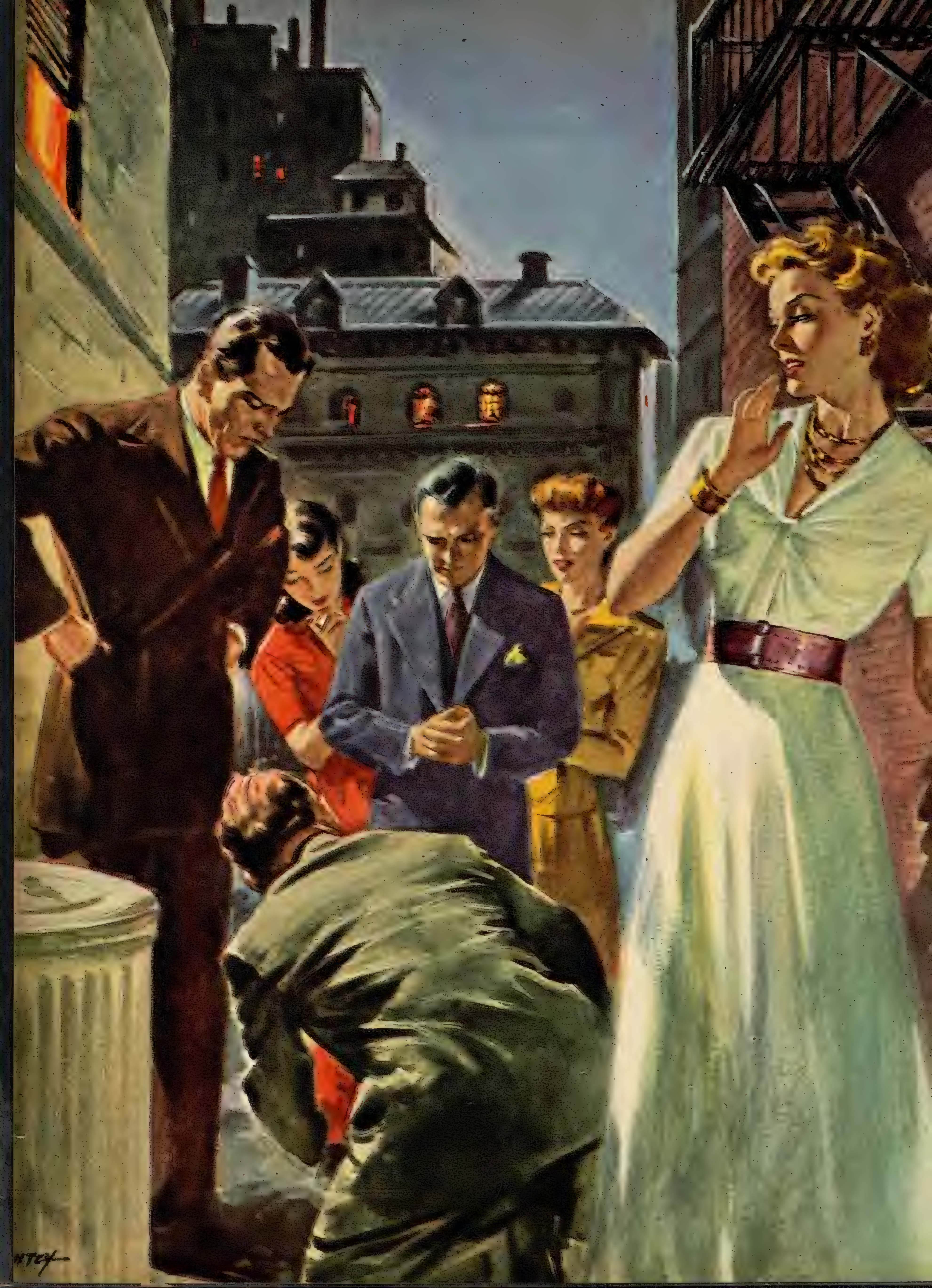
As the result of this conference, the growing disquiet that had gripped the Finnish people was stilled—stilled by slight misrepresentation of the actual position, by creation of false illusions, by confident words lacking all ground, and by the perfect smile which made the willing believe much more than was known. Tanner knew he could lead the masses to believe what he wanted them to believe. It wasn't the first time.

When Germany attacked the Soviet Union, German divisions were stationed in Finland and war matériel was collected in German military camps. The

(Continued on page 57)

The many American friends of the Finnish people wonder what it is that holds Finland to Germany's side. Here's the surprising inside story

BY WALTER TAUB


NTEY

SEVEN AT TABLE

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY MACHTEY

The Fraynes' guests were too sophisticated to put much stock in superstition, but a shocking tragedy made them wonder. Was it suicide or murder?

CARDETH FRAYNE was giving a dinner party. Somehow, you never thought of the Frayne dinner parties as having anything to do with Angela. She was always there, of course. But she always seemed to fade into the background, pretty, a little shy, even perhaps a little frightened, completely overshadowed by Cardeth Frayne's heartiness and exuberance.

Angela was blonde and slender, and she gave forth an aura of fragility which she couldn't possess, for she was always working at various charities. Before her marriage she'd had quite a good start on the stage. She'd come to New York completely unknown and in two years she had an important role in a successful comedy. But she'd met Cardeth Frayne, and when he asked her to marry him he'd made it very plain that he didn't want his wife to have a career. And Angela had been very much in love.

Cardeth Frayne was tall and his hair was dark and he had a good head. His eyes were large and rather piercing and his nose was aggressive. His mouth was thin and hard, but you didn't notice that a great deal, for he talked quite a lot and well.

Perhaps these very qualities of her husband, which had pleased Angela so much when she first met him, made her seem less sure of herself. Even her very real blonde beauty seemed less distinct, as if a sponge had been passed ever so lightly over a delicate water color. And her lovely mouth seemed always ready to tremble.

Cardeth Frayne never looked at another woman. He was as much in love with his wife, apparently, as he'd been when they were first married.

It was Angela who let her eyes stray just a little. Not that her affair was serious. Just a discreet cocktail at a quiet out-of-the-way cocktail bar, or a luncheon at some odd little place where no one she knew was apt to pop in. The odd thing was that she took such a bypath at all. For every one knew how much Cardeth loved her. And how jealous he was of her. Maybe that's why she did it—just for the excitement of the thing. Or to make her home life seem more desirable by contrast.

The Fraynes' New York apartment was extraordinarily attractive. It was high above the city, complete with a terrace, with a view that encompassed most of the city's amazing sky line.

Tonight the dinner party was not large. Cardeth had invited the guests, as he did nearly always.

"Eight for dinner on Thursday," he'd told Angela quite casually a couple of days before.

"Whom are we having?" she'd asked in just the same tone.

Most of Cardeth's dinner parties were for business or so some one could meet some one else—or for some particular and devious reason of his own. Angela knew the party hadn't been planned for her pleasure, nor even with her in mind.

"I asked Roy Ingram. We're having a business deal on, and he was in the office a couple of days ago. I know you like him. He's bringing a young lady—Elsa Wagner, I think he said her name was. She's on the stage, but not playing now. Roy seems quite taken with her."

"Who else?" Angela encouraged.

"Oh, a Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery. From Detroit. Business, too. And Dr. and Mrs. Suddons. You like them, don't you?"

"I like them a great deal," said Angela.

"You're wonderful, my dear," Cardeth said. "I'm very proud of you."

"Thank you," said Angela. "It's good to be appreciated."

"You know I appreciate you." Cardeth smiled. "I couldn't live without you, my dear."

Angela wondered why she shivered a little.

The evening of the dinner, she was dressing when she heard Cardeth come in and go to his room. Presently he came to her room.

"How lovely you look!" he said.

"This old gown!" she smiled.

"My dear, whatever you wear, you give it the beauty of your own personality. There isn't a woman you know who doesn't envy you. I'll do anything to keep you!" he said, and kissed her.

"I forgot to tell you. The Montgomerys had to go home—they won't be here."

"It's a good thing we have a circular table," said Angela. "I'll take off a couple of places and we'll be all ready for six at table."

"There'll be seven," Cardeth said.

"Oh?" Angela's voice was careless, casual.

"Yes. As I was leaving the office I ran into Paul Arnold. He'd just got back from a trip out of town, he said, and wasn't dated up, so I asked him."

"How very nice!" Angela said. Paul Arnold! A curious little feeling of cold ran down her spine.

On Monday Paul had telephoned to tell her that he'd be out of town until the end of the week. Paul back! And meeting Cardeth by accident! And Cardeth inviting him to dinner!

They'd been so careful, she and Paul. They hadn't needed gay places. All they wanted was to be together, to talk about little gay foolish things, though sometimes, when the gaiety wore thin, they looked at each other and knew that they'd have to face things sooner or later. For she loved Paul—and she felt that he loved her. It was a curious, tender sort of love, that asked nothing but the privilege of loving. Paul was not critical or cold. He demanded nothing. When she was with him she expanded and breathed and felt young and warm and real again. It was when she was alone with him that there came to her a tiny glimpse of what life might be. Other times, it was as if she lived in a sort of prison, a lovely, luxurious prison, but a prison nevertheless, made of fear. Fear she couldn't even name.

If—if Cardeth didn't know about Paul, it was odd that he had invited him, for Cardeth never liked nor gave invitations to any of the people who were her friends. If—if Cardeth did know, why had he invited him to dinner? Surely not to make a scene! You don't make scenes in front of friends.

What could he know? That she was seeing Paul? Well, why not? She wasn't actually in prison. If Cardeth did know, what could he do? Say things that would make Paul and her uncomfortable. Surely that was all.

SHE started down the stairs.

"What's the matter?" Cardeth asked, back of her, putting his hand on her shoulder. Suddenly, without knowing why, she hated the touch of his hand.

"Nothing at all!" She looked back at him, tried to smile.

"You're so silent."

"I was thinking. Rearranging the table in my mind."

Angela lingered over the table, straightening a fork, rearranging the flowers. She was glad when the house telephone rang to announce the first guests. It was silly to worry.

She went into the living room. Cardeth was glancing at the evening paper.

"Roy Ingram and Miss Wagner," she said. "I'm having cocktails served on the terrace."

"That sounds very nice—cocktails on the terrace and dinner indoors," Cardeth said. And they stood waiting to receive their guests.

Roy Ingram would have been any one's idea of Prosperous Citizen. He was a little too short, but he held himself well. His hair, thinning a little, was sleekly brushed and the gray at his temples was becoming. You could tell by looking at him that he sat in on big business deals.

Elsa Wagner was a tall girl with dark hair and eyes, exceedingly pretty, and agreeable.

They went out on the terrace and took the most comfortable of the white-and-green-upholstered iron chairs.

"What an inspiring view!" said Miss Wagner, accepting a Martini.

(*Continued on page 49*)

They found Paul's body in the court.
"He died at once," Dr. Suddons said.

Make the Home Safe for Children

Most accidents to kids happen right in their own homes. Grown-ups' carelessness is at fault and takes a heavy toll of children's lives

BY

PAULINE FORD

THERE are no "light" casualty lists. Every boy reported killed in action is instantly visualized as the beloved of a mother, father, wife, or sweetheart. May we never become so hardened to the casualty of war as we are to murder on the highway and in the home! Yet statistics reveal that in 1943 the safest place to be was in the armed forces, and the most dangerous place was the home—especially for children under five years of age.

"Funeral services were held this morning for two-year-old Sandra, who was killed Sunday when she was struck by a car her father was backing out of the garage at the family home. . . ."

"Six-weeks-old Samuel was found suffocated in his crib. . . ."

"Five-year-old Jimmy, reaching into the cupboard for a cookie, found a match. He lit it and it dropped into the carriage of his year-old sister. The blankets flamed. The infant burned to death."

One hundred out of every hundred thousand babies born meet violent death before they have even had a chance to see their first birthday cake. War babies have ever been extremely bright, imaginative, and self-reliant. Wouldn't it be fine if we could keep more of them to be citizens of the future?

No more open safety pins, matches, bottles of poison within reach of grasping baby fingers. No more parents backing out of garages into toddling youngsters. Fifteen hundred fewer loaded firearms left lying around "unloaded." No more tenants for that corner of heaven dedicated to unwatched babies—the one who fell three stories to the cement below from an unrailed porch; the one who ran out the gate and into the path of a truck; the one who sat down to play on the railroad track; the one who fell into the swimming pool; the one who pulled a pan of boiling water off the stove; the one left to drown in the bathtub; the one whose jugular vein was severed by a "pet" dog; the one who caught his head between his crib and the end of his parents' bed.

And how about calling off baby strangulations? Within a few months there were so many in one Pacific Coast city that the Board of Health issued precautions to mothers through the press. They were told that any kind of sleeping bag with zippers is dangerous for infants, because when the baby squirms his clothing twists around his neck. They were also warned against homemade bags patterned after commercial types. Undoubtedly there are safe sleeping bags—if they are used by a watchful mother or nurse, if they are not too large or too small, if they are used properly and in exactly the type of crib intended by the designer. It is not necessary to use any device that fits snugly around the neck; it is not the logical way to care for an infant. All the purposes of a sleeping bag may be achieved by fastening the covers to the sides of the crib with tapes and blanket clips. The baby is free to exercise his arms and legs, and still is covered. An extra blanket can be tucked in over the child and away from the neck. The baby prayer, "If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take," was never meant to imply a negative Creator.

Mechanical suffocation, chiefly smothering by bedclothes, accounts for one fifth of the deaths of children under five years. An additional 12 per cent are due to suffocation by ingested objects—the open safety pins and the toys small enough to be swallowed. Most of these deaths, totaling close to 1,500 each year, are of children less than a year old.

Of 1942's toll of 30,500 home-accident fatalities, 16,000 were due to falls. Two thirds of all falls occur in the home, and almost all are due to bad housekeeping and to rickety stepladders. (Nearly half of those killed by falls, in and out of the home, are women.) Women shouldn't substitute chairs and boxes for stepladders, nor should they allow their children to, and they should think of the old hymn How Firm a Foundation when they set up a ladder out of doors.

Those little "throw rugs" at the bottom of stairs and in doorways should be thrown out! All stairs should be kept in repair and free of toys, brooms, and other obstructions. Falling downstairs accounts for 15 per cent of all deaths from accidental falls; so, if you are living in a house with steep stairs, insist that there be a handrail on at least one side, a two-way switch to control the lighting, and a gate at the top—if it's an open stairway. Paint the walls a light color and the edges of the treads white.

And here's a tip from the postman. He says those pretty painted cement walks and steps are the worst hazard of all. They are *always* slippery when wet. You may rough-surface the driveway. Make or borrow a roughening tool. Mix nine pounds of carbon black to a sack of cement, and resurface it yourself.

Though deaths from burns and explosives are many times fewer than those due to falls, they are of greater importance to parents. Last year more than 1,800 homes were saddened by such deaths of babies under five years of age.

"Six-months-old Janice had a cold and her parents put an electric vaporizer in her crib. About midnight screams from the nursery . . . flaming blankets ignited by a short circuit. . . ."

"Three babies die as penny in fuse box causes blaze. . . ."

"A flash explosion of a pan of cold remedy burned to death six-months-old Richard. The cold medicine was being heated over an electric plate. Suddenly it burst into flames, hurling the burning liquid. . . ."

In spite of modern conveniences, the kitchen is still the most dangerous room in the house. It's the place of cuts and falls, but even more the place of burns and explosions. Place all gas appliances so that no draft can cause their flames to ignite curtains, make sure that all connections are rigid and tight. If the stove hasn't automatic lighters, be sure all knobs are closed before you light that match! Strike matches away from the body to avoid the possibility of igniting clothes. Do not wear filmy loose sleeves in the kitchen. The handles of pans and the teakettle spout should be turned inward when in use on the stove. Never pass hot liquids over any one's head. Never put water on flaming grease; throw salt or sand on it. Never pour kerosene into a coal or wood stove, even when the fire is out.

Get rid of rubbish in attics, basements, closets, and garage. But when rummaging around use a flashlight, not matches or a candle. Store polishing mops and cloths in a metal container. Never use gasoline, naphtha, or benzine. Never keep rags that may contain paint or oil stains. Remember, too, that films are explosive, so don't throw your old ones into the incinerator or fireplace.

If there are long connecting cords running under rugs or along baseboards of the home, have a licensed electrician install more outlets. Do not overload your cords. One cord can scarcely handle a light, a toaster, and a flatiron at the same time. And always disconnect electrical appliances when you leave them, if only for a minute.

Especially, guard the bathroom with a wall switch. Pull chains and connecting cords just do not mix with water. Here is a typical bathroom accident: "Thirteen-year-old Roy splashed merrily in his bath, listening to the strains of a swing band from a radio over his head. Unbalanced by vibration, the radio suddenly plopped into the tub. Silenced, too, was the boy. Contact with the water caused the radio to short-circuit and hurl a killing charge."

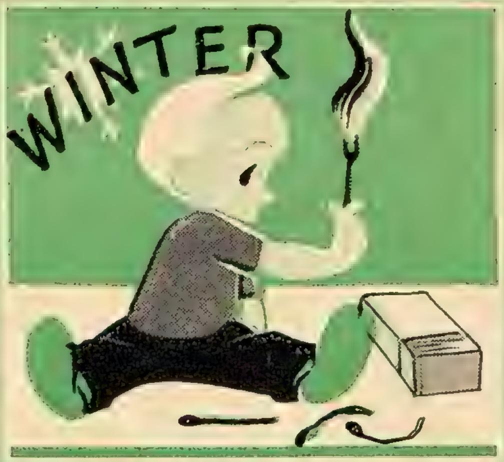
ELECTRICAL toys should be equipped with safe, rugged cords. Each Christmas, that happiest of all seasons, fires result from faulty tree-light sets. Sometimes tinsel or other metal decorations touch exposed live parts, or live parts of the set itself may come into contact and so cause a short circuit. If a lamp bulb does not fit snugly into its socket, part of the metal base may be exposed to contact. Before you use an old set, see that the bulbs fit. Also, look at the wires to see that the insulation has not dried to the pulverizing stage. This inspection should apply to other electrical decorations—wreaths, stars, candles. Cotton or other inflammable material should not be used for decorating trees or on Santa Claus costumes. This is the main point to remember: the electrical current must be *turned off* while the tree lights are being arranged or while they are being removed from the dry, pitchy branches.

And the finest New Year's resolution you can make is that one day each month you will take a pad and pencil, walk over your domain, and check up on the hazards. If there are very young children in the home, every day your imagination should be given full rein in the elimination of possibilities of harm to them! Are chairs and floors clear of scissors, needles, pins, marbles, and other playthings? Are knives and other sharp utensils kept in drawers? Are matches, firearms, poisons out of reach of your children? (In 1942, *poisons* were the cause of some 1,600 accidental deaths, one third of them of children under four years of age.)

Above all, remember this: one fifth of the home accidents which cost us untold grief and $600,000,000 yearly are due to disorderly housekeeping. One half are due to lack of good common sense. Let's resolve this year to take a sock at that bad actor, Carelessness. He has destroyed more men than we have had destroyed in all our wars.

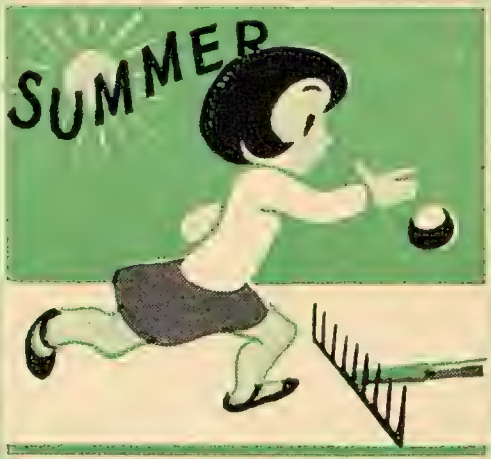
THE END

CALENDAR FOR HOME SAFETY



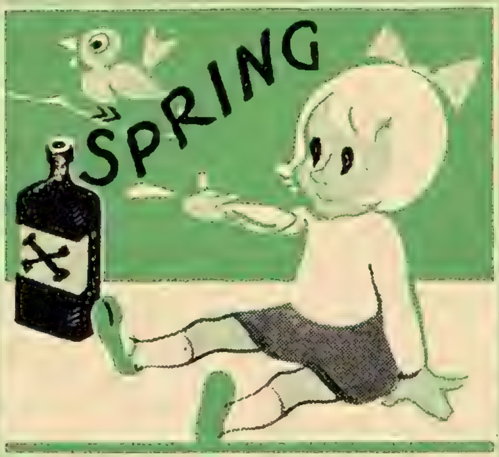
Accident peak for the very young and very old

1. Never force a heating plant or stove. Check dampers and drafts.
2. Use screens before open fires. Do not dry clothes before fire.
3. Do not permit a radio or portable electric heater in bathroom.
4. Keep the garage doors open when the car motor is running.
5. Keep matches out of children's reach. Do not throw "extinguished" matches into wastebaskets. No smoking in bed.
6. Remove each fall of snow from walks and drives. If ice forms, sprinkle on sand or ashes. Use a long pole to remove overhanging icicles.
7. Constantly safeguard baby against suffocation and burns.



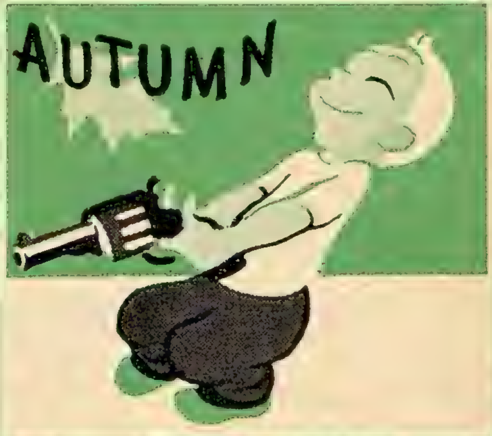
Accident peak for the active

1. Warn your children against swimming at unpatrolled beaches, riding in overloaded boats, or "stunting" in water.
2. During severe heat drink twelve to fifteen glasses of water a day. Take salt tablets. Eat lightly. Tepid baths.
3. Give dogs extra care and do not allow them to be teased.
4. Keep the yard free of garden tools and rubbish. Never allow small children to carry sharp objects.
5. Look and listen for toddlers before you back out your car!
6. Guard the lower sections of high windows.
7. Supervise the play of youngsters and use every opportunity to make them safety-conscious.



Season of fewest accidents for all ages

1. Have a sturdy stepladder-stool before you begin house cleaning.
2. Clear your basement and attic of rubbish.
3. Arrange furniture so it does not create hazards. Make those "throw rugs" non-throw. Repair and fasten stair carpet.
4. Keep steps well lighted and clear of objects.
5. See that poisons, medicines, and razor blades are away from children's reach.
6. If you *must* dry-clean at home, use a nonflammable fluid and work out of doors.
7. This year, clean your home with safety as your goal.



Season to anticipate winter hazards

1. Safeguard your kitchen against fire before canning time!
2. Clean furnace and chimneys.
3. Check all electrical appliances and cords.
4. Be careful when you burn leaves!
5. Warn the children of danger in eating unwashed fruit. Keep insecticides out of reach—especially ant syrups.
6. If you *must* keep a gun, see that it is unloaded and locked away.
7. Never leave small children alone in the house, day or night, unless a reliable neighbor *knows* of it.

The Other Side of the Coin

Liberty's Short Short Story

He flipped a coin and always won, but then the Japs came and his luck ran out. Or was it luck?

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

THINKING back, they believed and frankly said that he had not been much good. There wasn't any bitterness in their voices. They simply had not, from the beginning, liked him; he wasn't their kind at all. The ways in which he was different were many, and they hadn't warmed to his differentness. The special point, now, was that they remembered so very clearly how he had, at the last, settled the matter of the machine gun with Vaughan, the new kid.

Madden had lost. And, as it happened, he was dead now, as a direct result of losing. Which was too bad, of course. But his death did not change the fact that he had tossed a coin to decide which of them would go down into the ravine. It was, you see, sharply remembered that Vaughan had been very new on the island then, really green, no experience—

Jensen was telling about it. For a while we sat on the beach, and later, when the mosquitoes came up like the spawn of Zeros, we moved to the tent. Jensen was remembering how Ben Madden had come to the island. "He was short," he said, "and he was squat. Like a toad. He had that sort of face. He thought he was one hell of a guy. He came from Chicago."

HE was telling about Madden for the benefit of three of the newcomers who had been sent into the island since the day Madden got his in the ravine over in the west. I listened. If I had been telling it I'd probably have mentioned that Madden had a wild Irish mop of black hair, and that his voice was smoothly and darkly persuasive. I'd have said that his sense of his own importance was plainly enormous, and that he carried self-assurance like a banner—

But Jensen was making his idea of the matter very clear. "He put your back up with his damned opinion of himself," Jensen said; and of course that was true. Ben Madden had isolated himself against the rest of his world—this island world under the guns—by talking big and then precisely and carefully making good his boast. You don't mind the guy who's an ordinary braggart—you laugh at him when he slips up, you recognize a bit of yourself in him, and after a while, to your surprise, you find that you rather like him; he's a good egg, you say, underneath; he means well.

But not so this Madden. Madden never slipped up. It's not easy to forgive that sort.

Jensen illustrated for the newcomers. "This guy," Jensen said, "he had in his kit a book called One Hundred Thousand Interesting Facts, or something like that. He'd read this for half an hour every night. I think he had it pretty well memorized. So—you would make some very offhand remark and Madden would pounce on it. He would retire in his mind to his bargain-basement collection of facts and figures, and then bounce back loudly with a solid hunk of information to heave at you and knock you down."

Madden had been exactly like that.

He was alien from the start. When he landed on the island in the bow of a Navy barge he went confidently inshore and settled down in the quarters to which he had been assigned. He didn't seem anxious to make friends. After he had been on the island for a week, he came abruptly out of his shell. He permitted it to be discovered that he could sing remarkably well; more than that, he revealed that he could do fantastic manipulations with anybody's deck of cards.

You'd shuffle the cards until the spots were half worn off them—and he'd cut to the king of spades as neatly as a baby taking cream. Or to the ace of diamonds, if you wanted it that way. Or he'd deal the cards around as quick and haphazardly as any grocery clerk, and then announce, quietly and smiling with an air of charity, exactly what everybody held in his hand.

He never played poker for money (nobody would have let him in a serious game). He never tried to cut into the craps competitions either, if there was money on the deck; but he rolled for cigarettes and candy a couple of times and he was very good. He liked gambling, you could see that; but he confined himself mostly to flipping a coin—and never for money.

When there was a business of going down the hill for water, Ben Madden would say to the guy in the next cot, "All right, we'll flip. Heads you go, tails I go. O. K.?" And he'd have a nickel out of his pocket, spinning in the air, spinning hard, an honest toss. But after about six trips for water, the guy in the next cot laid off—

Madden would flip for anything, for any excuse, to get out of any unpleasant job. And as far as I know, he always won. Except the last time.

That was when the lull ended—when the Tokyo team came calling. They were very good, and tough, and for a while it looked like they might be too good. They certainly had more players in their club. Madden had no more time for heaving facts and figures about, or for crooning, or for card tricks.

There was an action in the west of the island, and a number of skirmishes, and these eventually merged into the full-scale battle that won the place for us. Madden and the new kid, Vaughan, took part in one of those skirmishes.

Jensen told it: "They drifted off to the left of the column somehow, or the column drifted off from them, and they went alone up the side of a ridge, and when they got to the top there was an enemy machine gun chattering in the ravine beyond and below them.

"And they saw our column then, entering the mouth of the ravine about a mile down to the right—and the enemy saw it too. The machine gun shut up dead. This gun was lodged behind a nice bamboo screen and it controlled the trail in the ravine. When our guys came level with it, it would without any doubt rip them to hell.

"WELL, Madden said to Vaughan—Vaughan told us this—that one of them must go down in the ravine and have a crack at the machine gun, and the other would hot-foot it along the ridge for a quarter of a mile and drop down to try to intercept the column. This trip along the ridge would be fairly safe; but the other—tackling the machine gun—didn't look so good. There'd be plenty of Japs in that nest.

"So Madden had a nickel out of his pocket and he said to Vaughan, 'Listen. We toss for that machine gun. Tails you go, heads I go. O. K.?' And the nickel was spinning in the air.

"Vaughan watched it hit a patch of ground and bounce two or three times. And then he saw what was showing. Madden's luck had run out. It was heads."

Somebody said quietly, "Madden get the machine gun?" Jensen nodded. "He got the gun all right," Jensen said. There was a silence. I watched their faces. I knew what they were thinking about Madden tossing for the job with the newcomer, the green kid. Finally I said, "Did Vaughan pick up Madden's nickel?"

Jensen said, "Pick it up? What for?"

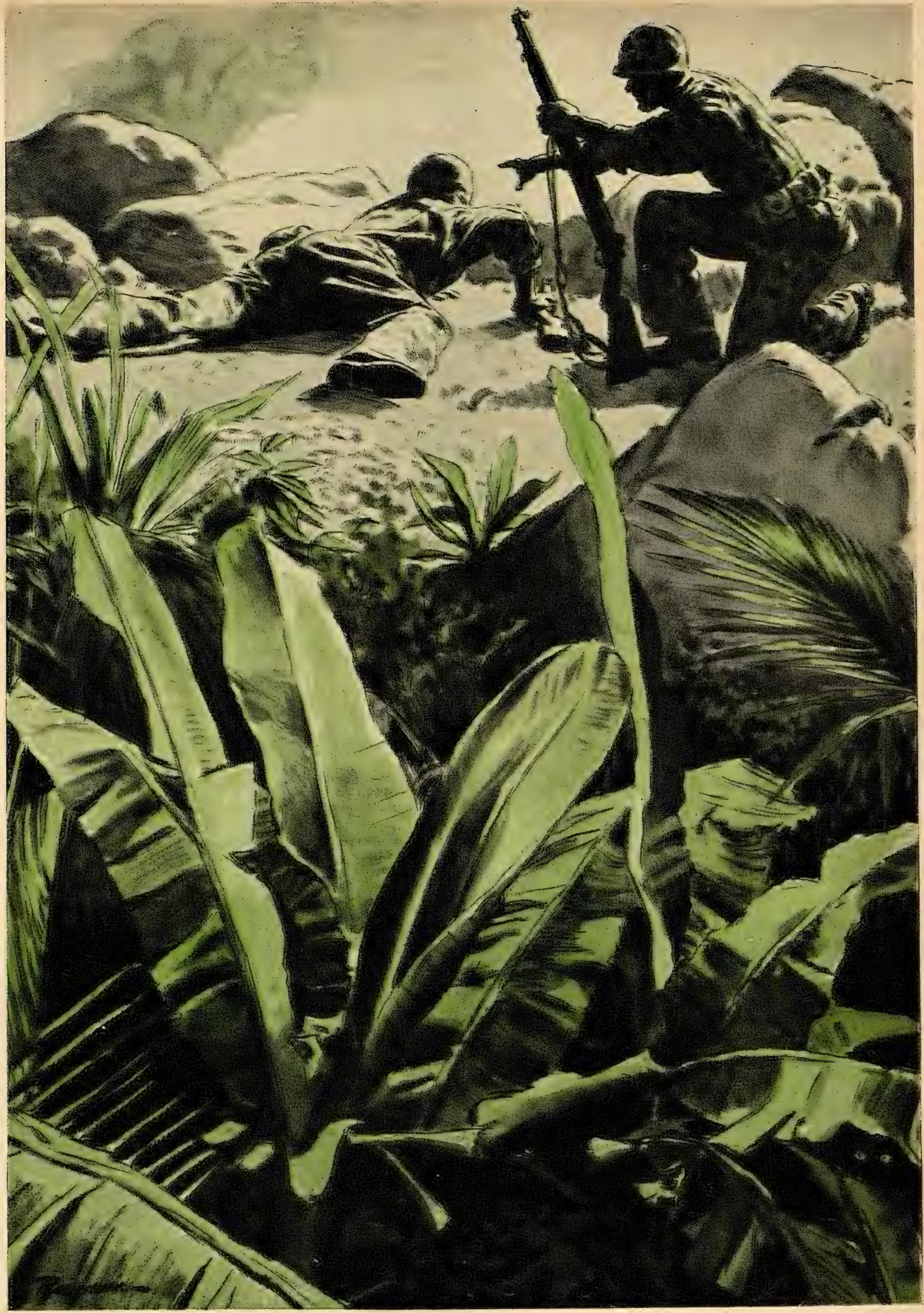
"I don't know," I said. "I remember once, in New York, or it could have been Chicago, I saw a nickel that looked like a real Indian-head nickel, but it happened to be a two-headed Indian—"

One of the new men said, "You think this guy Madden had a two-headed nickel?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "But the way Jensen tells it, Madden cried heads up there on the ridge. It's a little odd. Always before, tails was his favorite—"

"Yes," Jensen said (not to us; to himself, almost under his breath). The way the light fell on his face, Jensen looked suddenly tightened up, and I could see one muscle moving at the corner of his mouth.

THE END



"Well, Madden said to Vaughan that one of them must go down in the ravine and have a crack at the machine gun."

TIN-CAN SAILORS

BY JOSEPH DRISCOLL

Admirals and boots alike take off their hats to the men who ride the destroyers. Theirs is an informal life, mixed of fury and fun

"HE'S an old destroyer man." That's the highest compliment you can pay to any one in the United States Navy. From Admiral Bill Leahy in Washington and Admiral Bill Halsey in the South Seas down to the petty officers and the ordinary seamen and boots, they're one and all proud as peacocks to be known as destroyer men, particularly after being transferred to some less adventurous branch of the service.

After a year as war correspondent with the Pacific Fleet and an earlier destroyer trip to Iceland, I can understand the thrill of being a destroyer man. Offhand it is difficult to think of any other service which, ton for ton, night and day, inflicts so much damage upon the enemy and has so much fun while doing it.

The battle of the Solomons, starting out with aircraft carriers, battleships, and cruisers, turned into a battle of destroyers, with our tin cans coming out on top in every engagement. Our destroyers not only prevented the Japanese from effectively reinforcing Guadalcanal, Rendova, New Georgia, Kolombangara, and Vella Lavella, but they cut off and slaughtered thousands from the besieged garrisons as they attempted to flee to Bougainville and Rabaul. That was pretty bloody business, but wasn't without its lighter side.

In the first battle of Kula Gulf, Captain Frank McInerney commanded a squadron of destroyers seeking to establish contact with an enemy force known to be in the vicinity. Not far away, Mac's side-kick, Captain Tommy Ryan, deployed with a second squadron.

"I see a rat," signaled Frank to Tommy.

"Thanks, old pal; that's me," Tommy signaled back.

"Rat" was a generic term for Japanese. We are always thinking up new and stronger words to describe them.

During the second battle of Kula Gulf the destroyers commanded by McInerney and Ryan met the enemy, smashed most of his tin cans, and chased the rest like mad.

Now, in night warfare, when the moon is down there is always a chance of making a mistake and firing on one's own ships. So McInerney, in the van destroyers setting the pace for the pursuit, signaled to Ryan in the rear destroyers:

"We are pursuing the enemy; don't throw anything at us."

Back signaled Ryan:

"I wouldn't do it for the world, pal; go get the bastards."

In one stirring night engagement an American task force of cruisers and destroyers under Admiral W. L. (Pug) Ainsworth disposed of a dozen Japanese cruisers and destroyers, but in the process we lost the gallant old cruiser Helena. Two destroyers were assigned the responsibility of rescuing the Helena survivors, 1,100 of whom were in the water.

During this phase of the engagement, when two enemy ships were bearing down on our destroyers, Captain McInerney signaled to the destroyer R——:

"Are you picking up survivors?"

The answer came back:

"We will get survivors after we get ships."

The squadron commander then signaled:

"I'll get target, you get survivors."

With an enemy cruiser bearing down on him and while his ship was picking up survivors, the squadron commander instructed the tin can's skipper to get under way.

Came the skipper's final plea:

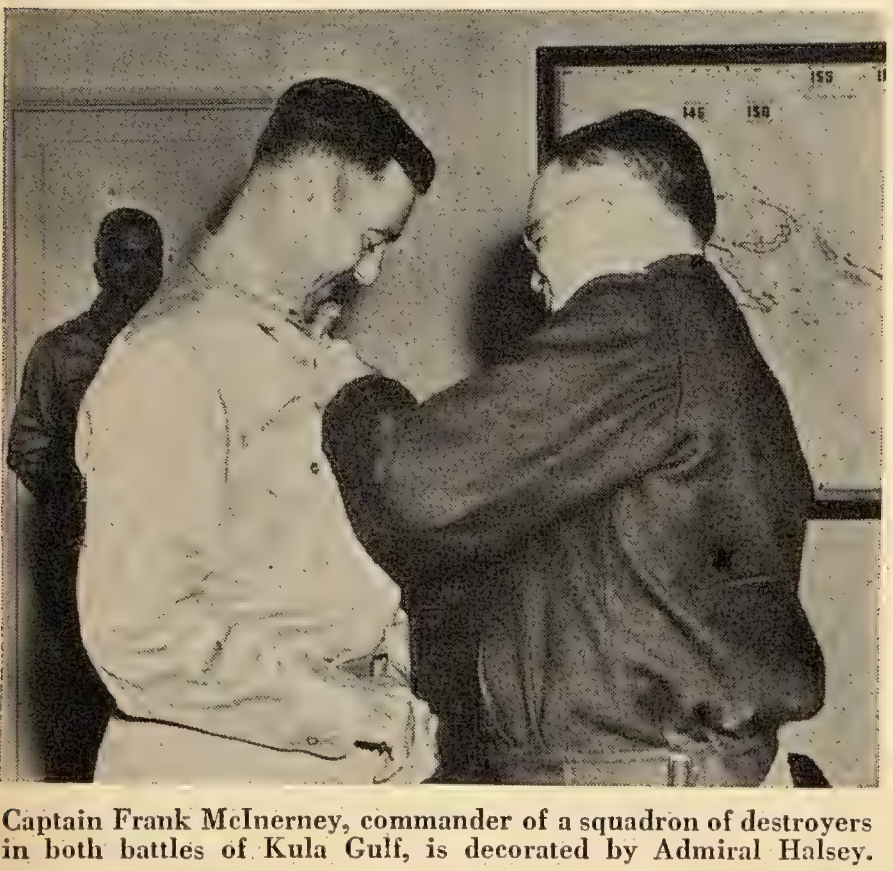
"May I stay here one minute? We have a good solution."

Upon being given an affirmative, the destroyer fired torpedoes which sank the Jap cruiser.

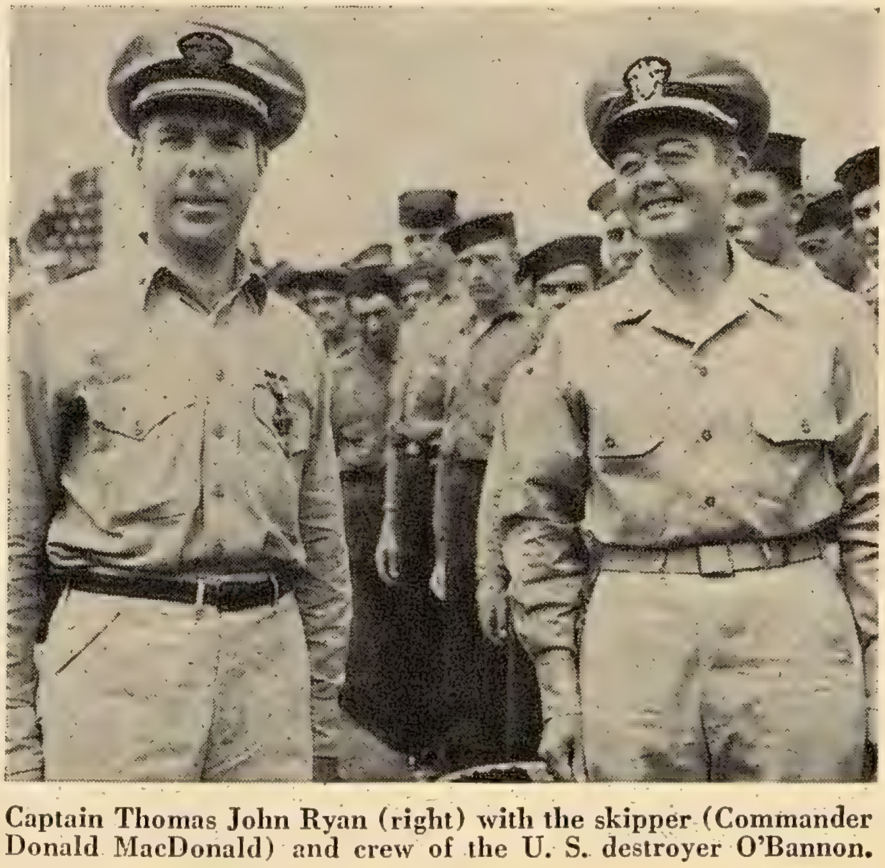
Thereafter the captain, as he took off

(*Continued on page 68*)

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS



Captain Frank McInerney, commander of a squadron of destroyers in both battles of Kula Gulf, is decorated by Admiral Halsey.



Captain Thomas John Ryan (right) with the skipper (Commander Donald MacDonald) and crew of the U. S. destroyer O'Bannon.

Are Nazi Nerves As Good As Nazi Guns?

BY WILLIAM van NARVIG

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTO

Rommel will command the mobile forces of the Western Defense Army.

AS our assault divisions storm the Nazi-held shores of western Europe under conditions that no invasion force in world history has had to contend with, their first task will be to outclass and outfight Field Marshal Karl Gerd von Rundstedt's defenders of the Atlantic coast.

What sort of thing is this Western Defense Army, as the Nazis have styled it? What is its command, composition, soldier quality, and fighting morale? In brief, what sort of men are these with whom our boys will have to grapple?

Little need be said about von Rundstedt himself. While he is no military genius, not even in the same class with Ludendorff, the history of this war has proved him a hard-hitting, well balanced, and efficient field commander who knows how to get the best out of the men and resources at his disposal. He is a typical Junker general—tough, resilient, and hard to throw into a panic. If anything can be gotten out of the Western Defense Army, von Rundstedt is the man to do it.

But the field marshal is essentially a master of the offensive. He comes from that class of Prussian militarists whose entire line of thinking has been focused on offensive warfare. When the post of Supreme Commander of the Defenses in the West—his current title—was wished upon him in April, 1942, he first balked at the assignment. It was only the combined pressure of Hitler, Field Marshal Keitel, and Colonel General Halder, at the time Chief of the Wehrmacht General Staff, that made von Rundstedt accept. Just how good he will be as a strictly defensive commander remains to be seen.

There is also the delicate question how far the Nazis trust von Rundstedt or, to be precise, his political reliability. For, while von Rundstedt supported Hitler firmly on several critical occasions in the past, notably when Hitler became chancellor and when the Führer displaced General von Fritsch as Chief of the Wehrmacht in January, 1938, there were other times when the field marshal voiced his opinion of Hitler's strategic mistakes in quite outspoken terms.

Von Rundstedt is not an average general who can be replaced on a moment's notice. He holds what today is unquestionably the most important field command in Nazi Europe. He heads an army group of more than sixty divisions. If he should take it into his head to forsake the Nazi cause, it would be a deathblow to the present masters of the Reich. By no conceivable manipulation of military forces could von Rundstedt's army be replaced.

> **Hitler has built what he hopes is an impregnable Atlantic wall. But, are the men who man it as good as the steel and concrete of the forts?**

The Führer is not in the habit of taking long chances with his henchmen, military or political. Until May, 1943, Colonel General von Weich, another member of the Junker clique, was von Rundstedt's chief of staff. Of a sudden, von Weich was promoted to field marshal and put in command of German defense forces in the Balkans. His place at von Rundstedt's side was taken by Lieutenant General Karl von Briesen. The latter belongs to the Nazi school of generals whose identification with Hitler's cause is so complete that they will fight for it to the last ditch—such men as Rommel, Kesselring, and Colonel General Kurt Zeitzler, currently Chief of the German General Staff.

Whether von Briesen, who is a Waffen S S (Elite Guard) product and a personal friend of Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler, was sent to watch over von Rundstedt is open to doubt, but the staff work of the Western Defense Army is largely in his hands. He is the author of the notorious army order (Heeresbefehl 78) which contemplates the transformation of France into a wasteland in the event that the German armies are forced to retreat beyond the Rhine. So long as von Briesen remains at his post, the issue of von Rundstedt's possible defection is an academic one.

In the final analysis, however, the defense problem of western Europe is one of manpower. The fundamental question is, what sort of soldier material have von Rundstedt and von Briesen at their disposal?

Reports on this subject have been highly contradictory. Some contend that von Rundstedt's soldiers are a nondescript lot, largely composed of teen-

(*Continued on page 64*)

GIVE MY LOVE TO EVERYBODY

BY CHARLES BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Sally was a "brain," but beautiful. She sneered at marriage and was week-end bound with a man until her father drew on his facts of life to put new ideas in her head

EDWARD RANSOM pulled out his watch, compared it with the grandfather clock in the corner of the dining room.

"If you'll be a little brisker with that salad, Natalie," he said, "we can make the feature."

Natalie Ransom stirred the greens in the wooden bowl, her fresh pink-and-white face, beneath the immaterial aureole of fine blonde hair, contentedly composed.

"We'll make the feature, Ned; we always do."

Sally Ransom directed a slightly concerned glance from one parent to the other. "Good heavens, are you two going to the movies again? I've never seen such escapists."

Ned Ransom fiddled with his fork. The manner in which his earnest-eyed, serious-browed daughter had delivered the accusation constituted a minor challenge. He accepted it.

"Escapist? Escape?" he demanded. "I don't see what's wrong with that. At least it suggests you haven't been caught somewhere."

Sally favored him with an appreciative laugh. "Dad," she said, "sometimes I wonder if you aren't really deep."

"Heavens, no," Natalie put in cheerfully. "There's nothing about your father that isn't right on the surface. That's why I married him."

Ned leaned across the table and put a hand on his daughter's. His gray eyes revealed affection and a trace of anxiety. "Couldn't you break away for one night," he said, "and come with us? I think a little escape would do *you* good."

"I couldn't possibly," Sally said. She consulted her wrist watch, folded her napkin efficiently. "I must go now."

"What is it tonight?" he asked.

"Board meeting."

"You work all day at the nursery," Natalie said, "and then go to meetings at night. You don't have any fun."

"Times have changed," Sally explained. "What you used to consider fun—"

"Is still fun," her father finished.

"Of course," Sally conceded tactfully; "but I've got plenty of time for all that."

Perhaps she had, Ned thought. She was only twenty. Certainly she was doing useful work as assistant supervisor in a day nursery, which released mothers for essential war work. Sally was good. At the Institute of Sociology, where she'd got her training, they had said she had a brilliant future. He was proud of that, although it was not the future he and Natalie had dreamed of. Sociology—the sort of career you were apt to associate with girls who did not quite make the grade in S. A.

But, as she returned now from the hall with the chic polo coat wrapped loosely around her, he decided that any one who gave Sally a low grade in that respect had something wrong with his metabolism. The long, dark curling hair, the thick black eyebrows, the full red lips, all surmounting an elegant figure with slightly Egyptian shoulders, suggested many romances. That was, if you discounted the amber-rimmed spectacles. They were apt to throw you off a little.

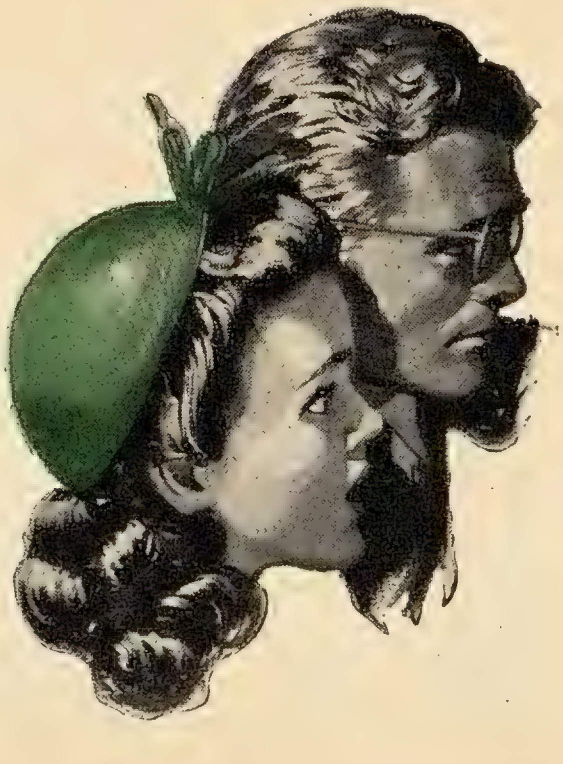
"Sally," her father said now, "do you absolutely have to wear those things on your nose?"

She hesitated, then laughed, and bent to kiss his cheek. "Sweet, I'll let you in on a secret. They improve my professional appearance. They make people think I'm serious."

"I wish you wouldn't be serious," her mother said mildly.

Sally patted her mother's cheek, and turned with sudden sobriety to her father. "Dad, there's a small problem I'd like to discuss with you. I'll wait up for you. Good-by, pets."

Sally had made a practice of confiding in Ned ever since she was a small girl. There was a strong bond of affection between them, and her respect for his judgment pleased him. On the other hand, her modern intellectual candor could be embarrassing. At ten she had demanded the facts of life, and at fourteen she had asked him to help her to a decision on the merits and demerits of petting. In both cases he had floundered pretty badly, with the result that she was now in full career *doing good.*



"Now, I wonder," said Natalie, coming around to where he sat, "why Sally always goes to you when she has a serious problem."

Ned ran his fingers through her soft hair. "She considers you a sentimental, romantic fluff."

"And what do you think?"

"I think she's right. You're quite out of this hard practical modern world. Sally loves you, and considers you of no earthly use."

"And what do you consider?"

"I consider she's wrong," he said, kissing her thoughtfully. "I've got an idea. Tonight we won't go to the movies. We'll go down to that new place, the Pink Ostrich or something, and have a few beers and a collection of old-fashioned rumbas."

She looked at him with tender and delighted eyes. After a moment she said tranquilly, "I think I know an awful lot more than Sally."

THEY got back from the Pink Ostrich later than they had expected, but Ned could see the light was on in his study, and he knew that Sally was waiting up.

"Good luck, dear," Natalie said, pushing him toward the door. "Go in and solve Sally's little problem. I wish to heaven she could whip up a real one. When I was her age, it was all they could do to—"

"Don't boast," Ned said, "just because I was nice enough to rehabilitate you."

He found Sally in his big leather chair, studiously applying herself to one of his lawbooks.

"Good Lord," he said, "you can't be interested in that!"

"Everything is interesting," Sally said smoothly. "Did you and mother have a good time at the movies?"

"We didn't go to the movies. We went pub crawling. We had a fine time."

Sally smiled tolerantly, but she said in a slightly regretful voice, "Sometimes I envy you and mother. You're so—so uncomplicated."

"Perhaps that isn't meant as a compliment," her father said, "but I choose to regard it as such. Now, what's on your mind, sweetheart?"

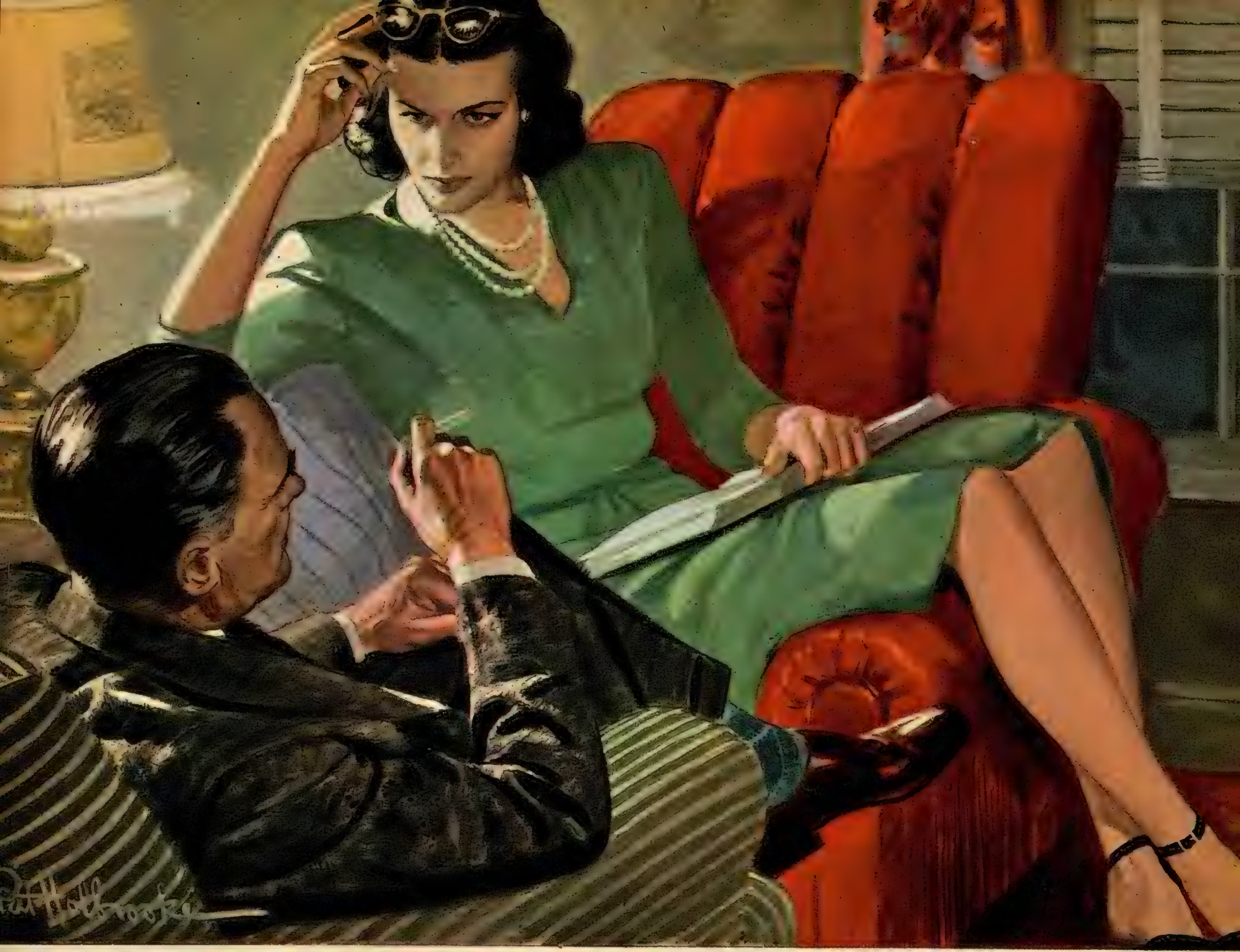
"A man."

"Tell me about it," he said kindly.

She leaned forward and looked him earnestly in the eye. "Dad, what would you say if I should go away for a week-end with a man?"

The slight pinking of her cheekbones indicated the question had more than academic importance.

"Well, I'd say," he told her, "that I'd refuse to pay for the tickets."



Sally said in a slightly regretful voice, "Sometimes I envy you and mother. You're so—so uncomplicated."

"Dad, this is serious. A man wants to marry me, and it seems so ridiculously unnecessary."

"Sally, my dear," he said, "suppose we start talking sense. My knowledge of the romantic possibilities of two young people is limited to the old-fashioned situations."

Sally made a helpless gesture. "That's just the trouble. This isn't the sort of thing you'd understand at all, and I do so want your advice."

"All right. Suppose you tell me about it and I'll do my best to understand. Who is this young man?"

"He's a brilliant psychologist, and he's going on sea duty almost any time."

"What use do they make of psychologists at sea?"

"They don't, but he's also a very fine gunnery officer. I met him at one of the dull officers' assemblies which Mrs. Dark is always organizing, and I liked him because he seemed to have a few more ideas than the rest of them."

Sally sighed and slipped back in the big chair. With her feet actually missing the floor, she reminded him more of the little girl he used to know than of the brain and the sociologist she had become.

To himself Ned said, It looks almost promising. Aloud he said, "Do you love him?"

She looked at him vaguely. "Love?" she said. "Love. We've never even discussed it. I'm trying to explain that the relationship has been on a reasonable basis."

"Oh, you mean Platonic," Ned said, nervously reaching over to his desk for a cigar.

"Dad." Sally spread her hands in a gesture of helplessness. "Only sentimentalists use such terms any more—love and Platonic."

Ned felt color mounting in his cheeks. "But you said something about going away, something about his wanting to marry—"

"Poor darling," Sally said sympathetically. "You must recognize that there are valid human demands which have no more to do with sentimentality than they have with Platonic friendship."

"I'm not sure I recognize anything of the sort. Do you mean to say you can sit there and tell me there's no—no *feeling* between you and this fellow?"

Sally studied her father affectionately, and then made an extra effort. "We're sensible people, Jerry and I," she said. "There's only that odd little flaw in his logic, the suggestion of marriage. He has it mixed up with some sort of duty to the whole social fabric."

"And what do you find your duty in all of this?"

Sally knitted her pretty forehead. "That's what has bothered me. It's a question of the most good I can do."

Ned was suddenly rid of his exasperation. All he was interested in was to discover what was wrong with his daughter, and to help her. "Dear," he said, "haven't you, deep down—deep down within you—a spark of romantic feeling? Don't you ever experience a touch—just a touch of affection for any one?"

Sally thought conscientiously. "I like Jerry better than any boy I ever met," she said, "and of course I love you and mother in a filial way, but—" She raised her shoulder hopelessly. "No, I just guess it isn't there."

Ned rose. "Well," he said, "I've got to sleep on this. Do you mind holding your decision for a day or so?"

"Of course not, dad."

"And why not have that young man to dinner sometime? Say tomorrow night?"

"Yes, perhaps that's a good idea," Sally said soberly.

A sudden thought struck him. "Sally," he said, "why on earth did you ever pick children's work—if you *had* to go into this charity racket?"

"That's simple," she said promptly. "You work your way up. The hierarchy sees you can handle the little ones, and then you get to handle the big ones. When you manage adults, you acquire power."

"All very practical."

"Of course. And, incidentally, it isn't a charity racket. It's social welfare work."

Natalie was not quite asleep when

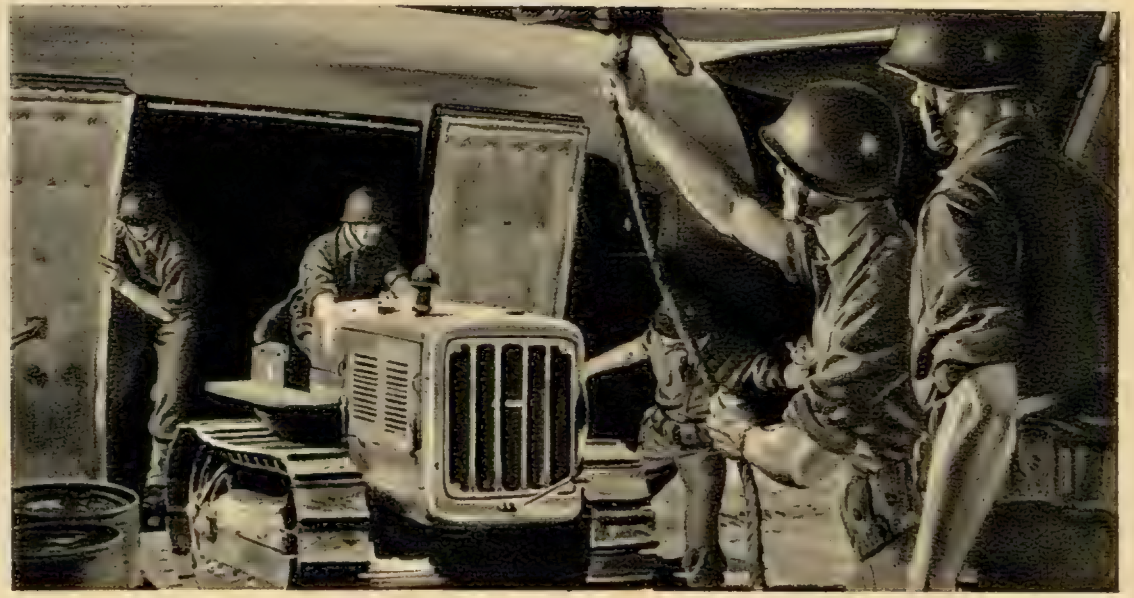
(Continued on page 48)

"Axis air base falls to Allies"... Now what?

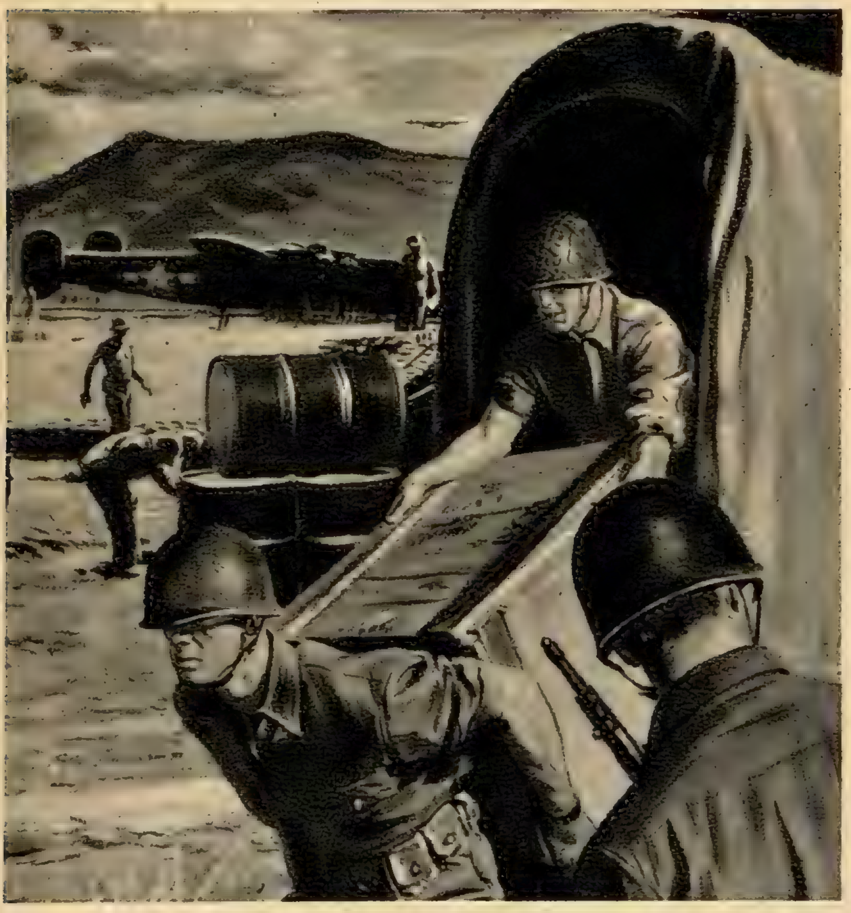
WHEN YOU READ that Allied paratroops have captured another enemy air base, don't be too quick to say, "Now, by using this new base, our bombers can strike even deeper into the heart of industrial Germany."

It's not quite so simple as that. An Axis air base doesn't become an Allied air base merely because it has been wrested from the enemy.

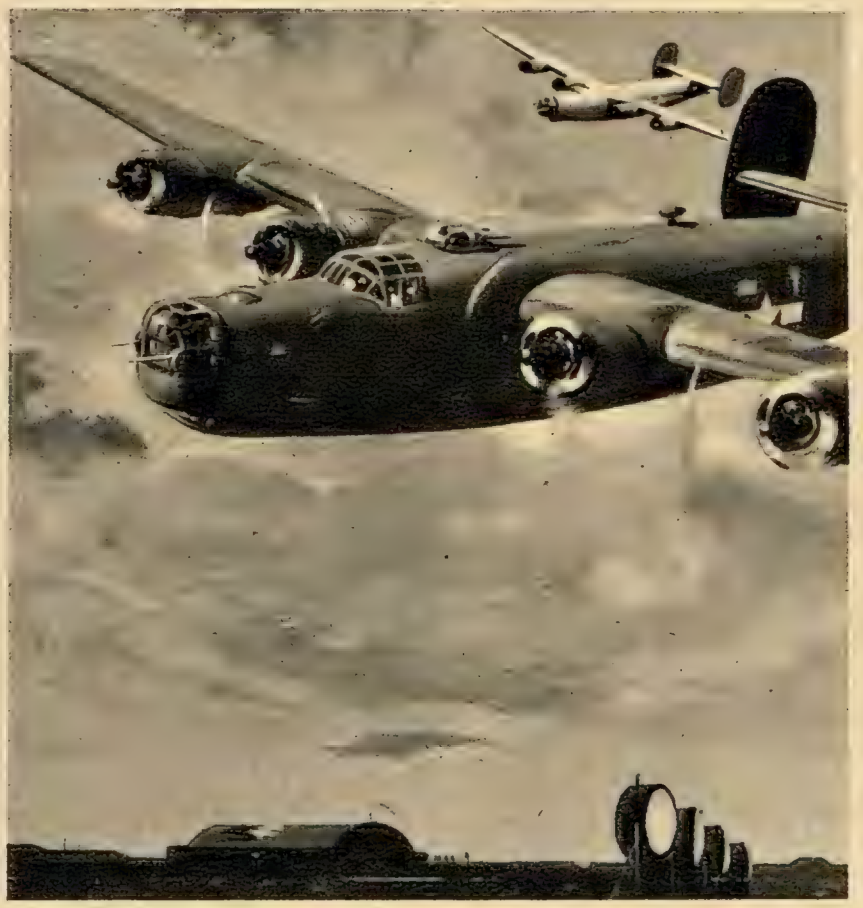
Before a single bomber can take off with its load of block-busters, there is a colossal job to be done — a job which requires the combined efforts of the airplane, the truck, the train, and the ship. That's something the communiques never tell you about . . .



1. **First come** the air-borne reinforcement troops, landing on the bomb-pocked runways. Then a second wave of planes, carrying an aviation engineer battalion, "pee-wee" tractors, scrapers, and lightweight construction equipment. An emergency landing strip is smoothed off for fighter planes, and transport planes with heavier tractors, scrapers, and rollers.

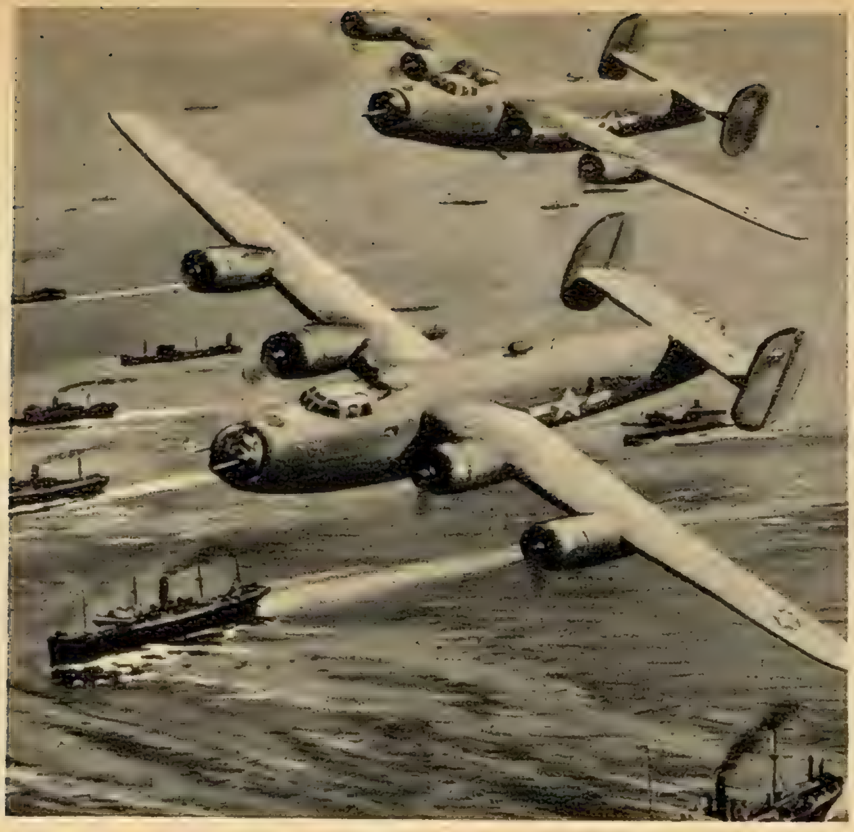


2. **Then,** the trucks come in, with gasoline and oil drums, bombs, and food. Others lug in heavy cement mixers, giant bulldozers, and tumble-buggies — so that the engineer battalions can build permanent runways for all-weather bomber operation. By this time, transport planes have flown in carrying operational personnel, radio equipment, spare bomber engines and parts.



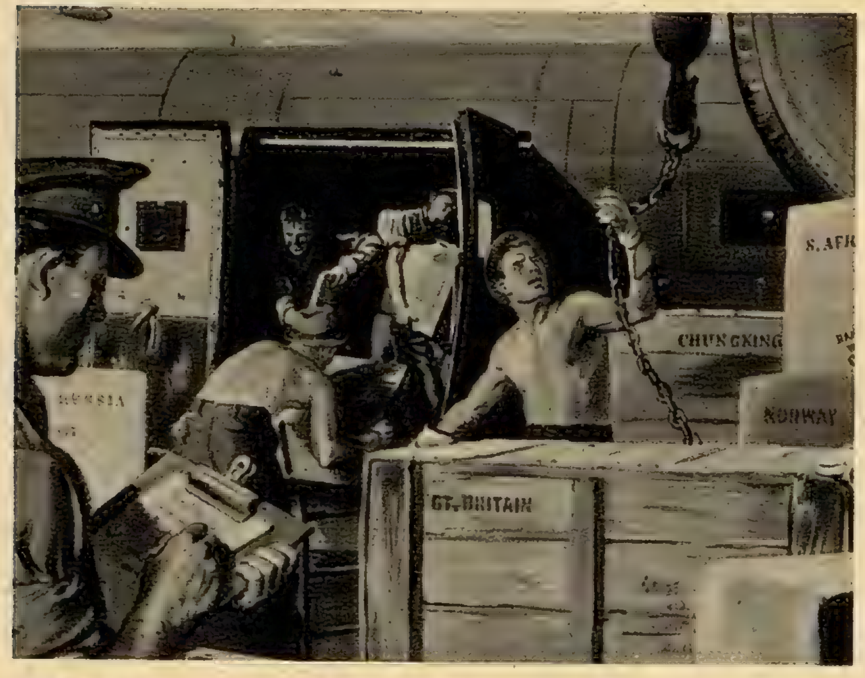
3. **Now the heavy sluggers roar in** — the big, long-range Liberators and their crews. Transports fly in, too, bringing the ground crews who will ready the bombers for action. At last — perhaps weeks after the air base fell into our hands — the Bomber Command is ready to strike. How hard can it strike — and how long? That all depends on the vital link in the chain . . .

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE



4. This link is the never-ending stream of cargo ships. For the problem of supply cannot be solved by air alone. Transporting the equipment needed to *keep* a bomber base in operation is a job in which everything that rolls, floats, and flies must join forces.

The way this challenge has been met is more than a heroic saga in the tightening of the air ring about the Axis. It is a lesson we must remember for the peacetime years that lie ahead.



5. An enduring peace will depend, in great part, on the unhampered interchange of people, goods, and ideas between the nations of the earth.

And while all forms of transportation are teaming up to meet this postwar challenge, the plane, for one, must play a second, and possibly an even more important role: *that of policing this 60-hour-wide world.*

For the maintenance of an adequate Air Force, for years to come, will be one of the cheapest premiums America could possibly pay for insuring the peace which we shall have won.

Quick Facts for Air-Minded Readers

No ice needed — *Much of the nation's perishable commodities, such as fish, fruit, meat, and flowers, may be transported by air, someday soon. In a plane flying above 20,000 feet, no refrigeration would be required.*

• • •

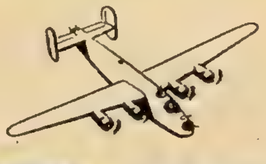
Speed, not cost — The Air Transport Command, using such planes as the huge, long-range Liberator Express, is daily flying hundreds of tons of vital equipment over our global skyways. Speed, not cost, is the all-important thing when our fighting men need blood plasma, more ammunition, or replacement parts. By plane, they get these things in a matter of *hours,* not days or weeks. In the postwar period, as planes are still further improved and new economies are effected, low rates will make commercial air freight practical for many products.

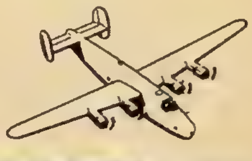
• • •

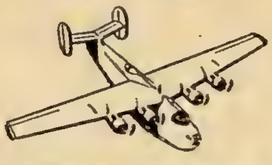
Exit the iron horse? "I have no illusions that the airplane will make the railroads obsolete. On the contrary, there will be room and plenty of need after the war for more and better transportation by rail, highway, water, and air." — TOM M. GIRDLER, Chairman of the Board, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp.

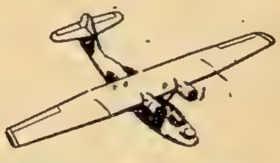
No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

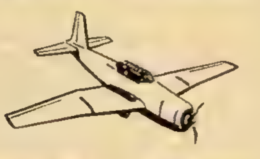
From Flying Jeeps to Leviathans of the air — *Consolidated Vultee now builds many types of war planes, from small trainers to long-range bombers. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small privately owned "air flivvers" to huge transoceanic passenger-and-cargo planes.*

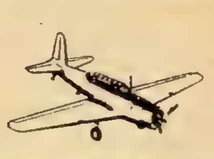

LIBERATOR . . . *4-engine bomber*

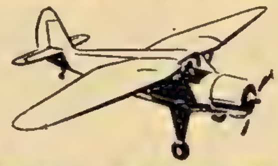

LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . *transport*

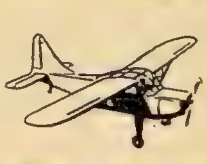

CORONADO . . . *patrol bomber*


CATALINA . . . *patrol bomber*


VENGEANCE . . . *dive bomber*


VALIANT . . . *basic trainer*

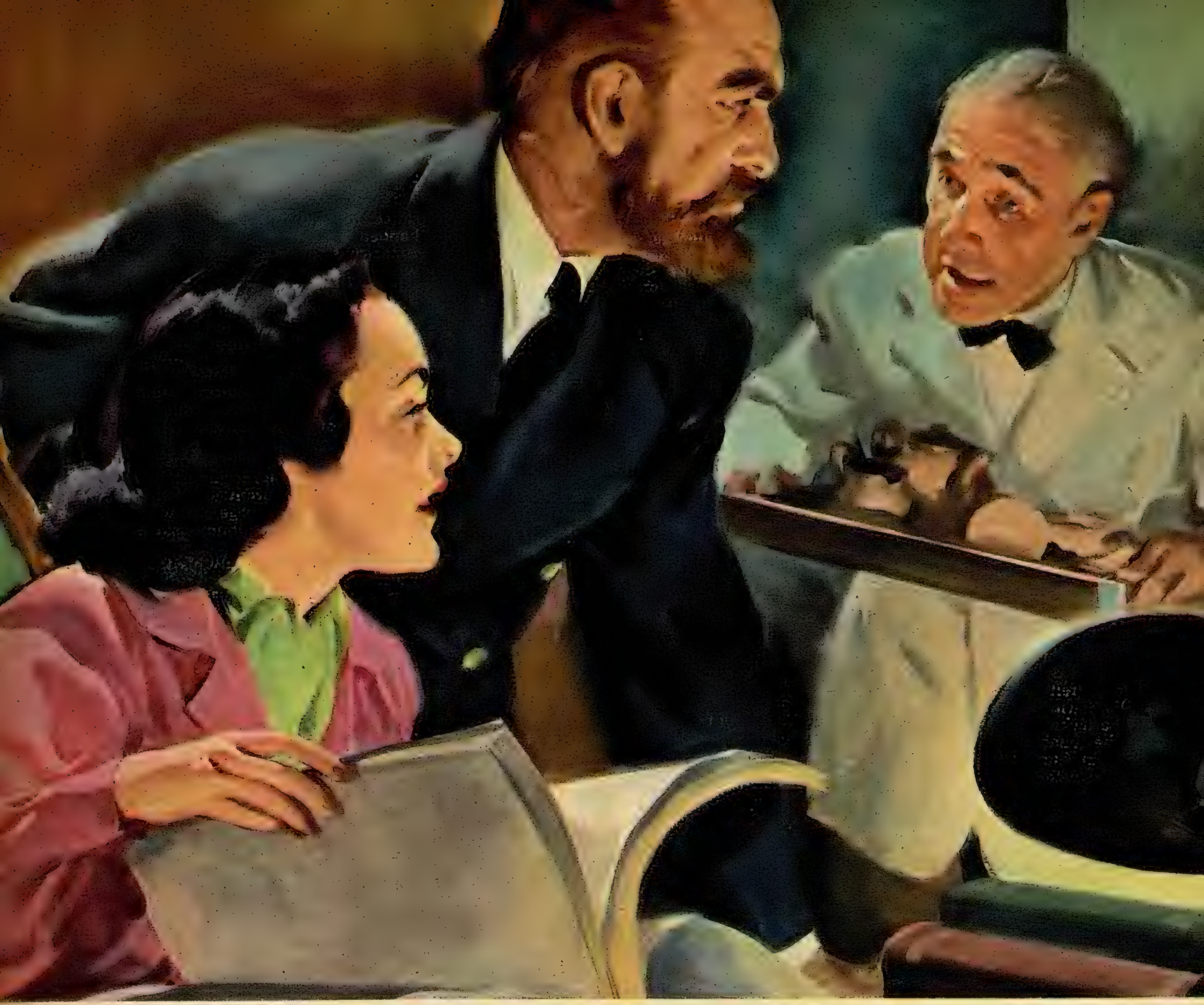

RELIANT . . . *navigational trainer*


SENTINEL . . . *"Flying Jeep"*

AIRCRAFT

San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Nashville, Tenn.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council



"Captain Angel said, 'What ails ye, man?' 'It's mutiny, sir! Mr. Flavin—especially Mr. Flavin, sir.' "

MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

BY CHARLES GORDON BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

Johnny hears at last of the sinister happenings aboard the ghost ship, but the puzzle is far from solved as danger again threatens Ann

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE freighter Emmaline Quincy of the Gustafson Line was standing in the Old Bahama Channel, abandoned by captain and crew, apparently not a soul aboard. Johnny Angel was sent, with a salvage crew, to bring her into Havana. Johnny had a special interest in the ship because his grandfather was her captain, and he was sure that only violence would have made the old man abandon her.

Mingling with the crowd of reporters and officials that swarmed aboard the moment the ship was docked was Ann Wingate, young New York reporter who, unknown to any of them, had boarded the ship at Dakar and could have told the story of the abandonment, but was determined not to until she had found a certain man. When she met Johnny, her secret knowledge and his grief drew them together. Johnny told her that he must find Mike Flavin, his grandfather's first officer, once a rumrunner for the Jewell brothers, Paul and Sam.

The Jewells were now proprietors of the Jewel Box, night clubs in Buenos Aires and Havana.

Ann and Johnny went to the Havana club, and Ann was surprised to meet Lilah Partridge there. Beautiful, blonde, predatory Lilah had been a singer in a New York night club, but was now the wife of Gustaf Gustafson, heir to the ship line. She told Ann she had just returned from Buenos Aires with Sam Jewell.

The two young people were in the

garden of the Jewel Box when Ann saw a man in a raincoat watching them. He tried to shoot Johnny, who pursued him through the streets, but without success. It was during that time that Ann, about to leave the Jewel Box, was threatened by Isherwood, a Jewell henchman. She managed to elude him, and left for New York to report to her paper and to try to find that certain man.

Mr. Abernethy, an old employee of the Gustafson Line, told Johnny why its heir, Gustaf, was what he was. Though a viking in appearance and in his fortieth year, he was afraid of the sea, afraid of losing his two-timing wife, and completely mean-spirited. Abernethy attributed some of this to the tragic death of Gustaf's mother when he was eight, and some to the influence of Miss Drumm, Gustaf's old nurse.

Johnny continued his search for Mike Flavin, aided by "Mr. Celestial" O'Brien, kindly, quaint cab driver. He discovered, through an elephant bracelet charm, that Ann was a "stowaway" on the Quincy.

On her return to Havana, Ann went to the hotel where Johnny was staying.

PART FOUR

JOHNNY ANGEL opened the door and said to himself, *This is no dream!* And it wasn't.

She was real this time. Everything he had ever felt about her, his anger at her, the frustration she had caused him, his shattering disappointment in her, and the unabashed longing she had roused in him caught him in a riptide. Nevertheless he surveyed her coldly.

She wore a black dinner gown, and over it a handsome mandarin coat. The charm bracelet on her wrist afforded him a measure of sour satisfaction.

"No," he said, "you're in New York."

"I'm here," she told him, "and this is Havana."

If she'd said it was heaven, he'd have believed her. "Come in and sit down, Miss Wingate."

"No, thank you, Mr. Angel," she said. "It's late, and I ought to be ashamed of myself." Her eyes were perturbed. "I'm afraid to go into my room."

Johnny thought that over carefully, of the opinion that she ought to be either properly slapped or properly kissed. He couldn't decide which. "Your room—here? Since when?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Mr. Celestial?" She nodded. Johnny looked her up and down. "Party?"

"Dinner," said Ann. "The Gustaf Gustafsons." She pronounced the name with what sounded like aversion. "Gustaf arrived in Havana the day before yesterday. They're at the Hotel Consul-General."

"You do get around," Johnny said. "It's just two weeks since you and I and the Emmaline Quincy came into port. Run into any of the crew?"

"No," said Ann quietly. "Only Miss Drumm."

"Gustaf's old nurse? Is this the annual pilgrimage?"

"Yes. She was there tonight."

"You scared to go into your room—after the Quincy and Nels Johanson's cabin!"

"I seem to have made a mistake." Ann sounded tired. "Good night, Johnny."

"Oh, no, you don't!" said Johnny Angel. "You aren't going to run out on me again. Wait a minute."

He rejoined her, wearing his pants, a thin black woolen sweater, and rubber-soled shoes.

Her room was 326. Johnny unlocked the door and switched on the light. He looked into the bathroom and the old-fashioned clothes press, then under the bed.

"Well?" His face was stony.

Ann sighed. "One sometimes reaches a point and just folds up inside." She regarded him unhappily. "Do you know what I'm talking about?"

"I'd like to know—now."

He shut the door, and Ann seated herself wearily on the edge of the bed. "That's a pretty coat."

"Captain Angel gave it to my Grandaunt Annabel years ago," said Ann. "They were fond of each other."

He didn't reply immediately. What he had to say stood up between them like a wall. He took a deep breath and blew the wall down.

"Is he dead?" She nodded sadly, and he stared hard at the wall for perhaps a minute before he spoke again. "It had to be, I guess. Where's the crew?"

"The crew, too," said Ann, "and the officers."

That roused him. "Nels Johanson and Renoir and Ludwig—all those fellows I knew?" The pain in her face made him see her differently. He said quietly, "All of them, Ann?"

"All but one."

"Mike Flavin?"

"No, not Flavin. Captain Angel shot Mr. Flavin just before he died. The man who didn't die was Brown, a deck hand—only that wasn't his name. I'll tell you about Brown presently."

"What was taken off the Quincy?"

"Gold bullion—eight million dollars' worth."

"The beginning, I suppose, was Dakar?" said Johnny.

"For me, yes," said Ann. "But the real beginning goes farther back than Dakar. Every last detail was planned. Only, something smeared the plan at the very end—but I'm ahead of my story."

"What were you doing in Dakar?" Ann told him, her eyes clouded. "I'm sorry about your father," Johnny said.

"You'd have liked dad," said Ann. "The afternoon we buried him was the most desolate moment I've ever known. . . . Once, when I was a little girl, Captain Angel brought Grandaunt Annabel a Chinese fan. I never forgot him. I found him in a café in Dakar. He looked at me in a funny, touching way, and said, 'Your Grandaunt Annabel should have married me'—just like that! He took me aboard. He was very sweet, Johnny."

"Sure," Johnny said, "my grandfather."

"I went straight to the cabin I was to have," Ann continued. "We sailed at midnight—that was five weeks ago last night.

"We hadn't much more than cleared Cape Manuel when we stopped. I got up and went to the window. We were blacked out, but some one on the boat deck had a flashlight. I could hear men's voices, and the winch began to roar. One of the loading booms creaked. The net thudded onto the deck outside my window then, and the flash beam fell on some small oblong boxes in the net. Men began to lug them into that cabin next to mine. The net went back and forth—I don't know how many times. Then I heard some one lock the cabin door. We began to move again. The transfer had taken perhaps half an hour."

"You knew what the boxes were?" Johnny asked.

"I guessed," said Ann. "The next morning I noticed a lead seal on the door of the cabin next to mine. . . . We had a pretty good passage across—until the night of the sixteenth day out of Dakar."

"You were inside the Bahama Channel then," Johnny said.

"At Buenos Aires, before the Quincy sailed for Dakar, the ship was short-handed, and Mr. Flavin signed on three Americans he had picked up somewhere—your grandfather told me that. I heard Captain Angel tell Mr. Flavin they weren't worth the shot to carry them down to Davy Jones."

"Those three hands the Quincy signed on at Buenos Aires—we have their names," Johnny said. "Fred Burdette, Jim Welsh, Harry Dunlap—at least, that's what they called themselves. Were they—important?"

"Yes," said Ann.

"But a fourth man signed on at Buenos Aires—the morning the Quincy sailed," Johnny went on. "A fellow named Brown—George Brown." Ann didn't answer, and Johnny asked, "Was he the survivor?"

"Yes," said Ann. "Only his true name wasn't Brown."

"Somebody you knew?"

"I couldn't be sure," Ann said. "It was too preposterous. I asked Captain Angel about him. Your grandfather said, 'That's a man who's trying to make a man of himself, and will ye be kind enough to show him the consideration that's been shown yourself?' I never felt smaller in my life."

"Who was he?"

"I WANT to tell this in my own way, Johnny." Ann took off her shoes and curled up on the bed. "You can give me a cigarette now," she said. They looked at each other in a rather personal way over the match flame. "Thank you, Johnny."

He pulled up a chair.

"Mr. Flavin took the ship on the night of the sixteenth day out of Dakar. Captain Angel usually had tea and oatcakes at ten. Sometimes he invited me.

"Higgins would bring in the tea-things on a pewter tray, brew the tea, and cover the pot with the cozy.

"It was a quiet, warm night," Ann went on. "The moon hadn't risen yet. Captain Angel had brought out an old picture-post-card album. I was sitting at the table, turning the pages. He was standing behind me, telling me about the post cards. I looked up and saw Higgins standing just inside the door. The tea-things were shaking in his hands."

"Captain Angel said, 'What ails ye, man?'

"'It's mutiny, sir!' Higgins' cockney voice was all cracked and fussy. 'I've just heard them talking. It's them Americans that signed on at Buenos Aires, and some of the old hands they've corrupted . . . and Mr. Flavin. Especially Mr. Flavin, sir.'

"'Rubbish, man!' said Captain Angel. 'You've been at the whisky again.'

"'I haven't had a drop, sir!' Higgins said. 'It's the gold, and we're to have our throats cut— Hark!'

"A man somewhere below had cried out. The cry ended in a thin high-pitched scream. Captain Angel went to his desk and took out a revolver—afterward I picked it up and put it back."

Johnny nodded. "I have it."

(*Continued on page 59*)

THE VOICE

BY EARL WILSON

Move over, girls—here's a *man* who admits he thinks Sinatra is terrific

I'M a man, I insist, and I happen to like Frank Sinatra. My wife likes him, and that still doesn't make me hate him. The first time I ever saw him was about three years ago when he was with Tommy Dorsey's band, still practically an unknown. My wife was along, and when this lean young fellow sang, she sat up sharply, rolled her eyes playfully, went "Woo!" and then added, "There's another Bing Crosby!"

I got him to come over to our table, and thus we met him. I've become well acquainted with him since, and if you wish to do so, you may touch me. Frank has proved to be a fine fellow, with fewer weaknesses than most celebrities I know. I'll even stick my neck out and say that he's not a force for evil, luring teen-age girls away from their homes, but is rather a force for good.

When the horselaughs have subsided, you may look over this excerpt from a letter written to Frankie recently by a woman living at the Hotel Ambassador in New York.

"My pretty, intelligent, thirteen-year-old niece is indolent and lazy," wrote the woman, "but she has been trying to do some war work since you mentioned that you hoped the girls would. I told her I was confident you would want them to put their school work first, and, to my surprise, my niece, who has never studied or taken school seriously, told me, 'If Frank Sinatra asked us to study, I'd be the first in my class. I wish he would ask us to be good students, because for him I would cheerfully do it.' "

Since that, Frank has made such appeals. He has asked his fans to hew to the good old childhood virtues—regular school attendance, diligent study, and proper conduct. And it now seems pretty likely that there are hundreds of girls applying themselves to their books, as the result of his appeal, to every misguided one who runs away from home to follow him to another city.

The "Pied Piper Sinatra" gag that's brought out every time a girl is reported missing seems to have been overdone a little, like much else that is written and said about Frank.

That's one reason I like Sinatra. Another is that I admire the way he stands up under the adulation he receives.

Just before Frank went to Hollywood to make another movie, he closed one of the most successful engagements any performer ever had at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. The night he closed, I squeezed among the crowd of young girls who waited there for him. When he stepped out of the Wedgwood Room, looking clean and neat in his tailored tuxedo, he was preceded by a flying wedge of friends and waiters who merely desired to keep him from being torn limb from limb. The hotel had printed 36,000 menus with his picture on the cover to simplify the job of taking care of the autograph fans. Now the mob of girls pressed toward him with those menus for him to sign. He could have torn away from them and let the flying wedge take him straight to his room, but he tore away from the flying wedge instead.

He signed each one with a flourish, although it was already about 2 A. M. Girls stood on tiptoe and pushed menus and their own pictures over one another's heads. I tried to get close to him, but in that mob I could make no headway.

After he'd finished and gone to his room, one little seventeen-year-old girl, Marion De Plasco of the Bronx, was discovered proudly waving Frank's pocket handkerchief about her head.

She'd taken it from his pocket. "I asked him if I could, and he didn't say no," she said. She announced that it had some cologne on it.

"Aw, I wanta smell it," cried several girls all at once.

"Let me smell it, too," said numerous others.

"I'm going to frame it and I'm going to keep it close to me all the time," declared the owner.

A Brooklyn girl named Gloria Shaw was rushing ecstatically about with an autograph that read, "To Gloria, Frank Sinatra, No. 35." She explained that it was the thirty-fifth time he'd signed her autograph, and that somewhere in his head he carried the number of her next autograph and always remembered it without her prompting him.

Some of those who have been Sinatra fans for a couple of years were protesting about the conduct of the new Sinatra fans. "They think it's smart to pull his hair and ties and follow him in cabs," one girl said. "They paw him and scream. They spilled ink on his new camel's-hair coat. I mean he spilled it on himself when they crowded him. They're rotten to Frank."

Another reason I like this boy is that he has continued pretty unswellheaded throughout his spectacular success.

It's not easy to digest such terrific success. Not many years ago he was getting seventy cents a week carfare for eighteen sustaining radio appearances, and nothing else. Now that he's

(*Continued on page 56*)

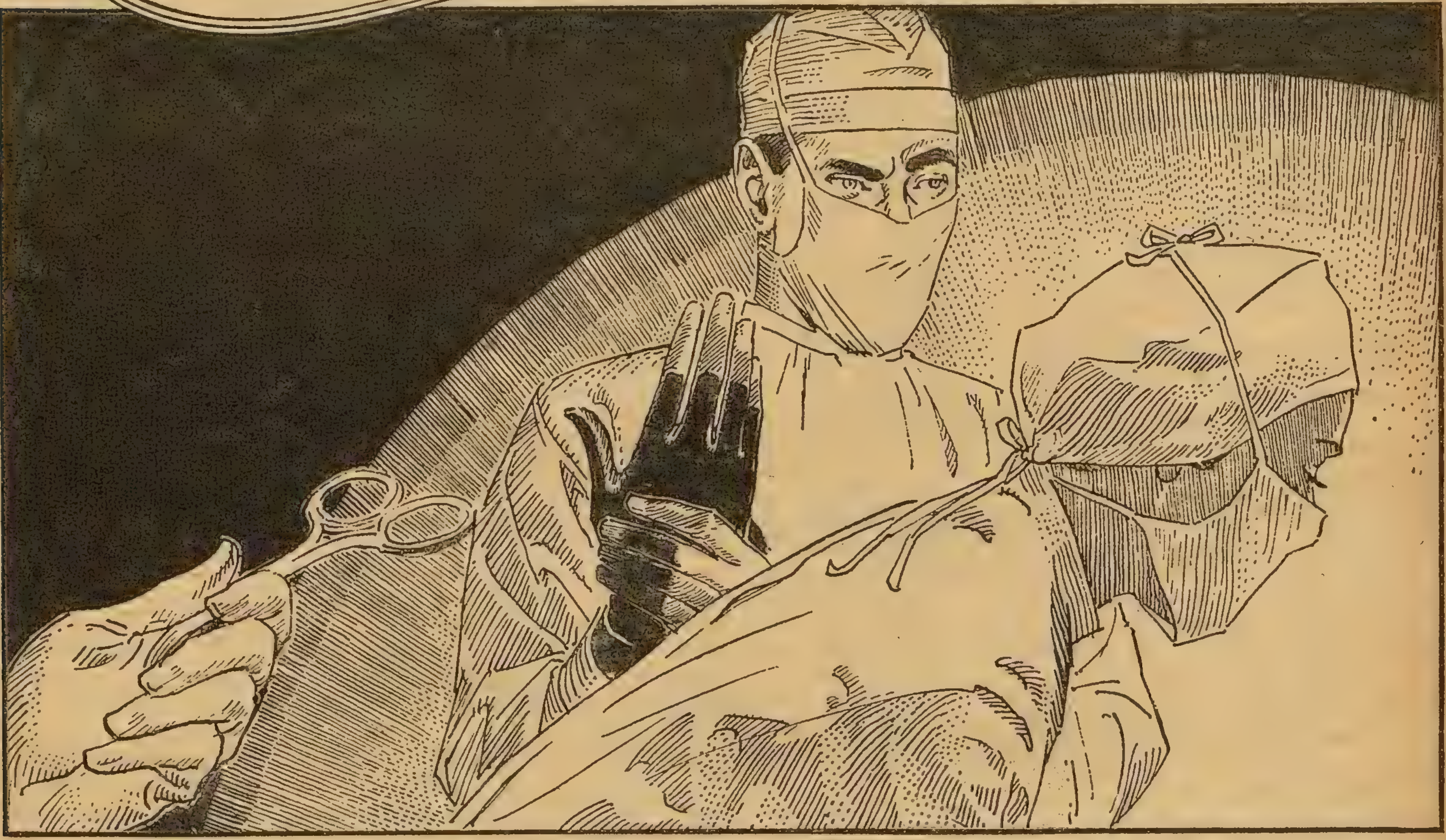
A SURGEON'S WORLD

BY MAX THOREK, M.D.

A distinguished doctor and surgeon combines his own story of a fascinating career with tales of adventure, wisdom, humor—and an insider's view on the art of healing.

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN



AESCULAPIUS had marked me for his own before I was out of the cradle. His staff and twined serpents were the aegis of our home and his healing art was practiced by both my parents. Into our tiny cottage came an endless stream of visitors—Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Turk, Magyar, Tartar, Greek, Bulgarian, Rumanian, Russian—ready to talk about medicine.

Had I recognized my predestination then, I might record that I listened to those discussions with eager interest. I did not. They were disappointing and often boring to me.

Sometimes the talk began with promise. Some one would mention the appalling news from the hunting lodge of Mayerling, about Crown Prince Rudolph and the beautiful Maria Vetsera. I was all ears. I could have listened all night. But inevitably the talk would turn. It would run into speculations as to why so many people should die of *Bauchfellentzündung.* (We know today that it is due to perforation of the appendix.) Or it would become an argument about the best way of treating typhus or how to use or discard leeches. Always and forever, medicine! These men and women seemed unable to talk of anything else.

The provincial Hungarian stork left much work for my mother. She was called to the hovels of the river bank and to the mansions of the rich. It seemed that babies were always coming.

Father was a skillful man and a good Aesculapian disciple. Like all his contemporaries, he had to depend on his five senses to guide him in his diagnoses. He shared the faith of his colleagues in such treatments as cupping, bloodletting, leeches, cataplasms, and clysters. No doubt the greenest medical graduate today knows more of the science of medicine than father ever dreamed could be known, but he ministered with conscientious skill to his neighbors.

Very early he began to make me understand that he

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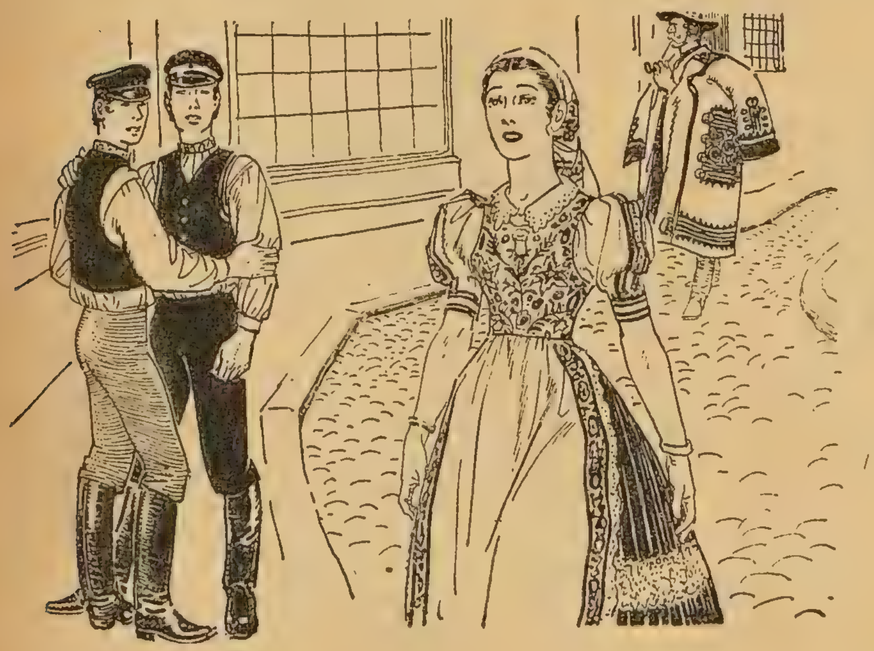
expected me to take up his staff and mantle when he should be ready to lay them aside. And unconsciously I absorbed some of the medical and surgical knowledge of our household.

I HAD been sent to Filipek's apothecary for some perchloride of iron. Like family messengers of all ages, I was taking my time. Boylike, I stood with my hands in my pockets, admiring a store window, when I looked up and saw a young girl crossing the square.

Up to now my life had been normal. Like other boys of my age, I was kept fully occupied with the tyranny of school, with my violin, with the honest amusements of childhood. Now all was changed in a flash. Destiny walked across the square.

The girl arched her neck as proudly as a swan. Her feet were small, her ankles slender. Her reddish chestnut hair stole all the glory from the sunshine. She passed—completely unaware that she had transformed a human life.

Daily, thereafter, I went to the square at the hour when I knew she would pass. Daily I saw her. But never once did she give any indication that she saw me. I knew that I could not live without that girl, yet I did not even know her name.



I suffered vastly, but it would not be strictly accurate to say that I suffered in silence and alone. My friend Sigmund lived at our house. He came from a country village and his parents had sent him to town to go to school. "Zsigy" and I shared a little room in the upper story of our house. One day he threw down his schoolbooks and asked me point-blank what was wrong with me.

I poured out the whole story. "What can I do?" I asked him pitifully

"Come on!" cried Zsigy, reaching for his cap. "Let's go to the square and we shall see what we shall see."

Like a pair of conspirators, Zsigy and I took our stand at the corner drugstore from which I had first seen my vision. Just as the town clock began to strike the hour of three, I clutched Zsigy's sleeve.

"There! There she is! Look! Do you see her?"

"Of course I see her," he said. And then he added words which seemed to strike a light of dazzling hope across my dark mind.

"Listen, Max," he said. "I know this girl. This is where I can help you in return for all you have done for me." He said that the girl's family name was Unger, that the Ungers were rich and lived near the park. He said he would take me to the Unger home on Saturday!

Zsigy was true to his promise. He did take me to the Ungers' on Saturday. But I was no credit to him when I got there. I was tongue-tied, too embarrassed to say a word. Yes, she was there—Fanny, whom they called Fim. And here in her own home, no less than in the town square, she was as distant as the stars.

Then Zsigy came to the rescue once more, this time with a breath-taking idea. He knew that the Ungers held monthly musicales in their home. He could easily arrange for me to play my violin at one of these recitals. My violin could speak for me even if my tongue refused to move.

I shall never forget how my fingers trembled when I first played in the Ungers' drawing room. It would be pleasant to record that the magic of the violin solved my problems with a sweep of the bow. It did not. If the lovely Miss Unger heard my music at all, she gave no sign of it.

For more than four months I endured life in a brierpatch of torture. Faithfully I attended the musicales. Earnestly I tried to contribute my part to the music.

At last I was rewarded. I lifted my violin and played Dancla's Resignation. To my surprise, there was an outburst of applause. I saw out of the corner of my eye that Fim was one of those applauding. Bending low, I kissed her hand.

It was a long time before I was able to kiss Fim's hand a second time, but that time did come. I grew bolder. I asked her to join me in my rambles through the town and, to my joy, she consented.

Those walks together were idyllic experiences for both of us.

Fim and I, walking hand in hand, began to plan our future. I was to be a doctor, we decided. That meant, we knew, that I must soon go to study in Budapest, first at the gymnasium and later at the university. The only shadow on our happiness and comradeship was the knowledge of that coming separation.

DURING the winter of 1896 the town, usually so peace-loving and law-abiding, had its first taste of organized vandalism. No one will ever know the true cause of this outburst of lawlessness, but it was a lighted match carelessly thrown among the powder barrels of our tensions and antagonisms. A threatening whisper began to move in the spring breeze.

"Soon they will get those Jew ——. I hope they kill them all!"

Then it began. Some one broke a window in the market. Passers-by looked and ran. Shutters on the shops in the square were torn from their hinges and used as weapons. A mania to hurt and maim and kill had seized the town.

In time the skies cleared and order came back into the streets and markets of our town. But not for us. It was forever an alien land to us from that moment. With one accord we turned our eyes to another homeland. We would go to America!

For my parents emigration was a solemn undertaking, but youth could not remain long depressed, with the vision of America before it. America! The very word was a tonic.

Yet, as the day of departure approached, a dark cloud of sorrow blotted out the sunrise of my happiness. Fim could not come with me. We could not even mention our desire. We knew that both families would refuse their consent, for we were both too young to think of marriage. Our anguish grew acute as the moment for separation came near. Then, as so often in the days since that time, it was Fim who faced the inevitable with calmness and resolution and whose strength provided strength also for me.

"You mustn't be afraid, dear," she said. "You must go on ahead to America. But you must know, every minute of every day, that I will come to you. Nothing will change me. I will come. I will surely come! That is a promise."

She kissed me as we stood on the riverbank. And I felt once more at peace with the world.

From being "comfortable" citizens in a small European village, we suddenly became poor immigrants in a vast metropolis. Outwardly, father in America was not greatly different from father in *Mittel Europa*. But the iron had departed from his soul. He could not make the hard adjustment to a new world. He could not even find work for his hands in that world. He could not practice his profession in America; he could not do anything else.

My father was a fallen oak, but my mother was a resilient pine tree. Shocked as she was, homesick as I know she often must have been, she began to put down new roots. Her skilled hands, which had given Franz Josef so many little subjects, now worked to usher into the world lusty Americans. Her patients, living in the slums of Chicago, could pay her very little, but she managed with what she earned.

It is amazing that we ate at all in those first hard days, but we did. We lived on Halsted Street. The color and smell and flavor of that long thoroughfare are woven inextricably into my memory. The great slaughterhouses poured their stench into the air and their refuse into the streams and streets. I was unknown, alone, friendless, penniless. And I was also ambitious—and lovesick.

Again and again, as I wandered the city streets, my mind turned the same endless wheel. I must become a doctor. I must marry Fim. Therefore I must go to medical school and study. And to go to medical school took money.

It was my violin which opened the first crack of opportunity for me. I heard that the father of Moissaye Boguslawsky, noted pianist, was organizing a gypsy orchestra. I asked for a job.

I was not a gypsy, but then neither was he. And when at last I reported for my first rehearsal, I found that my fellow musicians were few of them sons of Romany either. That didn't matter. Gypsies we called ourselves —Boguslawsky's Gypsy Orchestra—and as gypsies we gained glamour in the eyes of our audiences.

Odd jobs filled in the spaces between violin engagements. I did whatever I could to earn an honest penny.

When I finally arrived in college and medical school, I was to find that my need to turn any and all of my talents into cash did not at all set me apart from my fellow students. Working one's way through an education was an honored tradition in America.

I do not remember just how I learned about "student aid" at the University of Chicago, but I did and I went over to the university office and applied confidently for student aid so that I might enter Rush Medical College in the fall.

I thought that luck was with me when I found that there was a place on the university band. Had I not been making money with my violin for months? With my violin? Ah, but that was the catch. With sinking heart I heard my interviewer, Professor Hobson of the Physics Department and able conductor of the band, explain that what they needed was a snare drummer.

"Are you a snare drummer?"

A snare drummer! I had never touched a snare drum in my life. My answer seemed forced from my throat by necessity, against my instinct and will:

"Yes—I am a snare drummer."

The university band, explained my questioner, wanted a *good* snare drummer or none at all. Was I the *best* snare drummer in Chicago?

I had gone too far to retreat. I swallowed hard.

"Yes, I am the best snare drummer in Chicago."

SUDDENLY the interview was over and I had won! In return for my services on the university band—since I was the greatest snare drummer in Chicago—all my tuition at Rush Medical School would be paid.

I came down to earth with a crash! What a fantastic idea—that I of all men could play the snare drum. I did not even know how to hold the sticks. Well, there was nothing to do but face the situation. In a pawnshop on North Clark Street I bought an unredeemed snare drum. Friends from the gypsy band helped guide my first efforts, taught me the elementary techniques of the new instrument. Before long I had mastered the trick. I had less than three months in which to learn to "outsnare" all other snare drummers.

The dreaded day of the grand rehearsal in Mandel Hall dawned at last, and my heart did a very creditable snare-drum performance itself as I summoned what nonchalance I could as I entered the room, which had all the atmosphere of an execution chamber.

I sat down and cleared my drum with a mounting series of bravado rolls. I played the parts placed on the music stand—drum solos and all. I was drumming, in so much of a daze that I could not tell whether I was doing well or badly, when Professor Hobson rushed to the phone.

"President Harper," I heard him say, "this fellow is a wonder. He's a find! He has just snared Meyerbeer's Coronation March as I have never heard it played in my life!"

As soon as I knew that I really could begin my medical education that fall, my mother and I began to prepare the appropriate costume. We both knew what a well dressed medical student should wear. Had I not watched with awe and admiration those godly young men of the medical school in Budapest?

No classmate could present a more faultless exterior than I when the first class roll was called. I wore a top hat of silk beaver—Budapest medical students often wore hats like that. I wore a pair of neat striped pants which would have passed muster at any daytime wedding or fashionable tea. I wore a long black broadcloth coat of the style once lovingly named "Prince Albert." I wore haberdashery to match.

Dazed with happiness, I went through the formalities of registration and set off for my first class, blind and deaf to ridicule. Puffing up the long stairs, I came into the classroom and looked around me for a seat. The front seats were empty. I sat down.

I WAS engaged in an absorbing mental debate about what to do with my beloved hat when a cyclone struck me. Rough hands seized me from behind. Up out of my seat I came, struggling but helpless. Propelled by strong arms, I moved rapidly over student heads until, gasping and bewildered, I was plumped into the topmost seat in the room.

It was a traditional stunt, I afterward learned, a bit of hazing which always went with the first day of school. I dusted myself off and grinned as best I could.

It was a feeble grin, however. My rough passage through the air had proved too great a strain for my fine new beautiful professional clothes. They were ripped to shreds. I had no money for new ones.

Dismay was written on my mother's face when she saw me that evening. But she gallantly took up her needle and worked all night. She literally embroidered those clothes together. And I wore them more than a year after that, even after I fully realized how inappropriate they were.

All of us took our preliminary work in the basic sciences of anatomy, physiology, histology, pathology, organic and inorganic chemistry, and their scientific correlates, at the University of Chicago. Clinical studies at Rush Medical College began when our foundation studies had been mastered. Now at last we were really moving toward that medical degree which had hitherto seemed like such a far mirage.

Most fascinating part of our course to me—and I am sure it was to most of my classmates—was pathology, especially the post-mortems under LeCount. Autopsies, serving two purposes—the study of disease and the disclosure of errors of diagnosis and treatment—are not insulting to the dead, and are, in a real and significant sense, a promise of life to the living. But sometimes the most scrupulous post-mortem fails to reveal the cause of death; the mystery of life refuses to be unveiled.

I was present once when Professor Richard Jaffe, master pathologist, was about to expound the findings of the autopsy he had just completed on a young man who had died from an unknown cause.

Every organ and every tissue was carefully scrutinized by the great doctor. The silence was almost audible as the doctor's frown grew and grew. Slowly he reposited the well examined organs in their proper abode. He began to speak, not to us, his audience, but to the corpse.

"Come, come, now, young man," he said. "You have no bizness here. . . . From zis investigation, we must truly conclude you are shamming us as dead and are able to walk. For truly . . . well . . . zere is nossing ronk wiz you!"

And he kept on frowning while the amphitheater rocked with laughter. I almost thought I saw a derisive grin on the corpse's face!

I was a bookworm and I burrowed so hungrily through the work required of me that I found myself, three months ahead of my scheduled graduation, with all the work completed. Rush used the quarterly electoral system, and I found it possible to forge ahead with speed suited to my appetite. But what could I do with those extra three months?

I sought advice from Dean John M. Dodson.

"Thorek," he said, "the fundamentals of the healing art lie in anatomy. You can do nothing better than spend the remaining three months in the dissecting room. I am assigning you to begin work next week."

Probably a vacation would have been better for me. I was badly run down in health. But back to the dissecting room I went, literally "sent down for ninety days"! And I have had cause many times in my life to be thankful to Dean Dodson for that extra experience.

Graduation day at last! And on this occasion I was duly and suitably dressed for the part I was to play.

True, poverty was still with me and debts loomed darkly on my horizon. But I was conscious only of exaltation as I picked up that bit of sheepskin on which my Alma Mater acknowledged that I was fit, in her opinion, to practice the great profession of Aesculapius. The first great goal of my boyhood ambition had been reached. I was a doctor!

But there was still the matter of interneship, the medical student's last hurdle. They sent me to the Marcy Home at Maxwell Street and Newberry Avenue.

I welcomed that appointment. I had decided to specialize in obstetrics, and I knew that much of the work expected of internes at Marcy consisted of going out, on call, into the teeming homes of the neighborhood, to help bring children, and yet more children, into the crowded world.

AGAINST the background of those months at the Marcy Home is now set a long line of memories. I did not carry out my intention to specialize in obstetrics. But so closely woven into the fabric of life is the mystery of birth that any doctor's, any surgeon's, career must inevitably be touched by it at a thousand points.

The traits of human nature which, called into evidence by birth's miracle, touch it with humor or with pathos, with comedy or with tragedy, are the same everywhere.

There is the belligerent father, for instance, taking out on the attending physician the angry helplessness which assails him when he sees the woman he loves in agony. Fortunately for me and for my colleagues, he does not always show his fright and ferocity as did the great hulking Rumanian who, some twenty-five years ago, thundered at me in the reeking room of a sordid tenement when I suggested that his wife's delivery would be safer, easier, in a hospital.

"No hospital!" he roared. "Because I am poor, my wife does not go to the hospital. You stay here and you bring that baby! My babies are born at home."

I knew we were in for trouble. It would have to be an instrumental delivery at least, perhaps a Caesarean section. I sent a messenger for Dr. Victor L. Schrager. He could help me if any one could.

While I waited for him, I looked around the kitchen, which would have to be the operating room. Cobwebs, ants, spiders, flies, mice, roaches, grime, scraps of food were everywhere.

In the unbearable July heat, I set a copper kettle on the coal stove, scrubbed the table, washed a pan in which to boil the instruments, and built up a raging fire in the rickety stove.

Schrager came. We put the suffering woman on the kitchen table. Schrager began to pour the anesthetic. I had just begun to work when a sound made me look up.

Against the closed kitchen door stood the husband. In one hand he held a long thick old-fashioned iron stove poker, in the other a half-gallon pot filled with boiling coffee.

"All right, you go ahead," he shouted. "But I watch. If anything happen to my woman, I keel you both! I got these"—he brandished his odd weapons—"I got, too, knife and gun—"

The stove blazed hotter. Mosquitoes came buzzing in. Schrager and I worked on. When the fruit of our forceps was held up to mortal gaze, it was found to be a fine boy! The father relaxed. He began to cry, to pray, to laugh. All his other children were girls. Now he had a son.

The Rumanian giant's cry of joy at the sight of a son rings in other accents wherever children are born. And in that hunger to perpetuate name and dynasty are born other dilemmas for doctors officiating at the mystery of birth.

Unwritten law of the profession is, of course, that if one life only can be saved, it should be the mother's. But against this law is often set the secret tenet that "a mother is only a woman, but a son is an heir!"

Only once in all my long practice has that tenet been openly invoked. Once I was ordered, in the plainest of plain terms, that if I could not save the lives of both mother and child, I must let the mother die.

Greed was the motive behind this order. A huge business could be held in the family only if it could be passed into the hands of a son and heir.

I have never felt sorrier for any one than I did for the poor creature during those days of her pregnancy. She was pampered and petted, but she knew that behind the ostentatious solicitude was no kindness toward her, only eagerness for the child she was to bear. Alone with me she would break down completely.

"Save the child," she would plead. "They will be good to him. They hate me."

Then the mother-in-law would come at me with specious innuendo. The father-in-law had his turn. And then, one day, the father himself threw camouflage to the winds and blurted out a flat command.

"After all, doctor," he said, "it is more vital to us all. Even my wife thinks so. We must have an heir. If we can't, she doesn't want to go on living a childless life."

"You are going to have both wife and child," I assured him. But I was by no means as confident as I sounded. That confinement brought my first gray hairs! It had to be a Caesarean, but it was successful. Both mother and child lived. And the child was a boy. The family sent me a magnificent check—almost three times my regular fee. But it did nothing to eradicate my disgust.

The story has a sequel. A year later the mother died of lobar pneumonia. The child survived only a few years. When he died, it was my privilege to inform those murderous people that the indirect cause of his death was a latent syphilitic inheritance from the father. Destiny has a way of loading the dice.

EVERY physician has plenty of material for ironical musings as he deals, year after year, with women desperately trying to have children on the one hand, and with women just as desperately trying not to have children on the other.

Medical science has by no means reached the root of the problem of the causes of sterility. Vitaminists claim that in Vitamin E, the largest known source of which is the wheat embryo, lies the secret of human fertility. Lack of this vitamin, they say, is the cause of much human sterility. Vogt-Mueller of Copenhagen claims that he has used Vitamin E on women with great success, and suggests that the female responds better than the male to this treatment. In Chicago, a scientist, also working on Vitamin E, hopes to find in it the secret of the predetermination of sex, but he has not yet reached conclusive results.

On one fact scientists seem pretty well agreed—that once the organic power of fertility has been destroyed in the male, it cannot be restored. Vitamin treatments and most of the rejuvenation processes can secure results only when the innate powers are dormant, not entirely dead. Voronoff and the American Frank Lydston, who sought rejuvenation by the transplantation of sex glands into human beings, found their experiments successful only when some vestige of power remained to be stimulated into temporary activity.

Science will solve some of the problems, and when it does, much heartache and frustration will be lifted from the shoulders of men and women who want children and seem unable to have them.

Somehow, I think of these unfortunate people always with far greater sympathy than I do of those who stand at the opposite pole in their attitude toward the miracle of birth.

When I sit in conventions where the necessity for teaching family limitation is earnestly propounded by physicians, clerics, economists, social workers, statesmen, my mind goes back to my Marcy Home interneship. What use is teaching, when the men and women taught must live in squalid dwellings where two dark dirty toilets in a public hallway serve the common use of from twenty to forty families? What price birth-control information, when the very possibility of using that information is denied?

These problems were still far in my future as I served my apprenticeship at Marcy Home. It was a period rich in experience. And it initiated me not only into the mystery of birth but also into the twin mystery of death. This initiation came during the December afternoon when, walking through the Loop, I heard the call of "Fire!" and worked with the doctors and volunteers and medical students to salvage as much life as possible from the holocaust at the Iroquois Theater. The laughing audience, mostly children, was gathered for a holiday matinee, and struck down almost in an instant by terrible flaming death.

I helped the rescuers to drag bodies, living and dead, from that horrible place. I worked with the doctors beside those white tables in Thompson's restaurant—dining tables a moment ago, now grim operating tables, morgue slabs. There was elation in the experience—a moving hand indicates a spark of life; there was despair, as little children we so desperately fought to save died under our ministering hands. There was horror—seared deep into the minds of us all.

My education reached completion there.

MY choice of a neighborhood in which to hang up my shingle was dictated chiefly by my heart. I chose to work among the people who had been my neighbors since I had come to America. I knew what it meant to be a stranger in a strange land, hearing a strange tongue, eating strange food, bewildered by strange customs. A doctor who had, through natural aptitude and curiosity and early education, something of the gift of tongues was a godsend to the polyglot dwellers in Babel. I suppose that my ability to talk with my patients in words that they understood helped more than my university diploma to win me the confidence a doctor must have if he is to do his work successfully.

That office, my first, still holds a special place in my heart as I remember it. It was pathetically shabby, but scrupulously and sacredly clean. I acquired a learned-looking if somewhat splintery desk. I had a big armchair which I was always finding myself offering to a patient. I learned to be shrewd and careful about such offers, however. The chair was a bit off plumb and I found that being thrown from a bucking office chair is not conducive to confidence in the heart of a patient. So I weighed my callers with my eye. If the caller was heavy enough to hold the chair level by his own weight, he got the chair. If not, he had to content himself with one of the two "splint bottoms" available.

My books made a fine showing. I was always a bookworm, a booklover, a book-buyer. I was proud, too, of my instruments. Expensive though they were, I had managed to get good ones. My surgical table was a cast-off, fearfully and wonderfully repaired, but it was immaculate.

What doctor can ever forget his first patient?

Mine followed a thin and breathless wisp of a child who knocked at my door, crying, "Doctor, doctor, come quick!"

"What's wrong, my child?"

"It's ma," she sobbed, and I could see that she was shivering with fright. "Pa's beatin' her awful!"

Rosie's thin little legs carried her along like the wind through the crowded, smelly streets. I was glad, as I hurried after her, that I had little excess flesh to hold me back. At last she scuttled into a dingy, dirty, fetid cul-de-sac and down a broken set of steps.

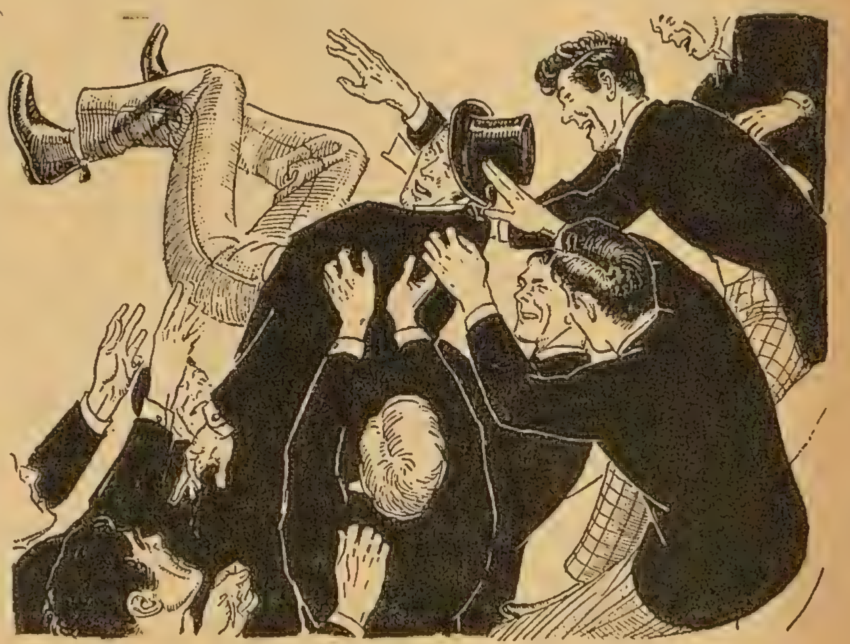
Down in that darkness into which Rosie had disappeared sounded sickeningly a monotonous *twack, twack!*

Holding fast to my precious bag, I stumbled into the damp mazes of that cellar. In the middle of the floor lay a woman. A huge human beast stood over her. He methodically swung a heavy leather belt, mercilessly beating the poor creature at his feet.

Blood was everywhere. A few minutes more and she would have been flayed alive. She needed me. Rather, she needed me and a squad of police! What possible use to her was a thin little doctor, so long as that 300-pound murderous brute, crazed with blood lust and liquor, stood between her and any kind of medical aid?

I am not particularly proud of what I did—but I have never been able to think of more adequate action! An old broom lay on the floor. I picked it up, grasped it firmly, and jabbed the beast in the groin. Knowledge of anatomy has uses not specified in the textbooks! He collapsed with a terrible bellow which brought help from the curious gallery of neighbors on the stairway. They tied him with his bloodstained belt, with rags on the floor, and with a few borrowed clotheslines.

I turned my attention to the woman. She was still alive, but in a desperate state. Like all her sisters in that neighborhood at all times, she had been pregnant, and the drubbing she had received had had the inevitable result. I sent a man to phone for an ambulance, and the poor soul was hurried off to the Cook County Hospital for a brief heavenly rest in a clean bright place.



A doctor had to be jack-of-all-trades to work in a neighborhood like that. He had to be his own pharmacist and surgeon and nurse. I learned there the things the medical books had failed to teach me. I found that it is of very small importance to a young doctor to be able to perform a delicate operation if he finds himself at sea when confronted by a case of skull fracture or if he has somehow been allowed to skip over those parts of his education which would fit him to deal with measles and scarlet fever and smallpox and the like.

I believed then, as I believe now, that no one should enter a specialty unless he has been in the general practice of medicine for a number of years. I have always been profoundly thankful for the broad basis of experience and knowledge I was able to lay for my future career as a surgeon in those years of almost unbelievable "general" practice.

How long I might have stayed in this first field of my choice if I had had only myself to consider, I do not know. But I was no longer alone in the world. I had others to consider now.

"One day a letter came." In those five simple words may hang the fate of a human being, of a nation, of a civilization. To me they were never charged with more momentous meaning than they were in the summer of 1902. Postmarked in a picturesque town in the Tátra Mountains, it came from Fim:

"I am coming to you. I can endure the separation no longer."

I shall never forget—and I shall never find words to describe—the emotion which flooded me as I saw her. We walked home together. There was time to wonder what she would think of that poor flat. She showed neither surprise nor dismay when we finally got there. She made us understand that she thought we had done very well indeed in a strange new country. And, because she thought so, our self-respect stiffened. And things impossible before became not only possible but even easy.

Fim's name should be emblazoned on every page I write. Without her understanding and encouragement those hurdles of medical education might easily have proved too high for my leaping. But during my last year at Rush, during my interneship at the Marcy Home, during the first days of my practice, she was never far away from me. Part of that time she lived under my mother's roof. Two years after I began the practice of medicine we were married.

A year later I was a father.

I had worked hard before Philip's birth. Now I went at building my career with a cold frenzy. To work forty-eight hours at a stretch seemed like nothing to me in those days. I could manage seventy-two without sleep and seemed to be none the worse for it. The tempo of my life increased. Faster! Faster!

And I was, therefore, one of the easiest possible marks for the new speed fever which rode into American life, driven by the marvelous, if odoriferous, gasoline engine. My jogging horse was too slow for the galloping mind of his driver. So I sold him and I bought for myself a two-cylinder air-cooled Franklin.

My stock in the neighborhood went up immediately. I was by far the most fashionable man anywhere around. That thought sustained me in some difficult times as I went chugging all over the West Side. For my fine and stylish car gave me almost as much trouble as a bad breech presentation or a complicated fracture.

FEW doctors know how to take their own medicine, and I was worse than most. I tried to be everywhere, learn everything. Something had to crack. I could have told any patient of mine as much if I had been called to sit dispassionately upon such a case. One day I found myself in an ambulance, bound for the Presbyterian Hospital with a temperature of 105° F. The first diagnosis was influenza, but developing symptoms seemed to show that diagnosis doubtful. Perhaps typhoid? The laboratory findings failed to give ground for that analysis. The doctors shook their heads. They talked of cerebrospinal meningitis, of other infectious diseases.

They had just about given me up. Fim was distracted. And then, on or about the twelfth day of that mysterious illness, my temperature began to drop as suddenly as it had started to mount. Without benefit of diagnosis, I began to get well. No one knows to this day what was the matter with me.

Perhaps it was those days in the hospital, the enforced idleness of a long convalescence, which enabled me to take account of stock, to see clearly the direction which I wanted to take in my future career. I knew that I wanted one thing only—to specialize in the practice of general surgery.

To undertake the practice of surgery, even if one has the difficult natural qualifications of hand and mind for it, is by no means a thing "no sooner said than done." Years passed between that illness and the beginning of the dream's fulfillment.

My chance came disguised as a casual, unimportant meeting. I met a friend in a drugstore, and as we chatted a third man joined us. I was introduced to Dr. Sol Greenspahn. We had much in common, and we parted, after that brief drugstore chat, firm friends.

An invitation to his home very soon after that gave me great joy. In the leisure of his study I told him, finding him a sympathetic listener, of my hopes and my frustrations. The second time I visited him, he suddenly fired a question at me:

"How would $25,000 do to start a hospital?"

Fim was with me that evening, fortunately for me, for the magnitude of the offer left me breathless and speechless. I turned to her, and she was smiling.

"Tell Dr. Greenspahn that we will top that $25,000 with $30,000," she said.

Soon others augmented this sum. Mortgages and loans did the rest.

Another gate had opened in a sheer blank wall. The American Hospital, made of actual stone and mortar, could replace nebulous castles in the air.

The hospital which Dr. Greenspahn and I dreamed up may have been vague as to architectural detail, but it was clear and definite in the shape of the ideals which we purposed to build into its structure.

It was to be a hospital with a human atmosphere, in which men never forgot that healing is a ministry. We said to each other, Dr. Greenspahn and I, that we would try to build an institution where rigorous application of the finest techniques of science would never be allowed to swamp sensitiveness to individual need. Ours was to be a hospital in which patients would be admitted on the basis of their need and not of their ability to pay. To us there was something abhorrent in the usual "charity wards" where needy "cases" were set apart and branded as of less importance than the patients occupying the other beds. To cure a diseased body and leave a mind scarred with such a burn seemed to me to leave unfulfilled the highest mission of the healer. From the very first and up to the present day, the American Hospital has made no distinction between its paying and its non-paying patients.

No interne, resident, nurse, or other member of the hospital staff knows which are which.

Rich and unexpected dividends came out of the time and effort and skill expended in Chicago's back yard, and soon our West Side hospital home became too small for us. We decided to move north, and we selected a site not far from the Lake Front, on Irving Park Road, near Broadway.

The planning and building took time, but finally that new shining and up-to-date hospital was finished, ready for new services. It was ready just in time, we discovered, to play an unexpected part in American life.

The troubled young man who stood in my new examining room one day in 1917 was not ill nor in real need of surgical attention. His only defect was cryptorchidism, a condition in which one or both testicles remain in the abdomen or groin and do not descend into their proper place.

"It's not as uncommon as you think," I told him. "It isn't going to interfere with your living a normal and happy life."

"But, doctor," he said, "they won't take me in the Air Corps like this. I've been turned down! Can't anything be done?"

"It means an operation," I said, "a rather exacting operation."

"I don't mind that," he insisted, "but I don't know whether I have money enough to pay for that kind of help."

"It won't cost you anything," I told him. "Come in and we'll see what can be done!"

That young man was one of hundreds who turned to us in those early days of the American Hospital. For, all the time it had been building, the cheerful ring of workmen's hammers had had an ominous undertone—the rumble of war drums.

I was a member of the State Medical Examining Board, and one of my duties was that of surgeon in a North Side recruiting station. Here were the youth of America from every walk and station in life. They should have shown in fine strong bodies the results of the abundant life of which our country was proud. Instead, they revealed a shocking range of disability.

Some of the men we examined were obviously and irrevocably "unfit." But many were barred by comparatively slight defects, perfectly correctable. There were flat feet, hernias, hammer toes, bad tonsils, and adenoids, all amenable to surgery.

Of the first two million men called up, 41 per cent of those under twenty-five and 61 per cent of those over twenty-five were "unfit to serve." When will we learn to safeguard our precious youth before the glare of war lights up our neglect? This time the government of the United States is fully aware of the need for salvaging manpower, possibly because there is less margin for waste in this struggle than there was some twenty-five years ago. Rehabilitation programs are much in the public eye. And countless men in our profession are doing their bit to help.

SHOULD a surgeon operate on members of his own family? That question is good for an argument almost any time, and I would—in principle at least—answer it in the negative. But there is another question which is on the very face of it so absurd that you probably could not get any group of doctors seriously to discuss it: Should a surgeon operate on himself? It sounds foolish, doesn't it? And yet—

In the summer of 1913 Dr. K. summoned me to perform a goiter operation on one of his patients. The operation was completed without incident, and when the stage of suturing was reached, I changed places with Dr. K., permitting him to close the incision.

While he was introducing the first suture, I suddenly realized that, instead of picking up the patient's skin, he had picked up the skin of my right hand. The point of the needle penetrated glove and skin. I immediately withdrew, removing the glove and dabbing with iodine the insignificant-appearing wound. Dr. K. apologized profusely for the accident. "Forget it," I said. "Just a prick."

I dismissed the incident wholly from my mind.

I returned to Chicago and began working at full speed. The prick was forgotten. Forty-eight hours later I noticed a little itching on the back of my hand, and in rapid succession the hand became swollen, red streaks ran up my arm. I knew only too well that I had been infected with a virulent micro-organism. I was put to bed. Well-meaning colleagues shook heads ominously as my temperature steadily climbed upward. Various therapeutic measures were attempted, but conditions grew rapidly worse. Fim's eyes were red and suffused with tears, though she kept her courage and carried on like a soldier.

By the next day my temperature had reached 104° F. I looked at my right hand, the fingers swollen, spreading apart grotesquely and fearfully discolored. My heart sank within me. I should have to lose my hand! I could live, perhaps, without my right hand but before my disturbed vision marched men, women, and children, smiling, happy, grateful people I had restored to health and usefulness. And, again, another army came marching—a long, thin, pitiable procession. They were the sick, the maimed, and the suffering—a motley army, marching to death. Their needs challenged me.

"Take the dressings from my arm," I said to Fim, in as steady a voice as I could muster. She looked at me in alarm. "Take them off!" I shouted.

Without a word, she obeyed me. Fim knew from past experiences that, once my mind was made up, I was adamant. The back of my hand was fearfully swollen, hot, puffy, and red.

"Fim darling," I said, "there is a cocaine solution in that blue bottle on my chemical table." (Novocaine had as yet not been discovered.) "Sterilize for me a hypodermic set, a small scalpel, and with them bring plenty of bichloride solution and dressings."

Her beautiful eyes darkened with distress. "You cannot do that!" she cried. "You cannot operate on yourself with your left hand." I thundered back, "Do you wish me to lose this arm, or even die? Do as I tell you to do—I am rational."

Realizing that argument was both futile and dangerous, Fim obeyed me. With my good left hand I injected the line of proposed incision on the back of my infected right hand. I made two incisions, each measuring two inches in length, running parallel, another of similar length along my forearm. I then inserted drains, staggered back into my bed, and asked my nurse to apply hot boric acid compresses along the hand, forearm, and arm. This, with one quarter of a grain of morphia, finished the job. Soon I was asleep.

At two o'clock in the morning I awoke. The beautiful face of Fim looked at me lovingly, and by the dim light I could see she was smiling. I knew things were better. The pain in my arm was still intense, and the fever, as I judged from the seriousness of my nurse as she looked at the thermometer, must still be high.

Gradually I came out of danger. I made a complete recovery. Today two telltale scars on the dorsum of my hand remind me of the time when I determined to operate on myself and thereby saved my hand.

OUT of the first World War no stranger aftermath appeared than the sudden hope that, where nature had been niggardly in her gifts of pulchritude, the knife of the surgeon could remedy the lack.

If soldiers whose faces had been torn away by bursting shell could come back with new faces created by the wizardry of plastic surgery, why couldn't women whose faces had been ravaged by years find again the firm, clear contours of youth?

Into this new field created by the age-old thirst for beauty rushed hundreds of quacks and charlatans. Where quacks and charlatans rush in, it is the part of wisdom for any man who values his reputation to remain aloof. And yet, does not that very aloofness play directly into the hands of the impostors? How are these criminals to be rooted out unless the man of real skill and knowledge is willing himself to enter the arena and drive them out? There seemed no alternative for me but to work, to the limit of my ability, to perfect the sound techniques which I knew to be the profession's best weapon against the charlatan.

With facial plastics I have had comparatively little to do. My job has been the remodeling of portions of the human body which have developed abnormally. I have worked with especial interest and devotion to restore to normal condition and natural proportions bodies of women. The woman who finds that, in spite of every effort of hers, her body is becoming distorted, grotesque, unsightly because of accumulating adipose masses, suffers both physically and psychically. She can hardly help developing an inferiority complex. And the surgeon who can help her out of such difficulties renders both a personal and a social service.

Let me say at once that surgery is by no means advisable in every form of obesity. Strictly localized fat deposits are the ones which most often call for surgical removal—deposits in the breast, abdomen, arms, for instance. This work is, however, a very high type of sculpture—surgical sculpture—and the surgeon who undertakes it must possess the artistic sense of a sculptor besides being a thoroughly trained surgeon.

My colleagues at Cook County Hospital asked me to take Blanche's case. She was, when I first saw her, a beautiful young woman of about twenty years of age. That is, she would have been beautiful if some disturbance of the pituitary gland—that little gland, situated at the base of the skull, which has so much to do with the regulation of metabolism—had not resulted in abnormal fat deposits. She weighed *over 400 pounds!* The condition was not new. She had weighed a good hundred pounds when she was six, and every form of medical treatment had been tried without any amelioration of her affliction. She was in despair. Her physicians asked me whether I would attempt to do with the knife what they had not been able to do by other means.

The task was stupendous. It could be done, I believed, but it would mean not one operation but several.

Today Blanche weighs about half what she weighed then. She knows that she need never fear that the hated burden will return to her, for fat cells do not accumulate in mature scar tissue.

CLOSELY allied with the quest for beauty is the quest for youth. And that quest, too, flamed into new intensity in the 1920s with the whisper, "Monkey glands!"

The legends of all races reveal a ceaseless effort to recapture lost youth. Pools whose waters, presided over by fertility deities, restore youth and promote longevity abound in fable and tradition. And since the failure of the sexual function is the cruelest reminder of the arrival of old age, it is here that the impostors have concentrated. For centuries, venders of love philters, virility nostrums, infallible pills, Golden Elixir, and the Secret Arcanum promised, to any aging female with ducats to spare, the complexion of Hebe, and offered to decrepit and impotent males passion and virility.

While widespread quackery continued on its devious way, the dawn of experimental rejuvenation brought new hope to mankind. From the laboratory of Claude Bernard came the term and concept of *sécrétion interne.* Claude Bernard's heir, Charles Edouard Brown-Séquard, followed the master into the realm of endocrinology by his contention that the gonads and kidneys possess an internal secretion, and by his pronouncement "the internal secretions, whether by direct favorable influence or whether through the hindrances of deleterious processes, seem to be of great utility in maintaining the organism in its normal state."

When his reports appeared in 1889, there arose an uproar of incredulity and wrath which has not yet entirely subsided. Thirty years later cables and dispatches from Paris set the whole world agog with the news that a surgeon working at the Collège de France had made the discovery for which all mankind waited. The endocrinologic torch which Claude Bernard had lit, and passed on to Brown-Séquard, was now carried by Serge Voronoff.

According to the papers in 1919, Voronoff had announced that the transplantation of the gonads or testes of an ape to a human male would induce rejuvenescence. The publication of Voronoff's claims in the American press was immediately followed by an avalanche of queries: Who is this Voronoff? What has he found out? Is he a recognized scientist? Is he a publicity hound? Can his claims be verified by an impartial committee? Does he accept patients? The questions have not yet ceased, for it so happens that Voronoff's doctrine proved to be one of the most profitable theories that ever fell into the spacious laps of quacks, while at the same time it acted as a most potent stimulant in the advance of endocrinology.

It cannot be denied that Voronoff's announcement was itself a hormone, arousing an intensified study of the internal secretions.

I was so interested, allured, and stimulated by the reports and demonstrations of Voronoff that I felt I had to do some experimenting. I planned a little experimental station on the roof of the hospital for my own work. It was a miniature and well kept zoo including the staples of all laboratories—white rats and guinea pigs, rabbits and dogs. Soon there came rhesus monkeys, baboons, and then two chimpanzees. I neglected "practical surgery," devoting most of my time to my quadrupeds.

While all this was happening in the laboratory-on-the-roof, the news avenues of the globe began to ring with another rejuvenation discovery. At the University of Vienna, a professor of physiology, Eugen Steinach, had uncovered still another technique. His method was simplicity itself. In the Voronoff operation it is necessary to implant the gonads of anthropoid apes in the human body; but the Steinach operation consists of dividing the seminal duct. It can be performed in a few minutes, without hospitalization, under local anesthesia. Glowing reports of this work began to be disseminated.

I wrote to Voronoff, inquiring if he had ever heard of Steinach. He replied, "Yes," and added, with a generosity that was characteristic of him, complimentary remarks about the Viennese physiologist.

Thereupon I wrote to Steinach. In the following year, still experimenting with the Voronoff method, I visited Vienna and went to see Steinach. In the Physiologic Institute, Steinach showed me his rats, and I saw how he made old rats young again. The specimens he showed me were convincing. My enthusiasm was certainly aroused.

I knew that the quest of rejuvenation had long been a jack-o'-lantern leading other investigators astray. Time proved that I was to be no exception. The net result of it all was the publication of my book The Human Testis, a recognition of the limitations of both the Voronoff and Steinach methods, and a genuine physical breakdown.

Oddly enough, I felt fully repaid. My laboratory-on-the-roof led me to adventures in strange lands, and my work became known. I lectured on the subject before medical assemblies here and abroad, and published numerous articles on the results of my researches. Various memories emerge—some pleasant, others unpleasant. On one occasion, while addressing a large medical gathering in Chicago, I noticed in the audience William Thomas Belfield, my erstwhile professor of urology at Rush Medical College. After the lecture, as he cordially shook my hand, he remarked: "And all this research without an endowment?"—and he looked at me as if proud of his former pupil. The following day he sent me a heartwarming letter. This is one of my pleasant memories.

I repeated Steinach's work, operating according to his technique. I published my results. I was obliged to point out that, generally speaking, the case stood not for positive rejuvenation or complete restoration, but against it. I sent Steinach a copy of the journal containing my article. He was an eminent man of science, and I felt he would realize that I could not have written contrary to my findings. I know that Steinach read the article, for he has never had anything to do with me since. I regret his attitude, but I could not do otherwise. I sought the truth and lost Steinach. This is one of my unpleasant memories.

As more than two decades have passed since rejuvenation became front-page news, the time has come for an evaluation of the subject. I insist the word "rejuvenation" should never be used except within quotation marks. I suggested the word reactivation as preferable to rejuvenation or rejuvenescence. The term rejuvenation is misleading and certainly tends to create an incorrect biologic picture in eager but uncritical minds.

The work of Claude Bernard, Brown-Séquard, and Voronoff demonstrated that the fountain of youth is to be found in our own internal secretions. In indicated and selected cases of gland transplantation the malaise of age may disappear, to be replaced by a feeling of well-being, long forgotten, sometimes a more luxuriant growth of hair, a better texturing of the skin, a renewed interest in sex, and a new enthusiasm for life. But even the best cases are more transient than permanent, and when the fountain of youth within us runs dry, not all that the manufacturers sell, and nothing that the surgeon can plant, will bring back the magic waters.

RESEARCH, for me, was of necessity a side line; my real world was in the operating room. A simple operation for appendicitis brought me into the greatest jeopardy of my career. The woman on whom I operated was married, but she had never been a mother. When we operated we found the reason. She had been born, it appeared, without uterus or Fallopian tubes and with only one ovary. Just another of nature's queer pranks, of the same sort which produces cleft palates, harelips, web toes, and other freakish conditions. It was such a queer prank, in fact, that I let Dr. Zan D. Klopper make a drawing of the condition, and I published picture and case description in the Annales de Gynécologie et d'Obstétrique in Paris.

That was the best contribution—from my own point of view—which I ever made to a scientific journal; for it, perhaps, saved my life.

One hot July day, about a year later, my secretary brought me word that among the patients waiting to see me was a man who seemed to be exceedingly nervous. I told her to send him in.

He faced me with blazing eyes, trembling lips, and a look of black hatred—and I found myself looking straight down the barrel of a shining revolver!

"You—you—" my visitor was yelling. "You took out my wife's womb! I'll take more than that out of you!"

Before I had time to sense my danger I made a sideways leap and grasped the wrist that held the weapon. As I did so, a flash of inspiration burst into my brain.

"Wait a minute—wait, wait," I gasped. "What is your wife's name?"

He spluttered and he swore; but he told me.

"All right," I said. "Then shut up and listen!"

I pushed him into a chair. Then I picked up the magazine which only that morning had come to my desk.

"You can read, can't you?" I said, thrusting the medical journal under his eyes. The article, of course, was written in French, but, fortunately, his wife's name was there—the given name in full and the first letter of her surname, as is customary in such reports. The abbreviation, "Margaret R.," caught his eye. As I pointed out to him my own name at the head of the article, and in the opening sentence the name of the physician who had referred his wife to me, I could see his doubts lift and his trust in my good faith return. I was able to give him a very free layman's translation of the substance of the article.

I saw the frenzy leave the man's eyes. I saw his tense muscles relax. I saw a look of hopeless sadness settle on his countenance. "Why did God have to play such a trick on her?" he said.

And once I had the dubiously flattering experience of being warned against myself. A young taxi driver, mistaking the reason back of my request that he get me to our hospital as soon as he could, once warned me against letting "that fellow Thorek" operate on me.

"You don't need an operation, Buddy. My aunt was sicker than you are. They told her they'd have to operate. She was worried for sure! Then some one put her on to Dr. ——'s pills. She's fine again, and the pills didn't cost her more than a couple of bucks. You can get them at any drugstore."

I have often wished that I could have seen that young man's face when he looked at the visiting card which I folded in the fare for that trip!

WHEN I made my first postwar trip to Europe in 1920 I had all the inner glow of a pilgrim setting his face toward Mecca. I had gone to Europe to deliver addresses before La Société des Chirurgiens de Paris and the Royal University of Rome. Between these two engagements I proposed to visit Vienna, and I especially wanted to see, in that city, the famous Austrian surgeon von Eiselsberg.

With my son Phil at my side, I presented myself, accordingly, at the First Surgical Clinic of *Allgemeines Krankenhaus* early one summer morning, and sat down to wait for a summons into the great man's presence.

We waited. Nothing happened. We were just about to give up and go back to our hotel when suddenly a familiar face appeared in the doorway and a familiar voice greeted me:

"Why, Dr. Thorek, by all that's holy, what are you doing here?"

It was Dr. Graham, rotund jovial American from Indiana, who had been one of my students in operative surgery in Chicago. Here he was, working under von Eiselsberg.

I congratulated him on his good fortune to be associated with so great a man.

"I don't seem to be able even to speak to him for a moment," I said ruefully.

Graham laughed. "If you want to see him, why don't you?" he said.

"Why don't I? Heavens, man, he's kept me waiting for hours!"

"Nonsense," said Graham. "Come with me."

Phil and I followed Graham down the corridor. He pushed open a door, and a small man, with gray-pointed frowzy beard and patched coat, looked up from his desk and then came quickly across the office with hand outstretched. There was friendliness and welcome in the keen eyes. This was von Eiselsberg. We must have talked more than an hour, but if the professor was conscious that hospital routine was suffering because he gave so generously of his time and thought to a strange colleague who had just happened in, he showed it by not one flicker of an eyelash.

In contrast to his friendliness, there was my reunion with a bosom companion of my student days. During an aimless jogging around Vienna my wandering eye was suddenly caught by a sign which read:

HERMAN R——
DRYGOODS—WHOLESALE ONLY

Could this be *my* Herman—a lad who had been the close friend of my youth? My heart literally leaped. Into my dreaming came the pictures of boyhood. As I entered the store, I could plainly see, halfway down the large establishment, a man who was unmistakably my Damon of younger days.

In that instant the years disappeared. Across an unseen bridge of emotion, with pulses high, I walked deeper into the store to meet my comrade.

I stood face to face with him, and at that moment there was something about the man which kept me from rushing forward. Instead, I asked:

"Excuse me, are you Mr. Herman R.?"

He scrutinized me searchingly. There was no gleam of recognition. Yet, still hoping, I continued:

"If I am not mistaken, Mr. R., I knew you many years ago. Do you remember Max Thorek? Herman, I—I am Max."

The smile he gave me was fleeting. His look informed me it would be all right for me to depart at any time. He confirmed it by asking the question which explained his behavior: "How are you getting on?"

Then the imp of mischief which dwells in each of us took possession of me and made me answer: "Just now I happen to be in straitened circumstances."

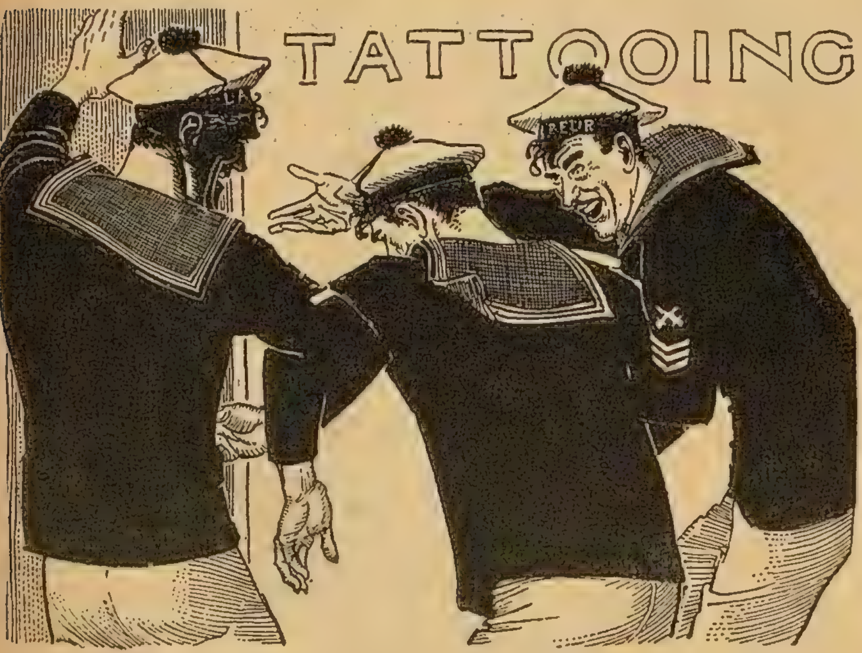
Fearing I was about to ask for a loan, he replied quickly: "Well, Max, I do hope things clear up for you. I must go now. As you see, I am very busy. You should have remained in your own country. Forgive me, won't you? I must go. Do come again soon. . ."

Wounded and bitter, I went to the most expensive florist in Vienna. I ordered a vulgarly lavish bouquet of the most beautiful and expensive roses in his shop. I sent the bouquet to his wife with my card and my address, which was that of the leading hotel in Vienna.

One hour passed since the sending of the roses. I was dressing for dinner when word was sent up that we had visitors. The whole clan R. was down in the lobby of the Hotel Bristol, requesting admittance to our suite. Such is the power of the façade of prosperity!

From time to time in those busy years, Fim, a friend, a colleague would say:

"Max, you are working too hard. You must relax." But even when I have been willing to "relax" luck has seemed to be against me. It has sometimes seemed to me that I have only to step on a ship and "emergency" is mysteriously in the air.



"Emergency" was on the lips of the ship's surgeon on the Aquitania when he routed me out of quiet slumber one night.

"Tom Cole, our bandmaster and headwaiter, is ill, doctor," he said. "It's acute appendicitis. Will you help us in this emergency?"

Of course I would help. And I confess that I was rather thrilled at the thought of being able to operate in the luxurious surgery of the "Queen of the Sea."

One look at the operating room into which Dr. Jones led me showed me that I was quite mistaken. A chiropodist could not have comfortably worked to relieve a corn in that miserable, ill-equipped place.

The ship was brought to and lay with throttled engines as I set to work. With instruments so primitive as to be pitifully inadequate, I removed a gangrenous, ruptured appendix. I used a piece of rubber glove for a drain. For sutures I resurrected some salesman's samples.

It was over at last. The ship got under way again. And I returned to my stateroom to worry and to think.

The news of the operation was all over the ship before Fim and I were on deck the next morning. Fim smiled as she pointed to the headlines of the ship's newspaper:

NOTED CHICAGO SURGEON OPERATES ON
BANDMASTER THOMAS COLE

Let me add that one of my first acts, when I finally got back to Chicago, was to buy for Dr. Jones a fine set of surgical instruments. I did not want him, or any other traveling surgeon, to be caught as I had been caught.

The operation on Tom Cole could easily have ended in tragedy. But I have a vivid memory of another occasion when I was pressed into service which developed into sheer comedy.

Dawn was coming up and the tang of salt wind followed the light through the porthole. There was a knock at my stateroom door.

"A most peculiar case," the ship's doctor stammered. "Could you consult with me? Overnight one of our most influential passengers—she has developed a large tumor!"

"A tumor? Overnight?" I asked as I hurried to get dressed. "Where is it?"

"I know it sounds impossible, sir." The young doctor was blushing now. "It's on her tongue, doctor. It's frightful. She can't speak. I don't know what to do."

Into one of the most luxurious suites on the palatial boat my guide led me and I saw our patient. Beneath her robe her full bosom rose and fell with violent emotion. She was beautiful and queenly. But just at this moment the whole effect of queenly beauty was grotesquely ruined by that great tongue. There it was, protruding from her mouth, ridiculous, inharmonious, and positively improper!

I knew that tongue. Since the boat sailed from Southampton it had been busy slashing and hurting every one within its reach. Its owner had used it with telling effect to impress the power of her wealth and position upon stewards and upon fellow passengers. And now! The lady was hoist by her own petard.

It was impolite, I know. Perhaps it was "unethical." But I stood in the doorway and burst into heavy laughter. The woman was in no danger; I saw that at a glance. Her cure was simply a matter of syringes. She got a hypodermic injection of adrenalin and an intestinal flushing with soap and water. By the next day the "tumor" was gone and milady was herself again.

What was the trouble? It was very simple. The lady was allergic to caviar. She had eaten not wisely but too well of this delicacy.

I explained all this to the ship's surgeon. I explained to him the vagaries of metabolic eccentricities and reactions to certain foodstuffs, from common hives to the more painful and distressing forms of the malady. I waxed enthusiastic, scientific, ultratechnical.

My companion listened politely as long as he could contain himself. Then he threw back his chestnut-thatched head and, with all the laughter he had manfully kept pent up the morning before, he roared.

"Call it anything you like! Explain it any way you can! But by jove, I call it a *miracle!*"

"IF you will undress, I will examine you."

For the most part, people who submit themselves to a doctor or surgeon for treatment do not question his right to require a stripping process.

François X, who had just been brought into the hospital for an appendectomy, was apparently an exception. As I approached the room in which preparations for his operation were going forward, I could hear excited voices.

The orderly's voice: "But, sir, I have to shave you! I tell you, I have to! Come now, sir! Surgeon's orders, sir!"

And a weaker voice, vibrating with fear and urgency, "I won't! I swear I won't! Get out of here!"

The orderly turned to face me with helpless indignation on his countenance. "He won't let me take that belt off."

Cowering among tangled bedclothes, François looked at me with stark terror in his eyes. I dismissed the orderly and sat down beside the trembling man.

"Come, come!" I said. "There's nothing to be afraid of. What is the trouble? You can tell me about it."

"It's no use, doctor. It's no use. I can't have that operation. Just let me die."

How long it took to argue, cajole, persuade, I do not know. But finally he broke down and told me his secret.

"When I was eighteen," he told me, "I was in the French Navy. All the boys had tattooing on their hands, arms, all over their bodies. I didn't like the idea much, and I guess the boys thought that they'd get even with me for snootiness. Anyway, they got me drunk one night—"

He broke off suddenly, trembling.

"I was too drunk to know what the tattoo man was doing to me. When I woke up the next morning and looked at the picture on my belly— Oh, doctor, I couldn't look at it. It made me sick. I got me this belt just as quick as I could, to cover it up. I've worn it ever since. Suppose my wife should see it! She'd divorce me sure! And she'd be right! I couldn't let any woman—not even a nurse—see that dreadful thing."

I said soothingly, "We can arrange an all-male cast in the operating room. I'll prepare the operative field myself now, and no one will be the wiser."

He looked at me gratefully and, almost to my surprise, he made no further protest as I began to untangle him from his bedclothes and to unfasten the belt.

I confess that I had a shock when the belt was off. The tattoo artist had far outdone all the pornographic pictures of old Pompeii. What a horrible thing to carry with one all through a tortured life! But was it necessary that the poor fellow go on being tortured?

"Would you be willing," I said as I went on quietly working, "to let me get rid of this for you?"

"Let you!" he shouted. "Let you! Doctor, I would bless you to my dying day! Do you really think you could do it? Do you, doctor?"

"All I need is your permission," I said. "I don't dare to promise too much, but I can try!"

The operation went smoothly. When the abdomen was closed again, I set to work to excise the whole Bacchanalian orgy. It was no small task. The work of "art" covered almost all of the anterior upper abdominal wall from about one and one half inches above the navel to the ensiform cartilage at the pit of the stomach.

From the right hip I fashioned a graft of the needed size and shape. I transposed it to its new bed.

François left the hospital a new man, the happiest person I ever saw. The pain his gangrenous appendix had caused him was nothing, he told me, to the mental anguish he had suffered for years because of that tattooing. Both pains were gone now.

MANY people agree that medical men should give to their patients "according to their need" and collect from them "according to their ability"! At least they are willing to go halfway. People who need medical and surgical service and cannot pay for it should get it anyway, they say. And there I heartily agree with them.

But shouldn't the rule work both ways? Shouldn't "ability to pay" enter into the doctor's calculations when that ability mounts into the skies? But that is not a logic which appeals to the general public.

Into my consulting room one afternoon came a plainly dressed young woman. Her clothes were neat but obviously inexpensive and they showed signs of long wear.

"Doctor," she said bluntly, "what will you charge me for removing a tumor from my breast?"

I am not accustomed to have my patients diagnose their own cases, prescribe the treatment, and inquire the price for this treatment all in one breath. But questions brought out the explanation that another doctor had made the diagnosis and recommended operation. There were "reasons" why the lady had preferred to come to me instead of having him perform the operation.

Whoever he was, I decided when I examined her, he was right in his diagnosis. Again the patient asked, with some anxiety in her voice, the cost of the operation. I did not think that I could expect from such genteel shabbiness the amount which I might normally charge.

"Would you feel that two hundred dollars was beyond what you are able to pay?" I queried.

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "That will be perfectly all right."

And then, to my utter amazement, she pulled out a checkbook, wrote a check for two hundred dollars, and handed it to me. I had certainly not expected payment in advance!

When I saw my patient next I had another surprise. She was installed in the most expensive rooms in the hospital. A private nurse, a husband, and a French maid hovered over her to do her bidding.

I was nonplused, of course. But I asked no questions, and I got the story, all unasked, when she came to say good-by to me.

"I see you haven't recognized me yet, doctor," she said. "Fifteen years ago you operated on me for fibroid tumors. Since then I have married. My husband is Count G—— de S——."

I remembered now! The lady had been a very attractive brunette when I saw her last; now she was a platinum blonde. I was still puzzled about that first appearance in my office. Why had she done that?

"Oh, I'm wise to you doctors," she said flippantly. "If I had come to you as Countess de S—— you would have charged me at least ten thousand dollars. You know you would!" There was triumph in her voice. "Life taught me long ago to use my wits. That's why I am Countess de S——!"

How well I remembered her now! She had been born plain Maggie F——. She'd made effective use of Irish charms and Irish native wit.

Fortunately for my faith in human integrity, there are plenty of incidents to set off against the episode.

I had removed fourteen gallstones in an operation on the wife of a wealthy Chicago hotel man, and I was discussing the success of the operation with that anxious husband. I wanted to put into expressive words what I knew it would mean to the woman to be rid of those troublesome stones which had caused her such suffering.

"Each one of these," I said, picking up the gallstones, "is worth a thousand dollars!"

When I returned to my office late in the afternoon, a check lay on my desk. It was for $14,000.

No, he had not misunderstood me. He knew as well as I did that I had spoken figuratively. But he was saying—also with the use of figures—"Fourteen thousand dollars' worth of life and comfort is worth precisely $14,000!"

THE Greeks had a word for painless and peaceful death —euthanasia. But "mercy killing," which has gained a certain momentum within recent years, will never find me among its adherents. I recall innumerable cases brought into the hospital as "hopeless" are now living useful and happy lives.

The following case passes in review before me.

My supervising nurse said: "That leg case was just brought in, doctor. He is in room 318. He is suffering a great deal and wishes to see you as soon as possible."

Reaching the bedside of the patient in Room 318, I saw an obese man of middle age lying helpless, on his countenance a look of complete despair. He complained briefly of his foot, which I found upon examination to be gangrenous. I realized that the leg must be amputated above the knee. The patient had a malformed arm, which he explained had been that way since birth.

He looked up with the pleading eyes so familiar to our profession: "Is there any hope for me, doctor?"

"Of course there is hope for you!" I exclaimed. "If you will follow instructions."

He looked at me incredulously. "I was told by some nothing could be done," he said. "They even told my wife and she has given up entirely."

I planned to operate on him at eleven o'clock the next day.

THE following morning a woman awaited me in my office. There was a look of defiant determination on her face."

"You are planning to operate on my husband this morning," was her abrupt greeting. "I refuse to permit the operation. Why do you torture him further? I want you to let him die." She looked me squarely in the eye. "He is fifty-two years old; he has a malformed arm; his toes are falling off, one by one, from disease of the blood vessels. What good will he be with one leg and a malformed arm? Please let him die. I refuse to permit an operation!"

I looked at the woman in amazement. "Do you love him?" I asked.

"Of course I do," she said, her voice breaking. "That is why I want him to die. I do not want to see him suffer."

"But, madam," I said, "suppose we can improve his condition."

"No! No!" she cried. "They say that he cannot be helped."

"We doctors," I said, "are not executioners; our mission is to prolong life, not shorten it."

She gave me a look of utter contempt. "How brutal!" she flung back at me.

I proceeded with the operation on schedule. I amputated the man's leg above the knee. Two days later he was in a wheel chair, his face beaming. I then learned he was a violinist. He called me, and held my hand firmly, his eyes alight with bliss. A tear slipped down his cheek. There was a moment's silence, then he spoke:

"Doctor, they tell me I can have an artificial limb and walk. I have been using an attachment to my right hand to guide the bow over my violin. If I can walk and continue as I am now, how happy I shall be! I still have my hands, I have my spirit, I am filled with hope. How wonderful to live again, to play again, to love my sweet wife again! Doctor, I shall never forget you."

He left the hospital a well man. He has his artificial limb and is playing his violin. The other day I met his wife. She looked at me smilingly, yet doubtfully: "Oh, doctor, I hope—I hope you have forgiven me!"

MRS. S—— is the mother of five children. She came to us much too late. She does not know this. Her face is alight with hope. She has many bouquets on her table, a large pile of letters and cards from family and friends. Some one is glad she is alive. Her case is utterly hopeless. Our poison needle would save her much suffering. She may live some months. Yet, with her God-given intuition, which seems to belong to mothers, she is meticulous in admonishing her sixteen-year-old daughter and her fourteen-year-old son to be watchful and thoughtful about the home; to train carefully the smaller children; to look after the comfort of Tippy, the family dog.

From her gentle wisdom they are learning life's greatest lessons. Her few months of life will count mightily in the future conduct of this impressionable boy and girl. She has still a worth-while message to leave with those who love her.

Only by long and continuous observation may we learn the course and progress of disease. Chronic cases present a splendid field for observation and study. Here time permits us to make comparisons, observations, and to undertake a careful and prolonged effort to gain a specific treatment which will bring the so-called "incurable disease" into the bracket of the "curable disease." Diseases which once filled the hospitals and clinics are now among the vanishing diseases. For this reason alone we would defeat our own purposes should we, by mass massacre, do away with our only true sources of enlightenment.

If euthanasia were the rule, the almost desperate urge to solve the secret, say of cancer, would not dominate the minds of medical men as it does now. Look at one of the advances that have already been made. If the thyroid does not function in early life, the result is a big-bellied froglike animal, a thick-tongued dwarfed idiot, hitherto existing in hopeless darkness.

If ever a condition seemed to call for euthanasia, it is this form of cretinism. Today this deformed and driveling idiot, properly treated with thyroid, is turned into a normal specimen of childhood. It is one of the miracles of modern medicine.

FORTUNATELY, the long hard days of work and study, the battles with death, have their lighter moments. Laughter strikes with peculiar brightness to break a moment tense with anxiety and dark with fear.

I recall a Negro patient whom I can thank for laughter and a lesson in the truth of the old adage "Pride goeth before a fall."

Oscar was suffering from an umbilical hernia—rupture of the navel. I told him that he must have an operation. I was sorry, but not surprised, to see a look of sheer terror cross his face.

"Doctah! You isn't goin' to take off my belly button, is you?"

That, of course, was just what I had intended as an incidental result of the operation. I had been removing belly buttons for years. And Oscar was the first patient who had shown the slightest attachment for his.

"Yes, Oscar," I said; "the belly button will have to come off."

I was not prepared for the explosion which followed.

"Doctah," he moaned, "there ain't going to be no operation! I aims to keep mah belly button!"

Obviously we were going to have to use persuasion, and plenty of it, if we ever got Oscar to the operating table. I assigned the job to the resident, and when, two days later, he reported to me that we had the green light, I was pleased with his work.

"How did you get Oscar to sign the permit?" I queried.

"Well—er—you see, doctor," he stammered, "I just had to tell him you would try to save the belly button!"

And so, when Oscar was rolled into the operating room and I went quickly to work, I saved the umbilicus and reimplanted it in its normal habitat at the end of the operation. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, I thought. We shall await results.

The days passed and I was sure of success. As the whole hospital staff, hilariously belly-button-conscious, watched and waited, Oscar's navel seemed to be healing by "primary intention," smoothly and perfectly. I was proud of it—so proud that I could not resist showing my handiwork to Dr. Karl Meyer, head of the hospital in which the work had been done.

He persuaded me to show off Oscar and his belly button at a meeting of the Cook County Medical Society.

The exhibition was conducted with all the pomp it deserved. Into the amphitheater rode Oscar in a wheel chair pushed by an orderly.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have the pleasure of presenting to you the first successful transplantation of the umbilicus."

With a quick and confident sweep of my hand, I removed the adhesive tape and stepped back to receive the applause.

It did not come. There was dead silence for an instant, and then a gathering roar of laughter. I looked down. The belly button of Oscar hung there, attached not to Oscar but to the adhesive tape.

I have transplanted belly buttons in great numbers since Oscar's time, but I have always been careful in removing the dressings. And the memory of Oscar has checked me more than once when I have been tempted to make a proud triumphant flourish.

The natural docility which a patient assumes when he or she enters the hospital portals plays its part in this story. Any sufferer expects doctors and nurses to tell him to do strange incomprehensible things and he is willing to obey without protest. But sometimes the tractability of the patient can cause absurd complications. It did in the case of Monsieur D.

I HAD met Monsieur D. at a dinner in New York, and I had been greatly drawn to this gentle, distinguished French scientist. I invited him to visit me in Chicago but the day he came was an exceedingly busy one for me. I gave most careful instructions for his reception, impressing on the minds of the hospital staff the great honor he did us by being our guest. I knew that I could trust my colleagues and assistants to do him full honors until I could reach his side.

I had spoken also of the expected arrival in the near future of a new patient. This patient would probably need careful handling. He was a man of great wealth and he was accustomed to having his own way. I dismissed the whole matter from my mind. I would hurry back as soon as I could, but only because I was eager not to miss any time with Monsieur D.

I rather expected to find him in my waiting room, but my secretary told me that our guest had been tired and was taking a nap on the divan in my study.

"Did the new patient come in?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. He is in bed on the third floor. He gave us no trouble at all," she assured me.

Monsieur D. was sleeping so peacefully when I entered my darkened study that it seemed a pity to wake him. I was mildly surprised to notice that he had shaved his beard since I saw him in New York. I tiptoed out of the study and went up to see the new patient.

I opened the door, and then I had a sudden impulse to run away—fast! For there, propped up against the pillows, his fine black beard spread wide upon the sheet, lay Monsieur D.

"My dear friend," I exclaimed, "I find you in bed! Are you suddenly ill?"

"Eel?" he snorted. "Of course I'm not eel! I come here to veesit you, and your nurses and doctors they escort me here. They tell me your orders are I go at once to bed."

His voice lost some of its anger and took on a note of anxiety. He was watching my expression intently.

"Tell me, doctor. Have my family request zis? Iz eet a trick? Iz eet that they think I suffer some deadly sickness that I don't know?"

Light burst suddenly across my brain. That smooth-faced sleeping man in my office! What a terrible mistake!

My apologies were profuse and I watched anxiously for any sign of clemency on the scientist's face. Monsieur D. understood English imperfectly and my English at the moment was rapid and incoherent. Then I saw dawning comprehension, a twinkle of good Gallic humor, and before I had finished my explanations and excuses Monsieur D. was rocking with laughter while tears streamed down into his beard!

That was half the battle. But what about the rich, irascible patient slumbering in my study? I was relieved to find that his nap had left him in the best of humor. He had thought, he told me, that there was something unusual in such a cordial reception.

"But I liked it," he assured me, reaching out a big hand to slap me on the knee. "Ought to be done oftener! Makes a fellow feel good! Most hospitals too damn impersonal."

"SOMETHING I ate, I guess. What can you give me to stop a bellyache?" says the young man to the corner druggist.

Perhaps he is right. But perhaps also, as any surgeon knows to his sorrow, he is speaking the opening lines of a tragedy in which he is to play the leading role.

The casual manner in which the lay public regards appendicitis is a matter of constant amazement to us of the surgical profession. In spite of great strides taken in the handling of the disease, in the techniques of operation and in the methods of diagnosis, the mortality rate from appendicitis remains discouragingly constant.

Why should this be? We know the answer to that question. We know that the death rate could be reduced almost to the vanishing point *if only* the lay public could be made to understand the crucial importance, in appendicitis as in few other diseases, of early accurate diagnosis and prompt intervention.

Robert —— would not willingly have trifled with his own life. He was the father of a son and two beautiful daughters and he had much to live for. Yet, when he felt the symptoms of what seemed to him to be a "touch of ptomaine," he merely stepped into a drugstore and got some cathartic pills. When he was brought into the hospital scarcely twenty-four hours later, it was too late for us to save him. And behind the tragedy was a harmless-appearing little brown pellet. *A pill did the kill.*

Keys states that the mortality among appendicitis sufferers who have taken cathartics is eight times as great as in those who have not resorted to this remedy.

THE facts on which there should be much more general understanding are these: When an appendix becomes inflamed, such inflammation often tends toward pus formation. The pus, being confined to a rigid wormlike tube, the appendix, tends to distend the yielding organ. If increasing pressure is put upon this organ, it may rupture. The action of a cathartic is exactly the spark that ignites the flame. Just the opposite treatment is the safe one. The diseased appendix must be protected from pressures and strains until the surgeon's knife can remove the offending appendage.

More people know this now than knew it a few years ago. This is encouraging. But many go right on being careless because they know too well—with perilous half-knowledge which is the despair of doctors—just where the pain ought to be if it is caused by an inflamed appendix.

They would treat with respect a sharp pain low down on the right side. Anything else they are willing to regard as mere "stomachache."

The truth of the matter is, of course, that appendicitis does not usually start where it is supposed to at all! It usually begins, not low on the right side, but in the pit of the stomach or about the navel. It localizes then in the right lower abdominal region.

The reputable medical man and surgeon know that appendicitis "symptoms" are tricky enough to tax the diagnostic acumen of the most expert. Meticulous evaluation of all evidence is necessary, and the difficulty of making such evaluation is increased because symptoms seeming to point clearly to appendicitis may prove not to indicate this disease, after all. And it is just as possible for us to mistake mild symptoms for indication that a serious case has not yet reached a danger point.

I had had much experience diagnosing appendicitis cases myself when, one day, I found myself discussing symptoms with a burly stage carpenter. The man had appendicitis—that seemed clear. But his symptoms were extremely mild. When he asked me whether, in my judgment, immediate operation was absolutely necessary, I hesitated. I told him that I thought he could perhaps wait a while, but to keep in touch with a surgeon.

He was just about to leave the office when his wife intervened.

"But we are leaving for Milwaukee tonight," she said. "Tell me, doctor—are you sure that my husband will not get worse while we are away from Chicago?"

"No mortal man could possibly predict what will happen to an inflamed appendix," I told her.

She had good sense, that woman! She insisted that the operation be performed without delay.

And when I operated I found a gangrenous, greenish-black appendix! I have always been thankful that those tickets to Milwaukee were not used.

Even the position of the appendix is by no means as constant as most people think. Its classical position is in the lower right abdomen. But the surgeon who goes looking for it may find it instead behind the large bowel, under the liver, attached to the kidney, or even on the left side, or deep down in the pelvis. Even apparently straightforward cases may develop such complications as localized abscess formations, peritonitis, intestinal obstruction, and other sequelae. The disease is indeed as treacherous an adversary as any surgeon cares to meet.

The mortality rate in appendicitis remains high enough to weigh upon the heart and conscience of every sincere and earnest surgeon. It need not continue high. It will be reduced almost to nothing when we have succeeded in accomplishing three things.

Methods of treating appendicitis have improved vastly, but the techniques of early diagnosis of treacherous cases have by no means kept pace. Here is the first of our problems, and we may confidently hope that the scientists of our profession will move surely toward its solution.

Lack of training and experience on the part of the physician attending cases or of the operating surgeon we can also overcome, but how are we to overcome the abysmal ignorance which makes the appendicitis sufferer fall an easy prey to the deadly cathartic pill or purgative?

When we have managed to overcome public ignorance and professional incompetence, when medical man and layman alike understand the full dangers of trifling and procrastination, we shall be able to claim proudly that we have conquered appendicitis.

MY daily routine does not vary from one week's end to the other. I rise at seven, am at the hospital at seven-thirty. Hospital rounds take up the next half hour or so. Usually about three hours in the operating room, and I am ready for a light luncheon. Afternoons are given to consultations, evenings to literary work.

Fim's days are probably less neatly systematized, but they are just as full. No one, not even her husband, knows how many families, how many individuals she has on her private list for administering needed help in the form of food, money, personal aid, advice.

When I gently urge her to spare herself, to give more time to the music and the reading which she loves, her answer always is: "The work must go on regardless of personal sacrifice."

Fim's Spartan attitude toward her own health has made me anxious at times, but only once—and that some fifteen years ago—did it strike a real chill of terror to my soul. She had certain symptoms which disturbed me, and I had finally persuaded her to visit a prominent and trusted colleague of mine for a thorough X-ray examination.

When the examination was over, my friend called me into his office.

"Max, my friend," he said, "this is the hardest diagnosis I have ever had to report in all my long practice. I am profoundly sorry that I am the one to have to break the news to you that—well, I am afraid Fim has cancer."

He went on talking, but I did not hear him. Perhaps I was a coward. If so, I am glad that I was. I did not tell Fim my friend's verdict, but I did tell her that I was not wholly satisfied. She looked at me quizzically, guessing more than I told her, when I suggested that we have another opinion, "just to be sure nothing is wrong."

Drs. Mayo, Judd, and Moore, working with consummate skill and thoroughness, conducted their examinations. Finally, in the fluoroscopic room, they were ready to give their report. I braced myself in the darkness and waited for the blow to fall.

"What we have here," said Dr. Charlie, "is clearly a diverticulosis. There is not the slightest sign of malignancy!"

I felt as though a hand had reached down into a dismal tomb in which I lay, as though I had, clinging to that hand, come out into the dazzling brightness of a day which I had never thought to see again. That mistake in diagnosis was one of the things which determined me to go ahead with writing my book on Surgical Errors and Safeguards, which my friends so earnestly advised me not to write. I had learned at first hand the pain and anguish which can be caused by a simple forgivable error on the part of an excellent physician.

FOR years Dr. Josiah J. Moore and I discussed many of the pitfalls in the surgeon's path.

"Not only the surgeon's," he pointed out recently. "Many baffling errors may happen in the laboratory as well. They can result from technical mistakes, or they can be caused by the inexperience of the person who makes the test."

He told me of a young woman of thirty-four who had faced the knowledge that she had cancer. She had had a growth on her upper gum, between the first and second bicuspid teeth. The young pathologist who examined the growth after its removal had been sure that it was malignant. Fortunately, the oral surgeon to whom she was referred for treatment was not contented with the first analysis.

"He asked me to see the patient," said Dr. Moore. "The microscope revealed the existing condition to be an inflammatory growth rather than a cancer. The error in this case was due to the peculiar growth of the epithelial lining of the gum, which suggests a cancer to one who is not familiar with the tissues in this location.

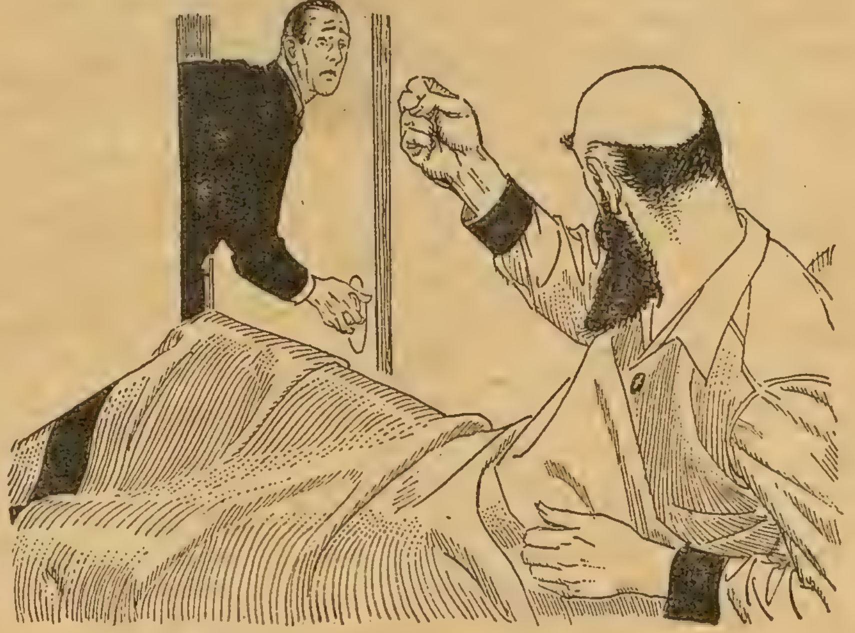
"Even when the tests are most carefully given and most expertly interpreted," he insisted, "there is still a margin of error which the cautious pathologist always remembers."

And he told me the interesting story of an unfortunate young professional man who developed a persistent syphilophobia (morbid fear of syphilis) because a single Wassermann test had unaccountably lied to him. Since he had no other symptoms, a second test was advised. The results there were negative. But the worry remained. Distracted, the young man made a tour of the United States, having tests made in the laboratories of all the cities he visited.

"I think our test was the eighty-third he had," said Dr. Moore, "and it was negative like the rest. We know now that tests for syphilis can be wrong."

"We haven't developed anything yet," I said, "which makes it unnecessary for the medical man to use his brains all the time."

"Most certainly we have not," Dr. Moore responded emphatically. "But we are constantly working to make our tests more reliable. Several years ago a blood test was used to determine pregnancy. In one case, which had three tests made at about the same time, one laboratory reported the patient pregnant two months; a second, four months; and a third, seven months! Subsequent examination of the same patient showed she was not pregnant at all."



The laboratory and the physician are interdependable units and, in spite of these imperfect results, the work of surgeon and physician becomes surer and less dogged with error as the work of the pathologist develops.

"A few years ago only the largest hospitals had pathologists," Dr. Moore went on, "and these confined themselves chiefly to performing autopsies. Nowadays every approved hospital is obliged to have a pathologist who is responsible for the laboratory work. The clinical pathologist discusses with the attending physician the interpretation of the numerous blood chemistry tests, the serological tests, and the blood picture. Daily he finds his way to the operating room to discuss with the surgeon the type of tumor which the latter is called upon to remove. During the operation, when the surgeon is confronted with the question, 'Is this tumor malignant or benign?'—in other words, 'Is it life-threatening or not?'—he interrupts the operation and the pathologist makes a 'frozen section' of a bit of the tissue removed, and in a few minutes he relays to the surgeon the type of tumor he is dealing with, and thus the microscope and the pathologist chart the safe course the surgeon is to follow."

THE service of science is the service of truth. But is it quibbling to raise the question, Are "truth" and "truth-telling" synonymous? Isn't there Scriptural warrant for the assertion that "the truth is not to be spoken at all times"?

I have known cases where men and women killed themselves merely because of the lift of the surgeon's eyebrows or the shrug of the surgeon's shoulders. Does the surgeon, then, have no responsibility for the tragedy? I believe he has.

When Mrs. B—— was rushed to our hospital by ambulance for an emergency operation, I was suspicious that her case was not one of acute appendicitis but of ectopic pregnancy. "Impossible!" she assured me vigorously. But my fears and not her denials were confirmed when the operation got under way. The woman was pregnant in the right Fallopian tube.

Normally, the child develops within the uterus (womb). At times, however, extra-uterine pregnancy occurs in the development of the fertilized ovum in any part of the generative tract—usually in one of the two Fallopian tubes.

My hand was steady as I finished the operation, but my brain was in a whirl.

Outside in the corridor was the young husband. I knew the boy well, just as I knew his wife who was now on the operating table. I should have been sorry to have to tell these two the bad news of an ectopic pregnancy, but I should hardly have hesitated to do so if I had not remembered that Mr. B——, during the year just ended, had not been in Chicago at all. Only a few days before this emergency I had learned that he had returned from the Orient.

Well, his joy in being home again wouldn't last long, I thought, if I just stepped out of the operating room and told him the simple truth.

I pulled myself together and faced him with all the confidence and matter-of-factness I could muster.

"Doctor," he said, "is she all right? Was the appendix very bad?"

"She is fine," I assured him. "The appendix was *very* bad."

I prevaricated—and I am proud of it. The young husband never knew of my fall from grace, I hope and believe. But the wife knew. When, a couple of years later, she became normally pregnant and came to me to be delivered, we had a heart-to-heart talk.

"Doctor, I owe all my happiness to you," she said, the tears streaming down her face. "I love my husband so much. How could I ever have betrayed his trust in me? And how, but for your help, could I have ever built with him the perfect relationship we possess?"

Rather a rich reward for wrongdoing—if the telling of a merciful lie is such a sin!

I WAS very glad to hear that Miss De L—— was, according to rumor, engaged again. I had been puzzled a few years before when a most promising engagement had gone on the rocks. It was indeed good news that the period of frustration was over, that she had found another man. But when I said as much to her the afternoon she called in my office, she burst into tears.

"Oh, I am in such trouble!" she wailed. "You must help me. But no, you can't help me! There is no way out!"

"My dear child," I said gently, "tell me about this trouble. I have found many ways out for many people just as distressed as you are."

Between her sobs she told me a story as old as mankind—the same old story of a woman's instinct to give and a man's instinct to take. The hurt of the experience had lost its sting. It was a very practical and very hard biological fact that was torturing the girl now. She had found a man whom she loved even more deeply than she had ever loved the other. And she felt that she could never marry him.

"He would have to know then that I am no longer a virgin," she said. "He would hate me if he knew."

She was weeping again, and I sat for a few moments watching her and thinking of the injustice of the world which leaves a woman to shoulder a double burden of guilt and shame. If I were not above deception, I thought, I could redress that balance of justice.

"Miss De L——," I said, "we cannot undo the past, but we can make the future different. If you will submit to a simple operation, I will replace the lost anatomic part—"

Amazement, incredulity, then an almost dazzling light of hope swept across her tear-stained face. Any punishment reserved for doctors who willfully deceive prospective husbands is more than offset by the memory of that gratitude and relief.

What on earth is a surgeon or a physician to do about those scores of rebellious pregnant women who dog his footsteps begging to be relieved of approaching motherhood?

When I started in on my practice, I usually tried to reason with them. I know that I convinced some. But I knew, too, that others went away to seek the dangerous help which leads so often to ill health and not infrequently to death.

And so, since I am confessing, let me confess that in my maturer years I have been wont to approach this recurring problem with duplicity. No longer do I argue. I merely ask questions and give a desired prescription.

The prescription which I find so valuable in such cases is no secret. It consists of peppermint water—one tablespoon three times a day in water, to be continued for one month. If this does not bring the desired result—I know, of course, that it will not—she must then return to me and report. I then give a second equally innocuous potion. By the time that too has proved of no avail, my patient, more often than not, has become reconciled to her condition. The good old maternal instinct has begun to work.

HANDLING of the truth becomes a most delicate matter for the medical man confronted with a patient whose ailment exists in his own mind.

"You don't feel what I feel, doctor! I tell you, my stomach does quiver every little while!" says a haggard young man. He is obviously in distress, but every test reveals that he is organically sound. We recognize a functional condition induced by some form of nerve exhaustion. We can do one of two things—we can clap the boy heartily on the shoulder and say, "There's not a thing wrong with you! Forget it!" Or, we can accept with him the reality of his suffering and use whatever psychological skill we possess to help him.

If we pursue the first course of action, we will tell him the unvarnished truth—and we may send him from our office into one of the traps which charlatans bait for the unfortunate who think that regular doctors "don't understand" their cases. If we choose the second course, we must obviously seem to accept as real symptoms we know to be "functional," color the truth to serve the patient's needs, and use in the treatment the amazing suggestibility of the human mind.

I had used every means in my power, I thought, to overcome the insomnia which was seriously interfering with the progress of one of my patients. He needed sleep and he could not get it. At last I said to him:

"You must have sleep. I do not believe in giving morphine usually, but I am going to give you a quarter of a grain."

I stood beside him after the hypodermic had been given.

"My tongue is dry, doctor," he said to me. "There's a queer taste in my mouth. I suppose that's the morphine."

I nodded. Soon his eyelids got heavy. One could see a deep drowsiness creeping over him. He did not wake for twelve hours. When he did, only one thing bothered him.

"Doctor," he said to me anxiously, "I won't get in the habit of taking that stuff, will I?"

"You certainly ought not to develop a habit from that hypodermic," I told him—and now for the first time I was speaking the exact unvarnished truth—"because there wasn't a thing in it but water!"

His own mind had done the trick.

THE war is increasing in fury as I write. Perhaps it has not yet even reached its crisis. But already, all over the world, men and women who have suffered much have their eyes fixed on the world beyond victory.

In the world of medicine and surgery, of which I am a proud citizen, a whisper runs—hopeful sometimes but more often charged with apprehension—will the new world bring with it "socialized medicine"?

I am not one of those who cower with fear at the very mention of this fearful bogeyman, but I do see clearly some dangers which some social theorists too often overlook.

The man who stands in my office, trembling as he waits for me to pronounce sentence, is not a social being at that instant. He is the center of the universe. And he expects me, expects any physician, to join with him in recognizing his unique importance in the scheme of things. If he can feel that I regard him as all-important, the battle I undertake to fight on his behalf is already half won. He trusts me. It is significant that the one point on which all practitioners of the healing art from the dawn of history have been in complete agreement is this:

"First *believe in me!*"

It seems to me a mistake, however, for us of the medical and surgical profession to content ourselves with gestures of horror and protest. The dream of a society in which the right to health belongs to all people has been my dream since the days when I struggled with the cruel problems of my neighbors in Chicago's old West Side. One of the most difficult problems to be solved before that dream can come true is the problem of hospital care. For the moderately well off an emergency necessitating a sojourn in a hospital can be a severe blow to the family purse.

When serious illness strikes the very poor, our society has hitherto offered them no alternative except to seek the free aid of hospitals supported by the city or the state.

No words of mine can do justice to the excellent work done by many of these institutions. But the excellence of the work they do cannot wholly remove from the mind of the sufferer the shame he feels at being compelled to accept "charity." There are psychic shocks to be reckoned with.

Recent years have seen the development of many plans designed to solve this problem by group insurances and similar devices. The Plan for Hospital Care approved by the American Hospital Association is one of the good ones.

Since the doors of the American Hospital were opened, my colleagues and I have striven earnestly to work out our own solution to this problem. The value of the "free" services we have dispensed within our walls may be reckoned in millions of dollars. And we have never once allowed the stigma of "charity" to mar such service for our men and women who need it.

When the time comes that our municipalities begin to think as seriously of the health of their citizens as they do of bridges, ornamentations, civic improvements, monuments, much will be accomplished. Why should not municipalities allocate funds to existing hospitals for the sole purpose of providing this kind of care within their walls for those who need it?

For myself, I can think of no happening which could so fully crown a long career in humanity's service as to see the hospital in which I have so earnestly labored become the harbor of the underprivileged and a place in which the democratic voice of such people would be heard in harmony with the scientific voice of the most highly trained and fully competent medical and surgical experts.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

I HAVE the oddly persistent belief that **Henry Bellaman** could have made **Victoria Grandolet,** his latest novel, a quite satisfactory book if he had given it more thought and attention.

Odd, because Victoria Grandolet is pretty stock stuff which might get itself dismissed right on page 61, where you know just what a cliché character you have on your hands.

What saves Mr. Bellaman and accounts for getting me onto page 62 (and right through to the end of the book) is that there is more to his novel than the story he tells. There is the background of Louisiana and White Cloud.

White Cloud is the beautiful huge old house to which Niles Grandolet brings his bride, Victoria. Niles is the typical descendant of rich old Louisiana families, founded on sugar cane and slavery, struggling in Niles' time (the turn of the twentieth century) to hold itself and its baronial estates together.

Henry Bellaman

Victoria is an orphan (brought up well by a New Hampshire clergyman) whom Niles met at a young ladies' school, where he had gone to witness the graduation of his cousin, Flora. Niles was attracted to Victoria's shining blonde beauty, though Flora would have suited him better. Victoria didn't love Niles. Flora did.

Stephen Vincent Benét

So what you can suppose happens there, does — in time. Though, in the meanwhile, Victoria identifies herself with White Cloud and the grand Grandolet tradition, delves into Grandolet history, scandals and business. She bears Niles a son (to ensure her own position), nearly engages in an affair—and then is much too quickly disposed of by Mr. Bellaman in a much too obvious manner.

But woven into her story is the more interesting one of White Cloud and its history and people. It becomes, indeed, rather the story of a brooding old house, a charming, strange, almost human house—and that part is a pretty good yarn.

Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York. Price $2.50.

FOR some weeks I have wanted to do honor to a collection of superb short stories, straightforwardly entitled **Twenty-five Short Stories,** by **Stephen Vincent Benét.**

Stephen Benét lifted short-story writing into the realm of a consistent art. His stories are readable, satisfying, and they have both breadth and point. Moreover, Mr. Benét had, like all good artists, a wide range.

In this volume is the famous The Devil and Daniel Webster, as well as Daniel Webster and the Sea Serpent; the curious commentary on what we may expect of our civilization, By the Waters of Babylon; the light, satiric Among Those Present; the humorous fantasy, The King of the Cats—and twenty more just as fine.

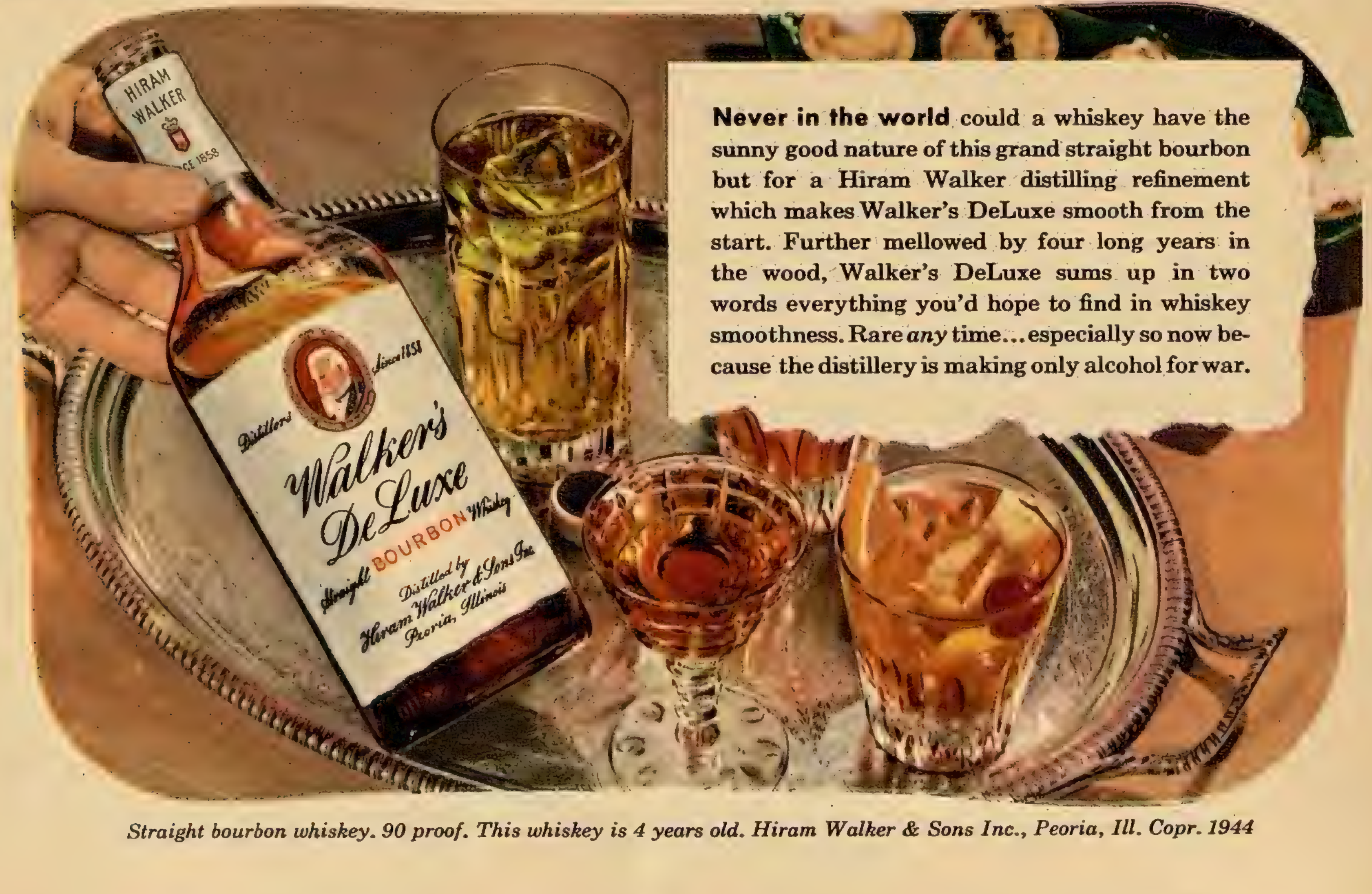
Published by the Sun Dial Press, New York. Price $1.49.

THE U. S. A. AT WAR, edited by **Tom Maloney,** is a stirring picture panorama of our past two years. In some 200-odd pages of photographs it gives a wonderfully comprehensive visual history, beginning with Pearl Harbor and ending with one of the memorable photographs seen only recently in the daily papers. The photographs are accompanied by a well written text which brings them into clearer focus. A first-rate job.

Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York. Price $4.50.

"First Grandson"-2 words that mean heart-thumping pride

2 words that mean smooth whiskey _ "Walker's DeLuxe"


HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
Distillers
Since 1858
Walker's DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whiskey
Distilled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois

Never in the world could a whiskey have the sunny good nature of this grand straight bourbon but for a Hiram Walker distilling refinement which makes Walker's DeLuxe smooth from the start. Further mellowed by four long years in the wood, Walker's DeLuxe sums up in two words everything you'd hope to find in whiskey smoothness. Rare *any* time... especially so now because the distillery is making only alcohol for war.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 90 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1944

GIVE MY LOVE TO EVERYBODY

Continued from Page 25

Ned, a little shaken, got upstairs. He told her about the conversation.

When he had finished, Natalie murmured sleepily, "There's a lot I know that Sally doesn't. I wonder if I've been quite frank with her. I wonder if I shouldn't—"

"That would be the worst thing," Ned said hastily.

"All right, I'll hold my tongue until the master mind has had its chance. Still, I think I'll go down and watch Sally at work tomorrow. I'm getting a little curious about the kind of job she operates. Maybe I'll stumble on a clue."

"One is badly needed," Ned said.

Ned had more than his usual sense of well-being when he arrived home the next evening. He had won his case against the Excelsior Brewing Company, and he had completely forgotten that the Ransoms were expecting a guest to dinner.

NATALIE appeared at the head of the stairs in her quilted blue dressing gown and her cloudlike hair in an in-between stage which he liked fully as much as the completed job. He threw kisses up at her.

"Hurry, darling," Natalie said. "He'll be here in fifteen minutes, and I've got something to tell you first."

"Who'll be here?"

"Jerry—Sally's boy friend. Don't you remember? And Sally's been held up at the nursery. She won't get in until just dinnertime."

Ned groaned. "Then we'll have to make conversation with this character. First one down." He made a mental note to dawdle.

But Natalie was too shrewd. Under that pile of fluff she was always too shrewd. "All right," she said, "if you trust me with the cocktails."

"I don't."

"Come on, then. I have your suit laid out."

He met her in the doorway and wasted two precious minutes in salutations.

"Oh, Ned! I've got to help Mrs. Smythe in the kitchen."

"I wonder if we should have cocktails."

"Why not? It's going to be difficult enough as it is."

"He sounds like such a queer fish. Kind of prissy. Imagine not taking up Sally's proposition! Pretty girl like her."

"I'm ashamed of you. Your own daughter."

"Natalie, tell me. What was Sally's place like? Does it amount to anything, or is it just another one of those holier-than-thou shows for the poor-are-always-with-us?"

Natalie swung around on the dressing bench. There was something new, and exceedingly happy, in her face.

"That's what I wanted to tell you," she said. "I saw something this afternoon. I got a clue. And maybe everything is going to be all right."

"Don't be mysterious."

"It is something of a mystery," Natalie said, "the way Sally behaves ordinarily and the way she behaves at her work. I watched her today when she wasn't aware of it. The particular thing I noticed was that when Tony stubbed his toe or Millie got a splinter in her finger or Becky spilled the soup, it was always to Sally they ran for comfort. Those children are crazy about her."

"Did she comfort them?"

"You should have seen her, and you should have seen her face! She loves them. She was tender and affectionate—not at all the sort of person she pretends to be."

"What do you make of it?"

"That she's going to be one heck of a fine mother."

"Um," Ned said thoughtfully. "The question is, will she be one heck of a fine wife?"

"I don't see how she can miss. The two things go together."

"Must they? I mean, isn't it possible that a woman can have an overdeveloped maternity complex to the exclusion of—you know—any other tender feeling?"

"I've never seen it."

Ned finished with his trousers and put on his coat. From the door he said, "Maybe Sally is trying to live up to what she thinks this fellow wants her to be."

"There's the bell now," Natalie said. "You go down and talk to him. I won't be a minute."

Ned opened the door to a tall young man, blond, blue-eyed, and wearing amber-rimmed spectacles which were dead ringers for Sally's.

He held out his hand and said promptly, "You're Mr. Ransom. I'm Jerry Lang."

"Yes," Ned said. "But I thought—"

Jerry grinned and looked down at his brown tweed suit. "Oh, the mufti," he said. "It's against regulations, of course, but it didn't seem quite Hoyle for me to meet my prospective father-in-law for the first time all done up like H. M. S. Pinafore. You ought to see what you're getting—that is if I can make Sally see the light. Isn't that the way you feel, sir?"

Ned was taken slightly aback, although his first inclination was in favor of this somewhat forward young man. "Well, we'll see," he said. "Sally has been detained. She may be a few minutes late."

"Good. I wanted a few minutes' chat alone with you, sir."

Ned supposed that was normal, but it made him a little uncomfortable. If Jerry was as frank as Sally, he could see he was in for a bad few minutes. As Natalie had said, it would help to have a couple of drinks under the belt.

"Will you watch me make the cocktails?" he hazarded.

"Better than that," Jerry said. "I'll shell the ice trays."

Ned led the way through the swinging door into the pantry, and Jerry opened the refrigerator door and began to struggle with a cube tray.

"If science did away with all the obstacles, we'd have no friction on which to grow," Jerry said philosophically.

To Ned that seemed a cue.

"Sally tells me you're a psychologist," he said.

Jerry laughed. "Well, I don't know," he said. "I don't really know what a psychologist is. But that's the way I make my bread in normal times—teaching the stuff. It does have advantages. It gives you a little better knowledge of human nature than the average. When you meet a person, you can usually size him up."

"HERE, you'd better sample this," Ned said. "Maybe I've got a little too much vermouth."

Jerry took a large sample, and Ned matched it.

"Perhaps just a dash," Jerry said. "But I flatter myself I was able to understand Sally from the start. She's intelligent, honest, and serious-minded. Very serious-minded, without a touch of sentimentality. So we clicked at once."

"I'll just put in a couple more jiggers of gin," Ned said. "There's nothing I hate worse than a sweet Martini. You clicked all right. Sally has never looked at another man. And she certainly isn't sentimental. Perhaps a little too un-so. Her mother and I have been worried from time to time. Now try this."

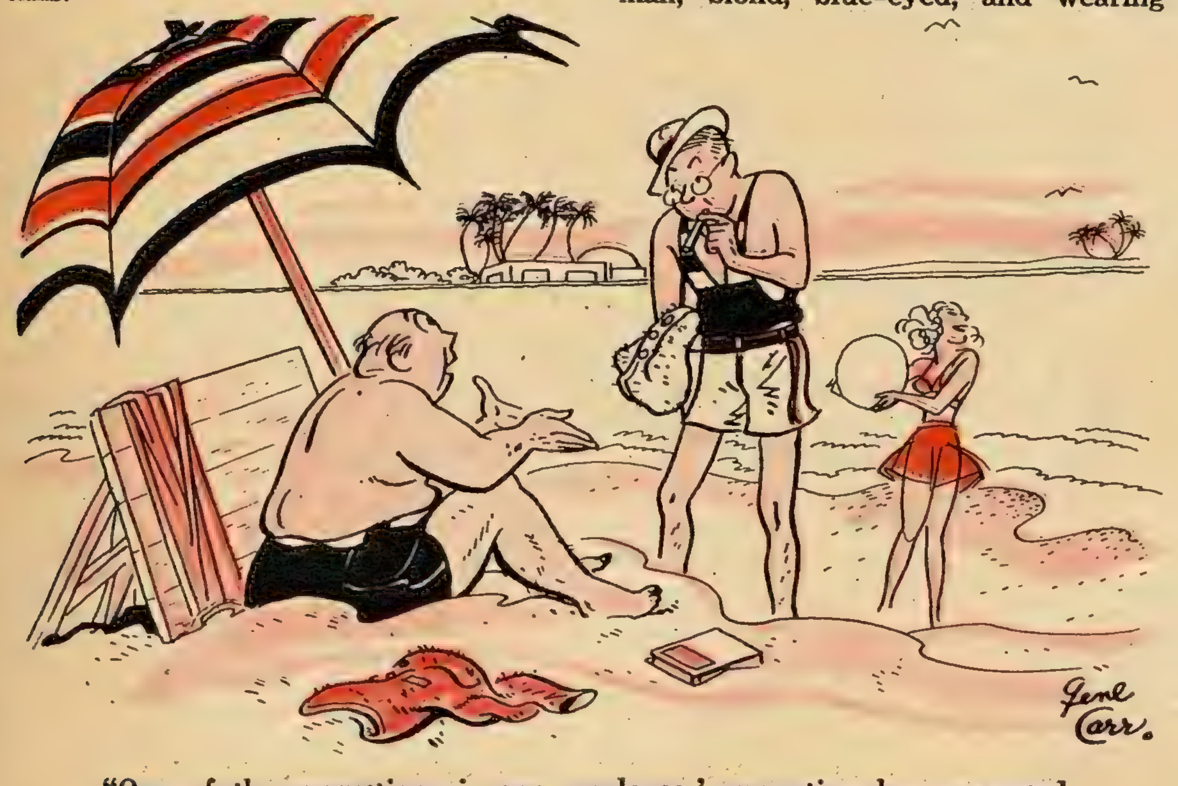
"That's better," Jerry said, draining the glass. "Don't you worry about Sally. Some people are just made that way."

Ned looked up, rather shyly, at Jerry. "And you're not a bit sentimental, either, Mr. Lang?"

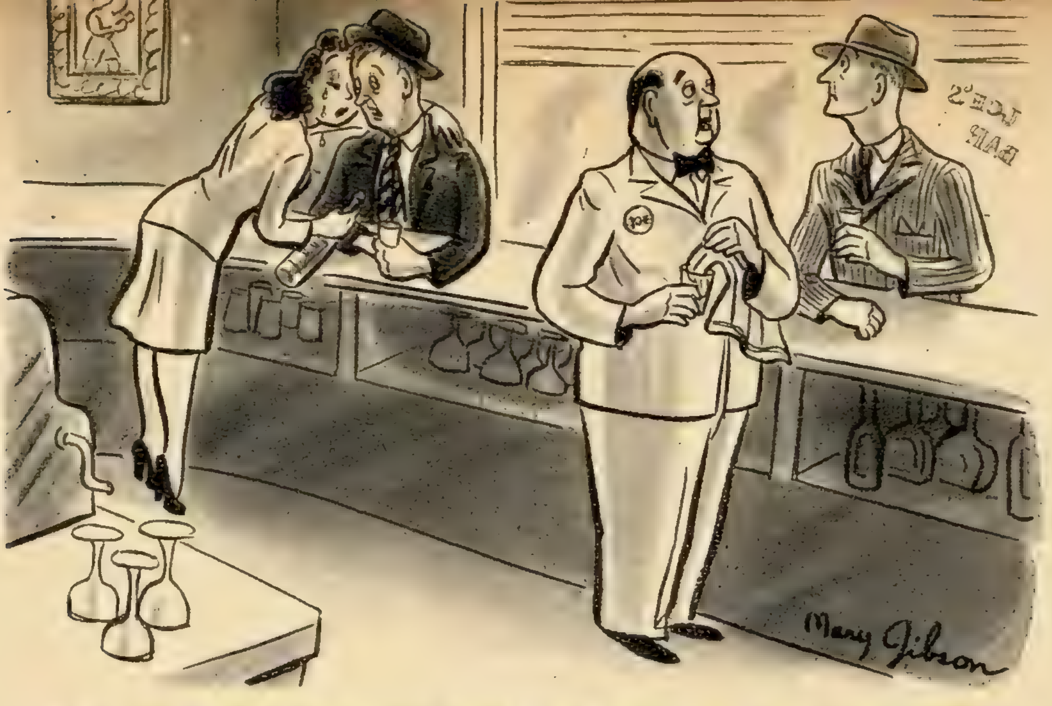
"Jerry," Jerry said, and paused. His candid blue eye looked into Ned's candid gray one. "Mr. Ransom, if you promise not to tell Sally, I'll make a confession."

"I promise."

"Underneath this prosaic exterior, I'm about the most romantic punk since Lord Byron. I cry at movies and weddings, I get my throat all tied into knots



"One of the suggestions in my employees' suggestion box suggested I go South for the winter."



"She isn't much on mixing drinks, but she's the most sympathetic listener we ever had."

at veterans' parades, I dote on old ladies, I kiss babies, I—"

"You don't have to go on," Ned said, wringing his hand.

"But don't you see," Jerry went on, "I'd never have interested Sally for a second if she knew?" His voice was suddenly glum. "Maybe the thing has got on too lofty a plane. Even Sally's proposal—" To Ned, Jerry's furious blush was a beautiful sight.

"Don't worry about that," Ned said. "She told me."

"Even that," Jerry said, "is an instance of unsentimental high-mindedness on her part. If there were only a spark of weak human emotion I could appeal to—"

"Have you tried?"

"Certainly not. I could see from the start she wouldn't have any of it. That's the advantage of being a psychologist."

"LOOK, my boy," Ned said with sudden inspiration. "I have to inform you that the invitation to dine in the Ransom home is officially rescinded. Instead, you're to take—or drag—your girl down to a sweetly sinister little joint by the name of the Pink Ostrich. There you're to ply her with food and drink and rumbas and waltzes—can you rumba?"

"Like Xavier Cugat. But Sally and I never even suggested dancing. The first time we met we sat out all evening."

"While you rumba," Ned went on, "whisper things in her ear—sweet, silly, endearing things. Romantic things. That's very important. And work into them an occasional suggestion of—ah—um—progeny."

Jerry took another sampling. "Yes, that's just right now," he said. "Do you honestly think it will work, Mr. Ransom—with Sally?"

"I'll guarantee it."

Sally's voice came from the hall. "Dad—Jerry!"

"I'd hate awfully to lose her," Jerry said.

"You won't," Ned said. "Just don't forget that little matter of descendants."

Natalie and Sally burst in.

"Jerry!" Sally said. "I never knew you drank."

"Pigs!" Natalie said. "You've finished the shaker."

"Just sampling," Ned said.

He was watching Jerry. Visibly, the young man was screwing up his resolution. Then abruptly he put his arm around Sally's waist and swung her through the door.

"Sweetheart," they caught on the back rush of wind, "we're going places, and after I've got you practically plastered, I'd like to present a few serious, high-minded ideas."

They heard Sally's squeal of surprise and protest, but she went.

"My beautiful dinner," Natalie said in mock despair.

"I had a better idea," Ned said. "Try this. Isn't it just a little too sweet?"

AT three o'clock in the morning the telephone awoke Ned, and after giving the caller a full five minutes to go away, he picked up the receiver.

"Who the devil—"

"Ned," Natalie whispered, "I don't think Sally's come home yet."

"I hope not. Hello. Hello."

"This is Western Union," a Western Union voice said. "I have a telegram for Mr. Edward Ransom."

"Yes. Go ahead."

"Here is the message: 'Since you failed me in my hour of decision, I have gone away on a week-end with a man.' It is signed 'Sally.'"

"Oh," said Ned, with a suddenly hollow stomach.

"That isn't all, sir. The message continues: 'Everything made legal at eleven fifty-eight P. M. Eighteen descendants agreed upon.' Signed 'Jerry.' Excuse me, sir, does that make sense? Sometimes these things get garbled late at night."

"That makes sense," Ned said. "Well, thanks."

"Oh, there's more, sir. It goes on to say: 'Darling, I don't know how it happened, but it's wonderful. Give my love to mother. Give my love to yourself. Give my love to everybody. Exclamation point. Exclamation point. Sally.' That's all, sir. Would you like us to send you a copy by mail?"

"Yes," Ned said. "I'd like to have that."

With an unexpected choked-up feeling, composed about equally of a sense of loss and one of awe at the recurrence of this everyday little miracle, Ned went over to Natalie, who had begun to cry.

"Sally and Jerry—" he began very gently.

"I—I know. I can tell by your face."

"What are you blubbering about?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe because I won't know any more than Sally any more."

"You're just a fluff," he said, running his fingers through her hair.

THE END

SEVEN AT TABLE

Continued from Page 17

"I love it," said Angela. "I spent every spare minute here all summer, but I never seem to get brown."

"I like my wife the way she is," said Cardeth Frayne. "A golden girl. I wouldn't like her a bit darker."

Roy walked to the iron railing. "Quite a view! I thought you'd like it, Elsa," he said.

It was quite a view. To the north the buildings were low, so there was an unobstructed view, and to the east you saw the river and a view of Long Island.

"Quite a way down," he added.

"Twenty stories," said Cardeth. "That building next to us is only four stories high. Makes this seem higher."

"I don't dare look down," said Miss Wagner. "I get—what do you call it?—acrophobia."

"Better take another cocktail and not look down," said Cardeth Frayne, and talked of more pleasant things.

PAUL ARNOLD arrived a few minutes later. He was in his early thirties, but looked younger. He had a pleasant, almost shy manner.

"I'm certainly playing in luck," he said, after he'd met Miss Wagner and spoken to the others. "I hadn't intended getting back until tomorrow. I didn't have a thing to do—and I get an invitation to dine with the Cardeth Fraynes!"

"I'm glad you're here," Angela said.

When the Suddonses arrived, they were all very gay. A blue chiffon haze began to descend on the buildings and the river, and tiny pinpricks of light appeared in the buildings.

"It's like a stage setting," said Elsa Wagner.

"It is," said Cardeth Frayne. "Of course it isn't real. Just a little something I had fixed up for my guests. Glad you like it!"

There were more cocktails. And Dr. Suddons told them of some gland experiments that were being made at his hospital.

"I'm the guinea pig," Mrs. Suddons said. "Frank is always bringing things for me to take. I'm so trusting I swallow them. They don't kill me—but I can't see that they're doing the least bit of good."

"You feel fine, don't you?" Dr. Suddons asked.

"Couldn't feel better."

Angela caught Paul's eye, and he smiled, one of his usual pleasant, rather young smiles. How very good-looking he was, with his fine sensitive face! Although he was a year older than Angela he seemed very young to her.

She looked around. Cardeth hadn't even seen her look at Paul. When he looked her way, he smiled, too. Why, everything was all right! She'd just imagined things. Her guests, and Cardeth, were having a good time. Paul was talking to Miss Wagner, and a tiny flash of jealousy shot through Angela. How silly! Miss Wagner was a very pretty girl. And Paul was a very clever young man. That's why he was talking to her. So Cardeth wouldn't be jealous—that is, if he knew anything to be jealous about. But he didn't. Of course not. How could he? Things couldn't be going better.

It was nearly dark when Anna, the second girl, announced dinner. They went through the French doors into the dining room that opened directly on the terrace.

There were candles on the table and because they flickered too much it was necessary to close the windows and the door that led to the terrace. It was just as well. It was September, and the air became suddenly cool, now that the sun had gone down.

Angela placed Mrs. Suddons and Miss Wagner on the right and left of Cardeth, placed Dr. Suddons on her right and Roy Ingram on her left, and, in a burst of generosity, she motioned Paul to sit next to Miss Wagner. That meant that Paul was quite near, with just Dr. Suddons in between. She'd be very careful not to do anything to make Cardeth more jealous—if he were jealous already. If he weren't, why, that would be all the better. Maybe—maybe everything would be all right!

ANGELA spoke to Dr. Suddons and to Roy Ingram, and listened to both of them. She was a good listener, but she couldn't help letting her glances stray to Paul. She liked watching his sensitive mobile face. If she had only met him ages—ten years—ago! She'd been married to Cardeth Frayne for ten years. Ten years of being a sort of animated doll, of running Frayne's home in Frayne's way; of doing what she was told, of smiling and talking when he pulled the strings.

No use thinking of that now! This was a dinner party. And Cardeth was sitting opposite her. And Paul was near her—talking to Elsa Wagner. He'd telephone her in the morning. And they'd talk. And laugh over nothing at all. And be happy for a little while. Maybe, some day—she didn't know how it could ever be arranged, but something would happen. It was enough happiness, now, to glance up and see his dear face. She watched Cardeth, too. He seemed to be enjoying Mrs. Suddons—and his dinner.

Angela couldn't remember, though she went over it later a hundred times. Did Miss Wagner volunteer the information? Or did Cardeth look at his own watch—and then at Miss Wagner to confirm the time?

"It's nine o'clock. Exactly nine o'clock!" Miss Wagner said. Angela remembered that well enough.

Some one else said something about the time. Angela couldn't ever remember what that was, either. But she remembered, always, what Cardeth said then. He said it carelessly, not looking at any one in particular.

"Nine o'clock. And some one saying the time at exactly nine! And seven at table! That's strange," he said.

"What's strange about it?" That was Roy Ingram, Angela remembered.

"You don't know the old superstition?" Cardeth asked.

No one knew the superstition.

"Superstitions are always interesting," Dr. Suddons said. "They're usually based on real conditions or health measures."

* * *

From London, Miriam Jordan forwards this menu from a restaurant in which she dined the other day:

Varieties

(a) Ballotine de Jambon Valentinoise
(b) Assiette Froide et Salade

Authorized translation by the management:

(a) Hot Spam
(b) Cold Spam

—Hollywood Reporter.

* * *

"What's this one about?" asked Miss Wagner.

"It's so foolish I hate to tell it," Cardeth Frayne said. And told it, Angela remembered. Smiling at all of them.

"I heard it ages ago. In France, I believe. It seems that if seven people—not all of one family—are at table—and it's nine o'clock—morning or night—and some one tells the time—well, some one of the seven at table either has been mixed up in a murder or will die within seven days. Something like the thirteen-at-table superstition, only more complicated."

"That is a new one," Dr. Suddons said. "We've all heard the thirteen at table." They all nodded. "But this one—a past murder or a future death. It gives us a large range."

"It does indeed!" said Roy Ingram, suddenly serious. "I hope that none of us is about to pop off—unless of course there's a—a murderer in the crowd."

There was a curious silence then. Angela always remembered that she felt as if a cold hand were on her neck. She didn't look at Cardeth nor at Paul.

Dr. Suddons spoke.

"You can all put your minds at ease," he said. "I've been—well, mixed up in a murder."

"You mean, dear, that some doctor gave a patient who was ill a drug to cover his pain—and he died?" Mrs. Suddons was being helpful.

"Nothing of the kind," said Dr. Suddons. "I killed the man myself."

"You—killed a man!" They were all attention now.

"Well, not purposely exactly. But a lot of murders aren't planned, or on purpose, either. It was when I first started to practice. The patient was an old man with a bad heart. He'd have died soon anyhow. I have that consolation. He wasn't doing too well, so I administered adrenalin. Either I gave him too much or he was allergic to it. I never did know. Anyhow, that was that. So you see your superstition may have some foundation, after all."

Angela breathed easier. She felt the others did, too. An awful superstition like that—enough to frighten all of them. She was glad that was over. They could all talk of something pleasant now.

It was Roy Ingram who spoke, and he didn't change the subject.

"It's odd," he said, "but—well, here's something that's been on my mind for a long time. I'm just as glad to talk of it now. We needn't be afraid of any one dying in this crowd, if it's a past murder we need."

"You don't mean that you—" Miss Wagner smiled at him.

"It's not the kind of murder you get arrested for. But I spent enough miserable hours over it."

"You're sure you want to tell it now?" Dr. Suddons asked.

"I do, really. It isn't anything I'll regret having told, if that's what you mean. It happened while I was in college. We were having a track meet, and there was one boy on our team who could save the day for us, if he'd only run. He didn't want to, and I urged him. For the good of the old school. You know the line. The usual pep talk. I persuaded him, actually. He ran. And won. Within a week he was dead. That weak heart again. I got it from his father when he came to—to get the body. Had a weak heart for years and had been told not to run. And there you are!"

"Why, you're perfectly innocent!" said Miss Wagner. "You never even knew about his heart. I hope you haven't been worrying about it all these years."

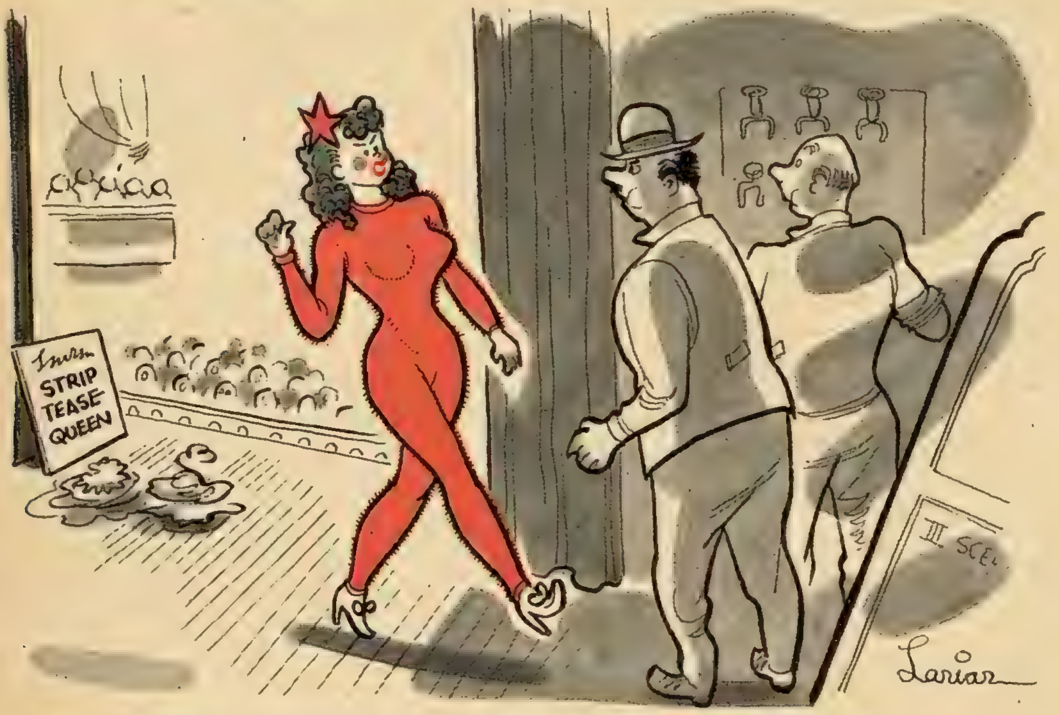
"Not worrying exactly. But when Cardeth spoke of a murder—"

"WELL, I'm a murderer, too, then," said Miss Wagner. "Though I don't really believe I am. But it will have to count—if your murder does. It was even worse—for I didn't like the girl—I killed."

"You didn't really kill her?" asked Cardeth Frayne.

"As much as the others did. I was younger. Only seven or eight. And we'd been playing. It had turned cold. My mother said I should lend my sweater to a little girl who was playing in our yard. A horrid little girl, I remember. I didn't want to loan my best sweater. But on the line, drying, was a blue one I didn't like very well. So I gave it to her. Oh, I knew better! 'It's damp!' she said. 'Nonsense,' I said. 'Put it on!' And she did. And caught cold. Maybe she

THE HOME FRONT



"Nothing more comes off till the coal shortage is over."

had a cold already, but I don't think so. Anyhow she got pneumonia. They didn't know so much about it in those days. She never recovered. There's my murder!" Miss Wagner smiled at Roy Ingram again.

"Three out of seven," said Dr. Suddons. "Does that absolve us?"

"Add me to the group," Mrs. Suddons said. "Mine is a real murder. That is, if it was a murder. I can't even prove it, though. I've thought of it a thousand times. I was young and studying art and living alone. A man proved an awful nuisance. Wouldn't let me alone. He was always bringing a bottle of whisky and staying until he'd drunk it all up. And then I'd have a hard time getting rid of him. I'd know now how to get him out of the house in short order. But then—"

"What did you do?" Cardeth Frayne asked.

"It seemed simple enough at the time. Perfectly natural. I had some toothache drops. I—I believe they were marked 'Poison.'"

"Aren't you sure?" asked her husband.

"Yes, pretty sure!" Mrs. Suddons smiled, and looked completely wholesome and large and efficient. You couldn't imagine her ever wanting to get rid of an unwelcome suitor. "Anyhow, I dropped some of them in that whisky bottle. He finished the bottle. And finally left, after the usual encouragement. He never came back. Could be he got sick and felt I'd given him something—and took the hint. But I never saw him around—and I was afraid to ask about him. Won't that count as a murder?"

"It certainly will," said Dr. Suddons. "The intent was there. That's more than you can say for the rest of us." Angela felt that he looked more warmly than ever at his wife.

SHE was glad when the conversation turned to more pleasant things. Funny, though. All but Paul Arnold and Cardeth and she had had something to confess. Had Cardeth wanted his guests to talk like that? There was something in the air she didn't like, but she didn't know what it was or what to do about it. Too much talk of murder! That was it. Of course. Just the kind of conversation Cardeth liked best. Maybe he'd started it just to worry her. He knew how she hated talk like that. Though he couldn't have known what the others would say. Maybe she was getting morbid or sensitive or something!

"We'll have coffee in the living room," she said, glad to change things physically. She led the way. Mrs. Suddons and her husband were just behind her. Miss Wagner and Roy Ingram were talking, seemingly with new intimacy, as they came into the living room.

Angela looked back, and she noticed that Cardeth and Paul were standing in the dining room, making no attempt to join them.

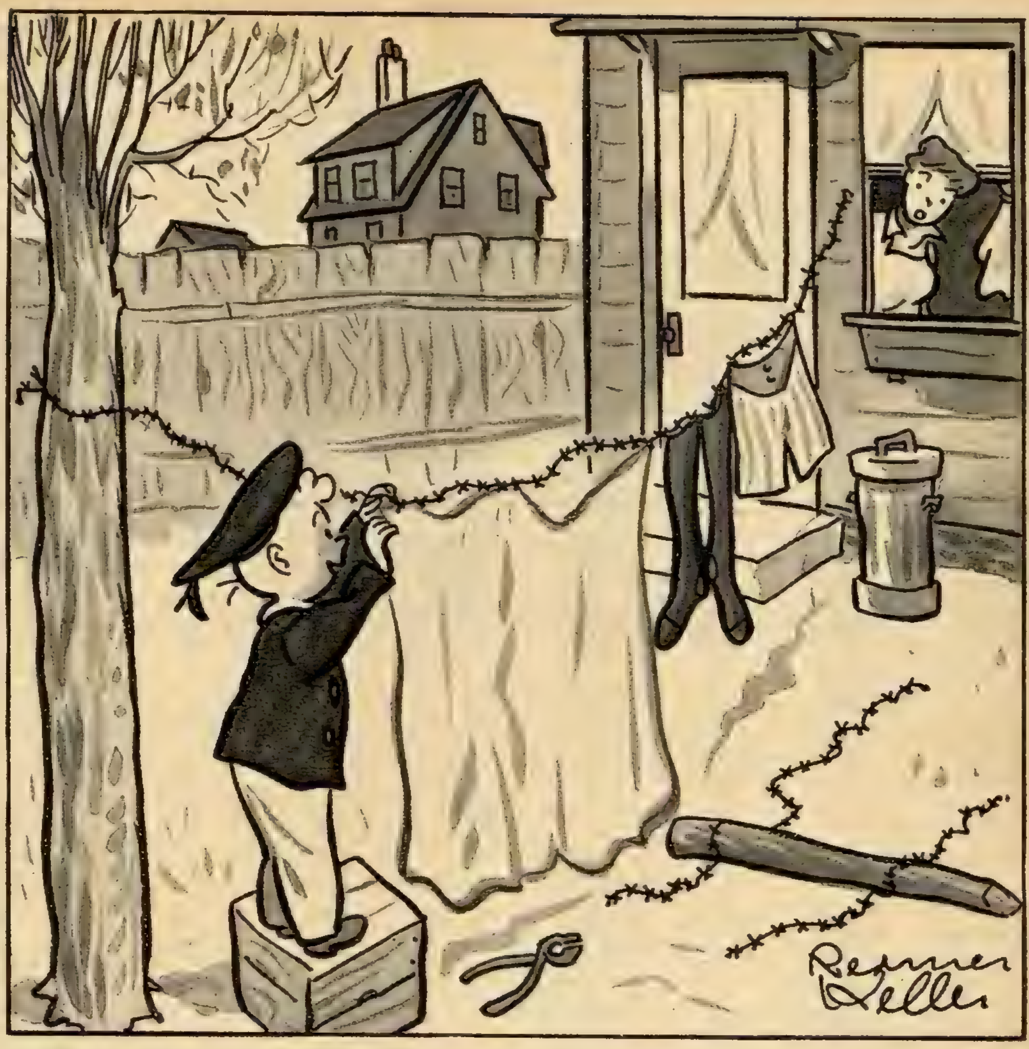
"We'll be with you in a minute!" Cardeth called.

Angela didn't like to think of them talking together. What did they have to say to each other? Paul wasn't simple, exactly, but he was unsuspecting, young. Cardeth could get anything out of him—out of any one. Oh, they were talking about nothing at all, more than likely.

Angela saw them go out of the French doors onto the terrace. And she noticed that the night had grown dark.

In the living room she served coffee. And she was worried. And tried to conceal her anxiety. What could Cardeth be asking Paul? What could Paul be saying? For she well knew that it would be Cardeth who completely manipulated the conversation. Paul was sweet. Such a lamb. She did adore him. But Cardeth would find out things from him even while he didn't know he was telling anything, even while he felt he was being discreet.

HARDTACK



"I fixed your clothesline, mom, so you won't have to use clothespins any more."

"Sugar?" she asked in her best hostess voice. And poured. And wished with all of her heart that she dared rush out on the terrace and change the conversation—if it needed changing—into something light and innocuous. But she knew how angry Cardeth would be if she did a thing like that.

She sipped her coffee and tried to hear the voices on the terrace, though she knew that was impossible. And tried to listen to her guests, who were talking interestingly enough.

And then she heard the French doors open. Heard footsteps. And Cardeth's voice. Heartier than usual, even. Loud.

"Come and tell the others your story," he said. "After their stories, they deserve to hear it." He crossed the dining room and came into the living room. He was laughing, Angela saw.

"Paul wanted to tell me about his murder," he said. "He wasn't satisfied to be left out. His was the last. Just the other evening, it seems. He'd been in a bar with a girl, and a man insulted her and he knocked the man down. His head hit against the bar rail. Nobody even blamed Paul. But he feels it was his murder. But here, tell about it yourself, Paul!"

Cardeth paused. Looked toward the dining room.

"Paul!" he called.

Paul did not answer.

"He must have stayed on the terrace," Cardeth said, and went back through the dining room to the terrace. Angela and the others watched him.

"What's the matter, Paul?" he called. "The others are waiting for your story." His voice changed then. Grew harsher, louder.

"Paul! Where are you?" he called. And then, "Paul!"

There was no answer. Cardeth rushed back into the living room.

"Is Paul here? Is he playing a joke on us? He isn't on the terrace!"

"He didn't come in here," said Miss Wagner.

The others rose to their feet.

"Paul!" they called. "Paul! Paul!"

IT was Dr. Suddons who rushed to the terrace edge.

"Do you think he could have—"

"It isn't possible," said Cardeth Frayne. "I—I left him right here. I came in, thought he was following me. He—he must have followed me! Why, he was cheerful! You saw him at dinner. He was telling me about the man at the bar. He wasn't blamed at all. I can't believe—"

"He may be playing a trick," Miss Wagner suggested. "Isn't there any place else—"

There was no place else. They searched the terrace, though it needed little searching—a rectangle, a fenced-in ledge, hanging high over the city.

Frieda and Anna in the kitchen, which had west windows and you couldn't see the terrace at all from there, were busy washing dishes.

"No one came in here," Frieda said.

They rushed to the elevator then. Angela knew, even while Mrs. Suddons and Miss Wagner tried to tell her that, surely, a thing like that couldn't possibly happen.

They found Paul Arnold's body in the space between the tall apartment building and the low building that stood next to it. The court was dark. No one had seen the body until Dr. Suddons found it.

"He died at once," Dr. Suddons said. "He must have thrown himself off the terrace the minute Cardeth's eyes were turned. No one could have seen him, of course. There are no high buildings for blocks, as Arnold undoubtedly observed. And it was pitch dark. He didn't want to be stopped, that was certain."

"Why do you think he did it?" Mrs. Suddons asked. "Not that silly murder thing?"

"Of course not!" said Cardeth Frayne. "I think he just used that as an excuse to get out on the terrace, so that he could be alone, when I went in. Planned it, undoubtedly. His story was that he didn't like to tell the ladies because the girl who was mixed up in it wasn't the right sort. Undoubtedly he liked girls like that best. So many young men—"

"Why did he do it, then?" It was Miss Wagner who asked.

"Nerves. Shot to pieces," said Dr. Suddons. "I couldn't help noticing him at dinner. He seemed composed enough, but he wasn't at all. Something happened to his mind. We'll never know. Some sudden neurosis. Or fear of high places. Something psychological."

They all nodded.

"THINKING of the conversations we all had," Cardeth Frayne said slowly, "don't you think it best, considering that he was our friend, and there's no use hurting his reputation, that we don't mention his last confession?"

Again they all nodded. Like Chinese figures with movable heads, Angela thought. She stood there, icily cold. And didn't nod or speak at all.

Dr. Suddons took charge. Telephoned for the police. The Homicide Bureau. The district attorney.

"Isn't it a good thing there's a doctor in the house?" Miss Wagner asked with attempted ease. "None of us would have known what to do."

The police, the Homicide Squad arrived. Other men, with and without uniforms. They asked questions.

Dr. Suddons told them most of the things they wanted to know. They questioned Cardeth Frayne. And Frayne told them simply, without hesitation, what had happened.

"We had finished dinner. We were going into the living room for after-dinner coffee when one of my guests, Mr. Paul Arnold, asked me to come out on the terrace for a moment. He wanted to talk to me, he said. Our conversation was unimportant. It concerned a sort of game we'd been discussing at dinner. We talked, then, of the night, of the half-dimmed windows in the distance, the reflections on the river, the usual things one talks of on a terrace when looking at the view. I came in then, still talking to Arnold. I expected him to follow. When I reached the living room, I realized that he had not followed me."

The others nodded solemnly. Again their Chinese nodding. The police turned on the terrace lights, examined the terrace, the railing. There were no marks at all—not even where Arnold must have stood on the coping before he jumped over.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Oliver Herford had a neat knack of disposing of pestiferous people. One afternoon Albert Bigelow Paine was at Herford's studio when some one knocked at the door in a peculiar manner. "Sh-h-h," admonished Herford, and he and Paine were silent until the caller had left.

"He's a frightful bore," explained Oliver. "He comes here and talks all afternoon."

"But how did you get him to knock in that special way?"

"Oh," explained Herford, "I told him a lot of people came and bothered me, and that I was giving that knock to a few particular friends!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

They examined the body of Paul Arnold, still lying where Dr. Suddons had found it. There were no marks on the body nor on the clothing that did not appear to have been made by the fall.

"I guess he jumped off, just like you said, doc," the man in charge of the Homicide Squad said. The medical examiner agreed with him. The rest of the men, with and without uniforms, nodded. The doctor made out the death certificate.

The men were gone. The Fraynes were again with their dinner guests in the living room.

Mrs. Suddons noticed Angela's face, drawn and white. The doctor's wife became her most motherly self.

"You poor child!" she said. "I know what you must be going through. The doctor will give you a bromide before we leave. Was—was he a great friend of yours?"

"He was an acquaintance of us both," Angela said. "My husband happened to meet him this afternoon. Invited him—"

"I know how you feel, child," Mrs. Suddons said. "Pull yourself together! By tomorrow you'll be all right."

"Of course she'll be all right," Cardeth Frayne said. "I'm more distressed that such a terrible thing happened because of Angela than for any other reason. She's always so nervous and sensitive. Tomorrow I'll arrange to take her away on a little holiday. By the time she gets back she'll be herself again."

"Don't worry about me," Angela said, and held her mouth firm so that her teeth didn't chatter.

She wanted to shriek, "I loved him! With all my heart! And my husband killed him." Instead, she was very still. And held her hands together behind her back, so no one would notice how she was trembling. And she didn't say anything at all.

Cardeth knew she knew! And he knew that she knew why he had killed Paul Arnold. The whole story—that silly superstition—had all been made up —to lead to that. But if it hadn't worked out that way, it would have been something else. Cardeth would have got him sooner or later, if he'd made up his mind.

Angela knew that she would never know what Cardeth had found out— or how much he had found out from whom. She'd never know what Cardeth and Paul had really talked about—out there on the terrace alone during the last terrible conversation. She knew she'd never know.

BUT, quite suddenly, standing there as still as an ice maiden, except for the inner trembling, she knew one thing. She could no longer be a prisoner—Cardeth Frayne's prisoner. She had loved Paul—and Paul was dead. She had no one now. For the first time she would have to depend entirely on herself. On some inner strength. So that she could get away. For she must get away. She knew that now.

Unknowingly Cardeth Frayne had cut the bonds that held her to him. Fear of him, which had been so great, was greater now. But it was a new kind of fear. A crafty fear that took complete possession of her; that would stand with her and help her escape.

Cardeth would try to keep her bound to him. She knew that. For in his way he loved her. And love, to him, meant complete possession, no matter how it was attained. He would not realize— and she'd have to keep him from realizing—that this thing that had happened had freed her instead of, as he undoubtedly felt, forging her chains even tighter.

For Angela knew, now, that she could get away. She'd have to plan her escape carefully, she knew, for Cardeth was clever and, she knew now, ruthless. But this very ruthlessness had given her ammunition—and an armor, too.

"You'll feel better tomorrow," said Mrs. Suddons, still solicitous.

Angela looked at Mrs. Suddons. At the others. She looked toward the darkened terrace. And then she held up her head. And looked at Cardeth Frayne.

"I feel better now," she said. "I'm all right. I'm quite myself again." She smiled a new, small smile.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

LAFRICAN: A smiling native of the Congo.

PHOTOGRAFT: A picture of some hush money.

BOUGHTANY: The science of buying plants.

'S'NOUGH: One pinch of pulverized tobacco.

REPROBAIT: An infamous fishworm.

INCOME-SPICUOUS: Not much of a salary.

ICE-OLATIONIST: A guy who wants his country left out in the cold.

SNEWS: Tidings about sleep.

MR. E: A man nobody knows.

CREWELTY: Whipping the ship's company.

"Ah-h-*just ze kiss of ze hops*"

Rare delicacy of flavor *without sacrifice of true beer quality* has made Schlitz a universal favorite with connoisseurs of fine beer. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, Schlitz captures all of the delightful hop piquance with none of the bitterness.

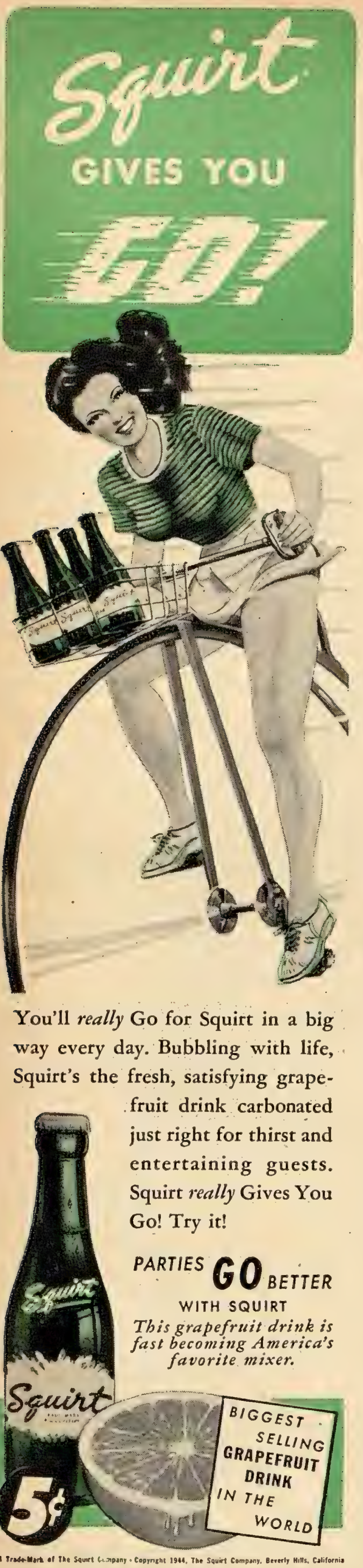
Copyright 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *KISS* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



You'll *really* Go for Squirt in a big way every day. Bubbling with life, Squirt's the fresh, satisfying grapefruit drink carbonated just right for thirst and entertaining guests. Squirt *really* Gives You Go! Try it!

PARTIES **GO** BETTER WITH SQUIRT

This grapefruit drink is fast becoming America's favorite mixer.

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"WE COME TO GIT EDUCATED"

Continued from Page 10

make a start on the practical problems the spiritual values would follow. And I have never had to change my mind."

In the late summer of that year the school had its beginning, with three half-grown boys as students and the intense-eyed young man as teacher. School was held under a cedar tree near an abandoned log cabin. (Mr. Jones' wife, a college graduate who worked ardently for the school for many years, is buried under that tree now, and her grave has become a sort of shrine.)

The number of students soon increased to twenty-nine, and there were usually onlookers as well. As the weather grew cooler, a bonfire of lightwood knots and logs kept them warm. Between classes the students smoothed logs for seats and cut more firewood.

The first donation of any size was the log cabin and forty acres of land contributed by an old man, an ex-slave named Taylor, whom Lawrence Jones had converted to his idea. The cabin was reroofed and whitewashed, the inside partitioned, one side for the school, the other for the teacher's home. There was a celebration when this much was accomplished, the people coming to marvel and praise.

Others gave what they could—a peck of corn meal, a chicken, a few cents or a few dollars. Those who could give nothing came cheerfully to give their time and labor. In near-by Braxton the white people were interested. The cashier of the bank helped with a small loan; a millowner gave him lumber and lent a typewriter.

During the winter a few acres of land were cleared of big stumps and undergrowth. In the spring the first crop was planted upon the "new ground."

Lawrence Jones' belief that learning to do honest work honestly is no small part of education was dictated by necessity as well as by conviction. Every one had to work. That first year the students stayed on through the summer to clear more ground, to put up their first small frame building, to smooth more logs for benches, to care for the small crop and the few domestic animals.

There were many reasons for discouragement. A gale from the Gulf Coast almost demolished the little frame building before it was completed. There were no books, no materials of any sort, and no money to buy them. Jealousy of the teacher sprang up among some of the more influential Negroes. Suspicion and prejudice crept in among some of the white people. But Lawrence Jones was determined and courageous. From the start, he found teachers as zealous as he. He left the school in their charge and made a trip up "North"—the first of many—to tell people about his work and to raise funds. (Today he is often accompanied by his Cotton Blossom Singers.) Gradually, but steadily, as more sizable contributions came in, the school grew larger.

THE education of Georgia Lee Myers illustrates both the influence of Piney Wood School and the kind of people it reaches. Georgia Lee was without parents and without money when she heard of Piney Woods and determined to go there. Her friends helped her as best they could. The following is almost her literal account of it:

"Aunt Hester gave a pound of butter and a dime; Grandma Willis a chicken; Aunt Lucy McCornel four bits [fifty cents], Sarah Pernell a chicken, Effie McCoy a cake and five cents; Meal Kyle two bits; Mollie Pernell a few things; Chloral Pernell a dime; Bessie Harvey one of her dresses; Washington Lincoln Johnson two pecks of corn meal; Mandy Willis a dozen eggs."

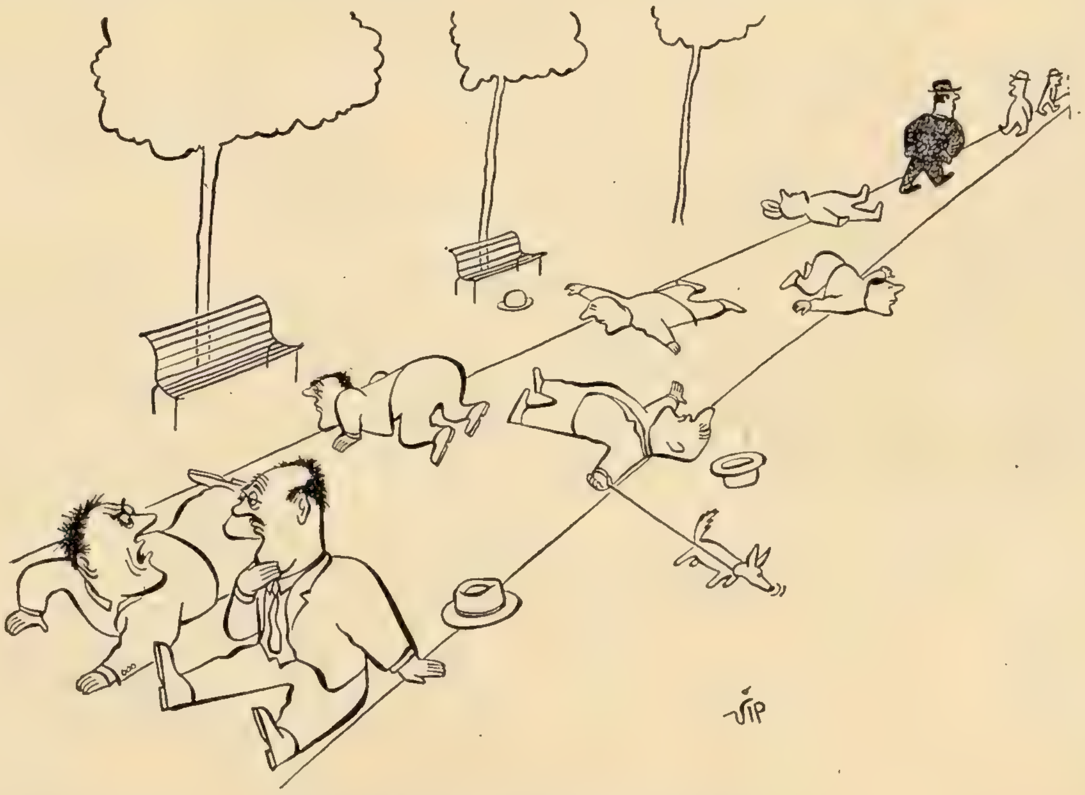
After Georgia Lee's first year at Piney Woods, her aunt wrote this letter to Mr. Jones:

"I am glad to tell you about the improvement you has made in Georgia, she is better in the washtub and in the fields and in the kitchen and in the house, She is better everywhere I puts her then she was, She has work so faithful sence she came home I wants to send her back and I wants to pay enough for hir to go to school in the day. . . .

"Well, she says she wants to come even if she hafter do like she done last year but I aimes to do all I can for her and I wants you and your dear wife to do the same well you write me as soon as you get this and let me here so I will no what to do."

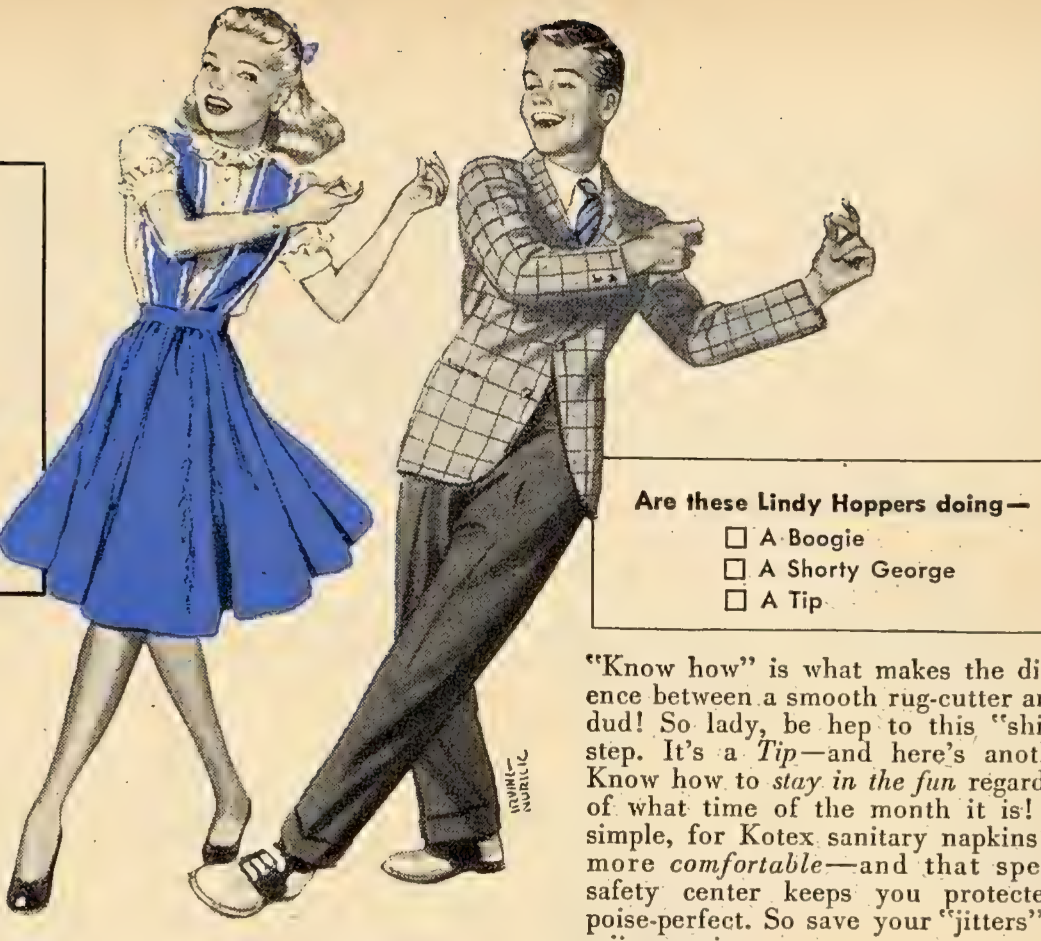
Georgia Lee Myers continued her

(*Continued on page 67*)



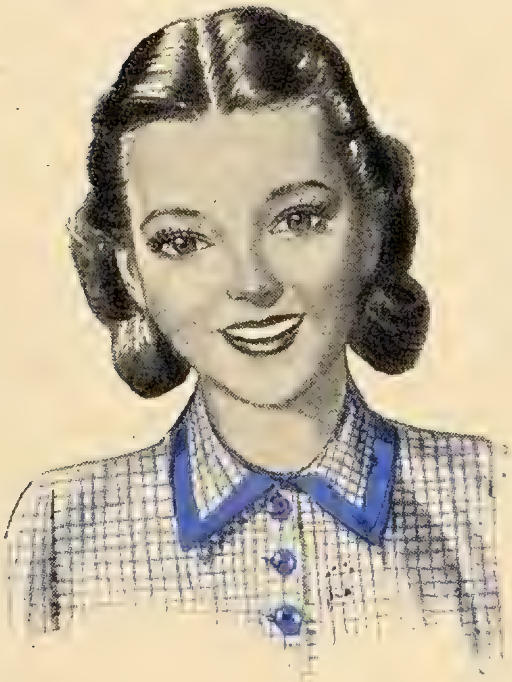
"That guy's looking for trouble."

Are You in the Know?



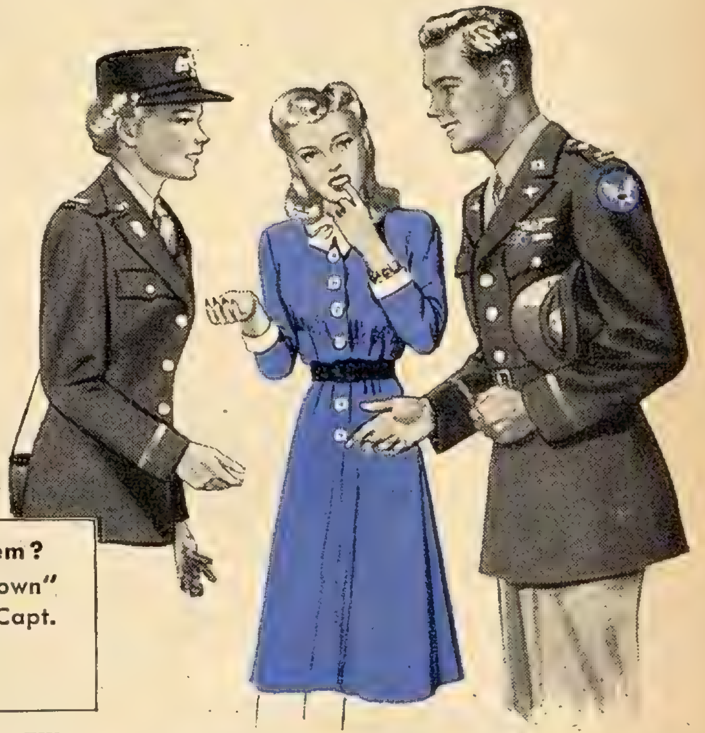
Are these Lindy Hoppers doing—
☐ A Boogie
☐ A Shorty George
☐ A Tip

"Know how" is what makes the difference between a smooth rug-cutter and a dud! So lady, be hep to this "shine" step. It's a *Tip*—and here's another: Know how to *stay in the fun* regardless of what time of the month it is! It's simple, for Kotex sanitary napkins are more *comfortable*—and that special safety center keeps you protected—poise-perfect. So save your "jitters" for a jive session.



This hair-do's for *you*—if
☐ Your face is long
☐ Heart-shaped
☐ Round

Down with pompadours—up with sweeping manes! Newest locks have a flat-topped look. They're shorter, sleek, often center-parted. Vary this hair style to suit your face-type, but *if your face is long*, take the short hair-do shown here—flat crowned, and fluffed a bit at the sides. The "flat" look is a grooming *commandment* when "certain" outlines threaten a sleek costume. That's when you thank Kotex for those flat pressed ends. Because they're not stubby, no one will guess your secret.



Will an $18.75 War Bond buy—
☐ 375 machine gun bullets
☐ 25 hand grenades
☐ 6 steel helmets

You're a "solid-sender"—when *your* War Bond buys this Axis bait! (Each Bond buys one of the items above.) Maybe the boy who's waiting for these war tools is one of your crowd. Maybe that's why you're on the Victory Shift, Saturdays and after school. And why it's so important *not to let down*, the month around. Just depend on the comfort Kotex gives, for Kotex stays soft while wearing. So—full speed ahead! Keep going, keep buying Bonds!

How would you introduce them?
☐ "Capt. Smith, this is Lieut. Brown"
☐ "Miss Brown, may I present Capt. Smith"
☐ Lieut. Brown, Capt. Smith"

Learn your military P's and Q's! When introducing army officers, mention the one with higher rank *first*—even if the other *is* a woman. "Captain Smith, this is Lieutenant Brown" is correct (and don't address the Wac as "Miss"!). Knowing your army etiquette is a social must, these wartime days. On difficult days, too, you can preserve your "social security"—by guarding your personal daintiness with Quest. Remember, Quest powder is the *Kotex* deodorant. It keeps you confident, dainty without doubt.

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest *destroys* odors.

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SANITARY NAPKINS
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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STOP GUESSING!

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." It gives facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting—how to stay on the job, even on "problem" days.

Address: Post Office Box 3434
Dept. L-2, Chicago 54, Ill.

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Address............
City............ State............

THE VOICE

Continued from Page 30

been rejected for military service because of a punctured eardrum, Frank should earn something like $1,000,000 in 1944.

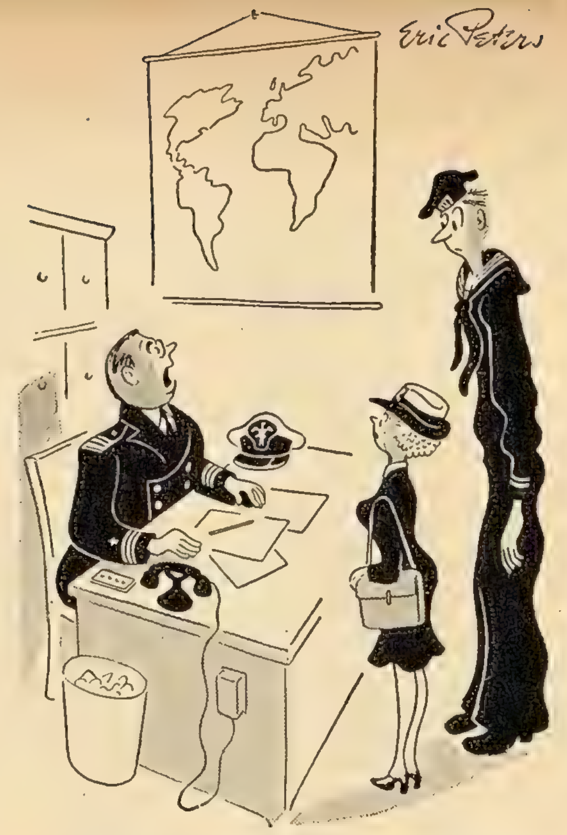
These figures are big enough not to be monotonous. He should pull down $400,000 from his Hit Parade, at $2,000 a night, and his Vim radio programs. He should get $300,000 for three Hollywood pictures. He should get $200,000 from theaters. He should get $150,000 to $200,000 on recording royalties.

And of that $1,000,000 he'll have left anywhere from $25,000 to $100,000. Frank has the usual office expenses and agents' fees and, unlike most, he employs three girls full time just to answer fan mail.

These figures are big enough to make anybody believe he's important. But around Broadway and Tin-Pan Alley they say a nice thing about Frank: "He doesn't believe his publicity." In other words, he is unimpressed by all the clippings telling how wonderful he is.

So he goes out quietly to sing for nothing, if it'll help. There was the time he slipped down to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital and sang for four hours, going into every corner of the hospital and singing something like 165 songs. Frequently girls who are sick get the idea that a song from Frank will make them well. When he was in Hollywood making Higher and Higher, he heard from an ailing twelve-year-old fan, and went to the hospital and sang three songs to her.

Her mother rapturously reported later, "She's been so excited since, she hasn't slept, but at least she has no fever now." There were no cameramen there.



"I meant a short wave . . . RADIO!"

A little lame girl in a Mulberry Street tenement in New York was ill with pneumonia. She was twelve, too. She'd merely asked whether Sinatra would drop her a note.

"If I did, she wouldn't believe I wrote it," Frank said. "I'd better go down there." And he did, breaking a dinner engagement with a distinguished war correspondent and a party of six.

Frank sang to her that night, and the next day he sent her a bunch of recordings and a machine to play them. A few days later the girl was up and around.

Always, when discussing Sinatra, you must get around eventually to the question, "But does the Voice have a voice?" As one who boasts of having no ear for music and who is, in fact, tone-deaf, I can say that I don't care—I love to hear him sing. I suspect this is the attitude of millions of other morons like me. We know what we like, and we don't care whether it's done with appoggiaturas or spaghetti—we are crazy about it. We wouldn't know whether it's good or bad; we know we like it. You can't argue with us that Frank doesn't have a voice. We don't know or care.

But, curiously, about 90 per cent of the serious music critics around the country have come to the conclusion that he is a terrific singer and not just a flash-in-the-pan. The "long-hairs," or serious critics, in New York didn't take to him, partly because they resented it when his following of kids ganged with him when he went to sing with the Symphony. The kids screamed and wouldn't listen to the Symphony. In other parts of the country the serious critics have been kinder. They have mostly said, in effect, "We went to scoff, but remained to cheer. Make room for another Sinatra fan."

Frank, lean, frail-looking boy that he is, has been pictured as the rope in a tug of war between girls who adore him and men who hate him. This so-called controversy hasn't been entirely uninspired. Controversies make for good publicity, and Frank has an able publicity man, George B. Evans, who may have stirred up a little of the male

(Continued on page 72)

"Not on my Sofa"

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW SAID

"No you don't Louis! Not on my sofa," my mother-in-law scolded, as I stretched out for a snooze. "That greasy stuff you use on your hair may make spots on the fabric. If I were Mary, I'd get you a bottle of Kreml for the sake of her own furniture, to say nothing of improving the appearance of your hair."

"Heaven's sakes!" cried Mary, "What's happened to your hair—it looks as wild as a wolf's." [Louis had stopped using grease and was soaking his hair daily with water as a dressing—which robs hair of natural oils, often leaving it dry and wild.]

Lucky Louis—that's me. Now that I'm using Kreml, and now that I have keen Kreml-groomed hair, I'm more admired by the ladies in my life. Kreml is different—wonderfully different—never sticky or greasy—never drying to hair. Sure, I agree with the thousands who declare: *Kreml is right for better-groomed hair!*

KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive daily use of water as a dressing. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label. Try Kreml today!

WHY FINLAND KEEPS FIGHTING

Continued from Page 15

Finnish public was informed that German troop transports would be permitted to travel through Finland to Norway. That the troops *didn't* travel through Finland but remained there was completely unknown to the people, to Parliament, and even to the Foreign Affairs Committee! But Tanner and President Risto Ryti knew well enough. These two and a few others in the government had expressly, and secretly, allowed German troops to be stationed in Finland, and they had been informed that the presence of these troops meant that an attack on Russia was planned.

To deceive their own people and the rest of the world, they hushed it up in order later to create the myth of a defensive war. On June 22, 1941, German bombers started from Finnish territory to bomb Russian villages, and General Dietl's Alpine troops on the Arctic seacoast prepared for a final push toward Murmansk.

WHEN Russian bombers defensively retaliated by bombing German troops, air bases, matériel, and communications in Finland, Ryti and Tanner roared: "We have been attacked! We must defend ourselves and hit back!"

There is no longer the slightest doubt that the whole affair was a sly maneuver to make the world think that Finland had been forced to defend herself against attack. The clique in Finland which at that time saw a chance to fulfill its imperialistic ambitions also realized that the Finns generally were not enthusiastic about fighting the Russians—with whom they had lived peacefully for more than two decades—twice within two years. Therefore it was necessary to convince them that they had been attacked, and the heavy yoke of war and starvation again was placed on the shoulders of the hard-pressed Finnish people.

The Finns are accustomed to starvation. But the hardships of war increase the ravages of diseases. Even healthy people, during these four hard years, have become drab of mind and body. One of my many Finnish acquaintances said: "No, we haven't lost our optimism, but it's shrunk to a fatalistic belief in the future, as our food has shrunk to the absolute minimum necessary to keep alive. I'd define the general feeling as one of hopeless optimism." Optimism has been sustained through officially and unofficially spread illusions; hopelessness has crept in through the years-long blackout, separation from the outside world, and the wearing monotony of the daily food.

The Finnish bread is at present black and sour, and the per capita ration of butter is only a trifle more than a pound monthly. Butter sometimes may be obtained in the "free market," a nicer term for black market, but it costs thirty Swedish crowns—somewhat more than seven dollars—for two pounds. The normal price is one dollar.

The fat shortage is most dangerous to health standards. When one considers that each person is allowed only about one fifth of a quart of milk daily, it is hard to believe that Finland exported dairy produce before the war!

It is no longer considered shameful in Finland to buy illegally, thereby un-

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dermining the ration system. "All our friends do it," says a lady from Åbo who recently paid more than eight dollars in Finnish money for two pounds of sugar normally costing fifty cents. "What could they do otherwise? Think of trying to manage on a monthly ration of half a pound!"

But the workers can't possibly cover their needs from these illegal sources, even though wages have increased 60 per cent. For example, black-marketers are selling coffee, unobtainable for years, at from forty to sixty dollars for two pounds! And there aren't many small householders who can resist the temptation to sell a pig to a black-marketer for six hundred dollars when the legal maximum price is sixty.

All right-thinking Finns I have talked with are worried about the undermining of morale by all this. It is not impossible that moral anarchy will be the end of the path Finland is now traveling. There have been instances, confirmed by eyewitnesses and victims, of soldiers on leave attacking and robbing pedestrians in Helsinki's blacked-out streets. Official Finnish statistics show that the number of thefts has increased by 150 per cent.

It is the Finnish housewives who bear the heaviest burdens of the war. After standing for hours in wood and paper shoes for their rationed foodstuffs, they must rush home to cook them, because the gas is turned off at certain times (in Helsinki, between noon and four o'clock and then again between six and eight at night). And they are not allowed to use more than one and one third cubic meters of gas.

Sighed one Finnish civil servant while we were munching a pork chop in a Stockholm restaurant: "When I get home at five o'clock and find my wife just putting the potatoes on, I gnaw my thumbs hoping the potatoes will be done before the gas is shut off at six. An hour is hardly long enough, the gas is so weak. The gasworks furnaces are old and can't now be repaired."

The pork chop, incidentally, if bought at the market, would have cost him his entire month's ration. And it must be fried in its own fat. The Finns mustn't wash too often, either, for their ration of soap—and it's a substitute—is only about a quarter of a pound every three months.

"ALL this is pretty miserable, but if we withdrew from the war we wouldn't get even what we do now," is the way the Finns end every argument.

You think that a paradox—that the supply situation which war has made catastrophically bad for Finland could become still worse if the Finns ceased war? I thought so, too. But I have now discovered that this paradoxical view is actually the main argument of official Finnish policy against all strivings for peace within the country.

For a long time I was very suspicious of all the whispered longings for peace. At the time when the Germans were suffering their first defeats in Russia, I met a Finn who told me of the strong desire for peace that would be expressed as soon as guaranties could be given assuring Finland's political and economic future. The man held such an important position that I felt he must be well informed. I found, on careful inquiry, that he was extremely well informed, not about what the Finnish peace groups were doing, but about what Rolf Johan Witting, then pro-Nazi Foreign Minister, desired to spread abroad. Witting wanted the Allies to know that neither a Russian offensive nor the severing of diplomatic relations by America was needed to force Finland out of the war; that Finland was already well on the way to getting out herself. Since then, Finnish agents have tried incessantly to reach the Allies' ears with the same concoction in order to gain time.

When even Tanner was forced to realize that the war was not being won by Hitler as soon as hoped, he lightened the ship of state by throwing overboard the most compromising passengers: Witting, Minister of Home Affairs, and Korelli, who was responsible for handing over some Jewish political emigrants to Germany.

But the policy and propaganda remained unchanged. When the Germans got wind of such reports, the Finnish government assured them: "It's only talk. We have no intention of making peace."

And that was true.

On the other hand, whenever a Finnish politician delivered a purely pro-Nazi speech, the Allies likewise were assured it was only talk.

"We must give the Germans a little consideration," say the Finns.

Little?

It's not so little. The Nazis have sent German soldiers and grain to help the Finns, and they demand consideration for this help. Finland needs the grain but would gladly get rid of the soldiers. General Dietl's troops have generally managed to get involved in such a dangerous situation when attempting an offensive that the Finns have been called upon to help the helpers.

* * *

Most people would die sooner than think; in fact, they do so.

—Bertrand Russell.

* * *

Dietl is now keeping pleasantly quiet up north, but it has had a demoralizing effect on the soldiers. First, some of them mutinied and were shot! Then a whole regiment bucked and was sent to Norway. Some of the Austrians deserted to Sweden, and that's how I heard the facts about the mutiny.

The Finns actually needn't show the Germans any consideration on the grounds of their military exploits, but they do. Censorship is one instance. One day the evening paper Svenska Pressen in Helsinki, printed in Swedish, appeared with a section of its front page cut out. Deleted was a story saying that the bombardment of Kassel had paralyzed a large percentage of German war industry. The Finns weren't to be told that, but they learned it nonetheless by listening to the Swedish radio and the Finnish broadcasts from London and Moscow.

"We don't believe our victorious reports," say Finnish travelers. One often hears similar reports from German travelers. It's surprising how many kindred opinions are held by people from the various states allied with Germany, though they dare speak out only in the strictest privacy. The majority of these people desire peace and they know that certain members of their government do not. These government officials have committed themselves too deeply with Germany.

There are admittedly some sincere characters among the leading politicians. Some weeks ago one of them held a meeting in Helsinki for an invited few at which he sharply condemned the Germans' violent measures in Norway. The German Minister learned about the meeting and protested. The politician was reported to the Foreign Minister and reprimanded thus: "No one may endanger our vitally important relations with Germany."

There we have the argument again: "Germany sends us grain. If we break with her, we die, because we are fighting England, and the United States, as the ally of the Soviets, wouldn't help us."

That's the argument I've often heard from Finnish ministers and politicians, and it is repeated by sensible people despite its contradiction. A break with Germany would mean peace with the Allies and, therefore, help from them. Furthermore, the Finns have heard from reliable Swedish sources that Sweden has reserves. It would be possible to break from Germany, but too many members of the government don't want to.

BUT can't Finland's President exercise his power? Risto Ryti knows from his experience as head of the state bank how to wield power. He's the man who, by regular war-debt payments to the United States, obtained extreme good will for Finland. Friends from England and the United States often visited him in his Helsinki apartment, but they no longer go there.

The only guest who now visits the President regularly is the eighty-five-year-old former Judge Ringstroem from the little town of Lovisa. Ringstroem has long been known as a theosophist and occultist who believes Hitler the instrument of God. Both Ryti and his wife follow him avidly.

This is completely unknown abroad, but my source is a guaranty that it is a fact. Some weeks ago, in a very intimate circle, Ryti was asked about the future, and is quoted as replying: "We won't conclude a humiliating peace. We'd rather all die. Alone, we can hold out against the Russians for eight months."

Which of his generals has given the President this information? Could it have been the spirits conjured up by Ringstroem? The commander in chief, Field Marshal Mannerheim, is now reported to be averse to continuing the war, but a Finnish politician told me he was not sure it wasn't Finnish propaganda to spread such a rumor in order to make Mannerheim attractive to Allied eyes—because it was he who recommended war to incorporate East Karelia with Finland.

The situation is extremely serious for Finland. "The Finns want peace, and it's only a few private persons who want to continue the war," some Finnish boys taking part in an athletic competition here told me.

Yes, my boys, but these "private persons" happen to be the country's President, Prime Minister, the dictator of the largest party, and the Army's commander in chief!

It's very moving to talk with sincere Finnish democrats and to realize how blind they are to the fact that they are locked in the cage of war, hopelessly deserted, and at the mercy of their leaders' whims. The opposition is not cleverly led. We must not, therefore, count on any alteration of Finnish policy so long as the people themselves lack the strength to force peace.

THE END

MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

Continued from Page 29

"He looked across the table at me," said Ann. "'Stay here, lass,' he said, and went out.

"Higgins picked up the album and put it away. He explained, 'Mr. Flavin's going to shift the gold to a pleasure craft that's to meet us at daylight—one of them knows how to work the wireless, and he's going to get word to the pleasure craft. After they've shifted the gold they'll open the sea cocks. And after they've hid it, they'll make port somewhere and say the Quincy was torpedoed, and that the pleasure craft picked up them that survive—Mr. Flavin and his pals. There are eight or nine of 'em.'

"Some one fired a pistol on the deck then. Two shots. Higgins turned out the light and shouted, 'Stay where you are, miss!' But he ran to the door himself. A burst of pistol fire hit him in the middle. He fell on his face. He didn't move again.

"I went to the window. Flavin was standing at the top of the starboard ladder up from the main deck. Captain Angel was on his hands and knees over by the starboard rail. There was just enough light for me to see them. Captain Angel was moving, lifting his right arm very slowly. Flavin fired again, and then Captain Angel fired, too. Flavin fell backward down the ladder. He must have struck the deck with his head, for I heard his neck crack.

"Captain Angel called to me. He had been shot in the chest. He was nearly gone. I was afraid to touch him. I couldn't speak. He had been so good to me. 'I'm done for,' he whispered. 'Take my pistol and go to your cabin and lock the door and do the best ye can for yourself.' I didn't move. 'Do as I bid ye!' His voice sounded strange and dreadful. 'Quick, lass! They'll be up here—' Then he gave a little sigh, and his head fell away. That was how it was, Johnny," said Ann.

JOHNNY got up and went over to the window. Presently Ann was saying, "I knew that going into my cabin wouldn't do. I thought of trying to hide, but that wasn't any good, either. They'd find me, and I'd sooner jump overboard than have that happen. And that gave me an idea. If I could make them believe I *had* jumped overboard—out of sheer fright—they wouldn't look for me at all. I might be able to hide then and get away with it. I knew of a good place—the ventilator shaft."

"Good enough," Johnny muttered.

"All this," said Ann, "had happened in about five minutes. I heard men shouting below then, their voices all mixed up. And then I heard the machine gun. They'd set it up on the forward hatch. There were two bursts, short ones, then quietness again—a dreadful quietness. A man laughed nervously, as if he couldn't quite stomach what had happened. Several men began to talk at once. I think they'd found Flavin's body. That meant they'd be coming up.

"I was wearing blue-and-white-striped canvas shoes and a blue cotton play suit with a buttoned-on skirt, trunks underneath. I kicked off the shoes and slipped out of the skirt and left them in a neat little suicide pile. There were some life preservers racked in the housing behind me. I pulled down several of them. One of them I put on. The others I left lying there. If my idea didn't work I'd risk the barracudas. It had been Mr. Flavin's watch, and I hoped the man at the wheel—one of the mutineers, certainly—hadn't seen me. I ducked into the dark between my cabin and the smokestack. Six of them came up—Burdette one of them.

HAPPY HOUR
POOL ROOM
LOAFERS WANTED
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"'Mr. Flavin fixed the Old Man,' one of the men said.

"'Well, the Old Man fixed Mr. Flavin,' said another.

"And another said, 'Everybody's fixed now!'

"'Except that mush Brown,' said the first man.

"'Look at here!' one of them yelled. He had found my shoes and skirt and the life preservers. 'She's gone overboard!'

"One of them said, 'We'll take a look round to be sure.' And to one of the men, 'Welsh, get after that radio.'

"The others went into Captain Angel's cabin. I crept aft and down the saloon stair. I thought I'd never get the ventilator shaft open. The draft was pretty bad, but we'd slowed down, and it could have been worse. Below was the engine room. The hot air made me sick at first, and the grid hurt my feet. I took off the life preserver and stood on it. Presently I heard men coming along the passageways, slamming doors one after another. They were going through the ship. They intended to be sure. Two of them stopped beside the shaft.

"SHE ain't aboard,' one of them began, 'but we had to be sure, like Burdette said.'

"'He's a foxy fox, Mr. Burdette,' said the other.

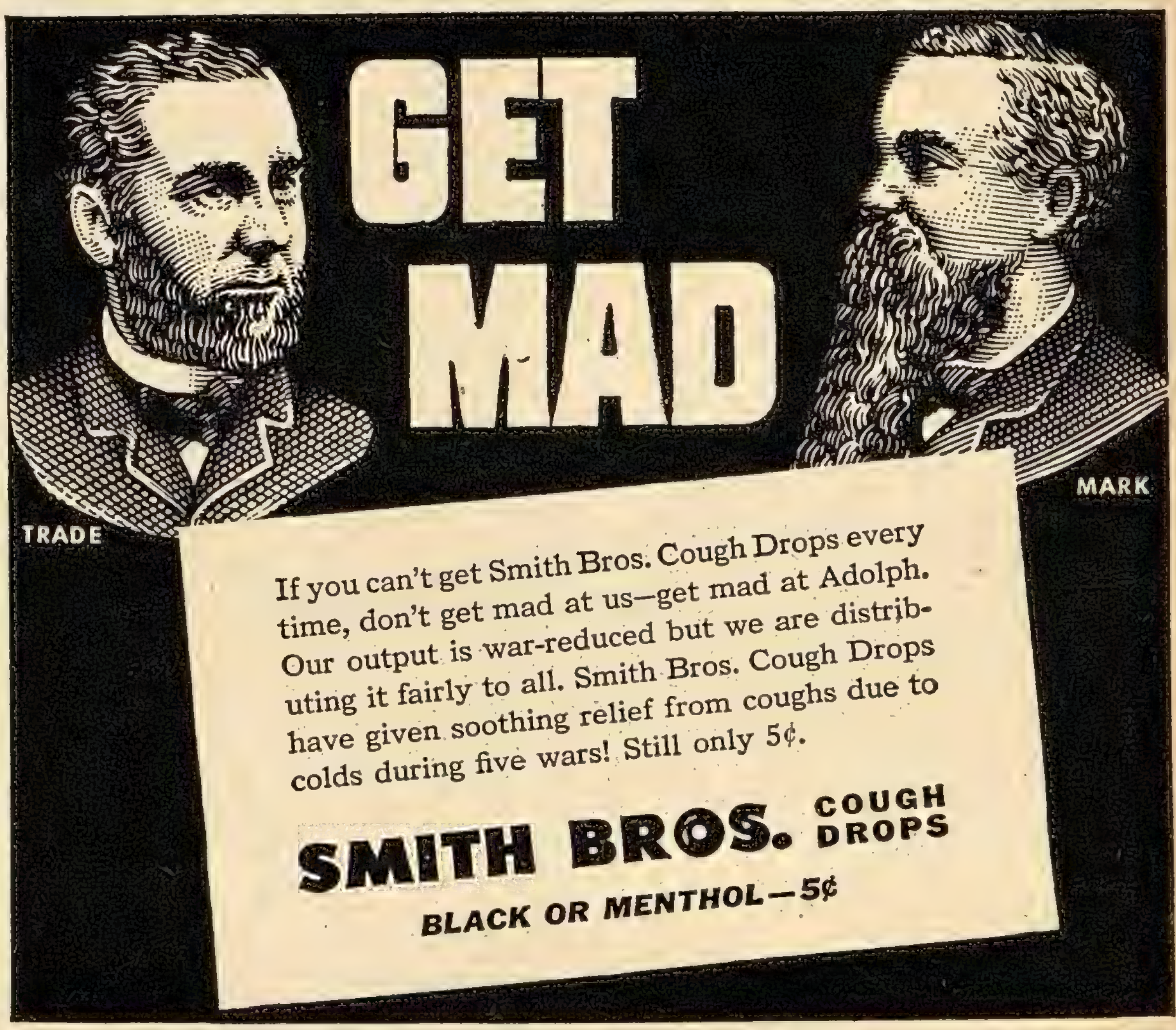
"They went then. It was about ten thirty. I had six or seven hours of ventilator shaft ahead of me. Then they'd open the sea cocks. Maybe I'd be able to close them again. Maybe! I told myself stories. I thought of all the lovely things people had done for me. Once I thought I couldn't stand it a minute longer. . . . Around dawn I heard voices on the deck above me, close to the shaft. One of them said:

"'That guy Brown, Mr. Burdette—he's a cuckoo.'

"'He's a laugh,' Burdette said. 'We need a coupla laughs. We'll cook him when we get round to it.'

"'Here's a laugh he's just handed me,' the first man said. 'He says his old man used to own a yacht or something, and he knows these waters. He says there's a place called Teakettle Island, and it'd be a lulu for us. Teakettle Island! Buy yourself another laugh, Mr. Burdette.'

"One of the men yelled then, 'Here she is!' I thought at first that he meant me, but it was the power boat Higgins had



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told me about. 'She's coming fast! She's pretty!'

" 'The Hornet—that's Sam Jewell's cruiser,' Burdette said. 'And that's Paul Jewell back of that machine gun set up on her foredeck.' He hollered, 'Hi, Paul!' "

Ann's voice ceased and she shut her eyes. The Jewells. Sure, he had known it all along, Johnny told himself. The vividness of the impressions he had collected shook him loose from his chair.

"THE Jewells," Johnny said slowly, "Sam and Paul. Lilah was in Buenos Aires with Sam. The Quincy was there, too, taking on cargo for Dakar. Somebody heard that she was to pick up bullion at Dakar. It looked like a natural. Flavin undertook to handle the Quincy end, and signed on Burdette, Welsh, and Dunlap. Paul would meet the Quincy with Sam's power cruiser. Sam would merchandise the gold later. Lilah fits in somewhere, too. It was perfect. Flavin and his boys would scuttle the Quincy—it was beautiful!" Johnny looked at Ann penitently. "Tired?"

Her smile was wan but reassuring. "Teakettle Island, Johnny?"

"There's no Teakettle Island hereabouts that I ever heard of," he muttered.

"It might be a nursery name."

"What do you mean, a nursery name?" She didn't answer, and Johnny said, "Let's get back to Mr. Brown."

"It took them about half an hour to get the gold aboard the cruiser. After the winch had stopped I heard some one down in the engine room. Water began to gush—the way it comes from a fire hydrant. Some one hurried forward, past the shaft. A man shouted from the cruiser, 'Are you coming, Burdette?'

"They were shoving off. I nearly broke my neck sliding down the engine-room ladder. The engine room was filmy with steam. Water was coming in from two six-inch valves—one to port, one to starboard. I wrestled with the port valve for a couple of minutes. Then I found a piece of pipe that Burdette must have used for a lever, and I got the valve shut. I shut off the starboard valve and started back up the ladder."

Ann locked her hands tightly round one knee. "I thought that was the end. I'd sit tight and wave a sheet at the first ship that passed, and what a story I'd have! And then I heard machine-gun fire. It came from the power cruiser. I ran into Mr. Johanson's cabin and looked through the porthole."

"Brown?" Johnny asked.

Ann nodded. "The firing had stopped now. The Hornet was hove to a couple of hundred feet to starboard. Behind the machine gun set up on her foredeck Brown was crouched. He was a big blond man with prematurely gray hair swept back from his forehead and large smooth hands, and you felt he hadn't any substance, he couldn't hurt a fly! I remembered how the crew had pushed him around and what your grandfather had said."

"Wait a minute!" Johnny's frown worried Ann; but he only shook his head impatiently and she continued:

"Two men hung over the side of the cockpit. A wave slapped the cruiser, and one of them slid slowly down into the water. Another man—Burdette, I think—was trying to keep himself afloat. The sun was getting up. Everything was flushed pink—a cupid pink that made what had just happened all the more dreadful. A breeze came up. It only lasted a moment. The sea smoothed out again, and Burdette was gone. The man still hanging over the side moved only with the motion of the boat. Except for Brown, the crew of the Emmaline Quincy had ceased to exist."

"They'd pushed him around too much. They'd kicked him in the face once too often."

"I shouted at the top of my voice, 'Hello, there, Mr. Brown!' He almost fell over the side—I'd forgotten that I was supposed to have gone overboard the night before. He spotted me right away. He didn't lose any time. He swung that gun around and threw a burst at the porthole faster than I can tell it."

"Good God!" Johnny ejaculated. "Did he hit you?" He searched her face. "What made him do that? Ambition?"

"Not exactly," said Ann. "What Flavin and Burdette and the Jewells could do, he could do, yes—but I'm getting ahead too fast again. I knew he'd try to come aboard. He had eight million dollars in gold bullion on the Hornet, and I was the only living person who knew it. I ran up on deck and hauled up the Jacob's ladder. He fired at me, but his shooting was rotten. He hung around. He seemed awkward with the cruiser. The engine bothered him, I think. But I guess I bothered him most. He could see that the Quincy wasn't going down, and he didn't seem able to make up his mind what to do. It was quite a while before he headed south."

"Teakettle Island," Johnny muttered.

"Wherever it is," said Ann. "I was absolutely alone now. I can't begin to tell you how it affected me. Even the dead were gone."

Johnny nodded, as if he understood that. "They wouldn't want them around . . . the crew wouldn't."

"I wept and walked up and down talking about the sort of world men made for themselves. Then I went down to the galley and fixed a pot of coffee. I fried eggs and bacon and made a stack of toast. I bathed and got into fresh things. By that time I knew exactly what I was going to do—provided I could get away with it."

"Why did you feel that you had to?" said Johnny bluntly.

"Well, I wanted the story for my paper. I'm a newspaperwoman, and I'm supposed to be a good one. But that wasn't the only reason. Or even the important one. I had to be absolutely sure about—Brown first. And I wanted to be *believed.*"

"I believe you," said Johnny.

"All the way?" Ann asked him. He didn't answer. "Joe Cripps, my boss in New York, believed me, too—so far. I told him that Brown was Gustaf Gustafson, and he said, 'You mean your Grandaunt Annabel, don't you?' I told him that Gustafson had been pushed around by personalities stronger than his own all of his life. I argued that under certain circumstances weak people were capable of throwing themselves into reverse. I tried to convince Joe that the right compulsions were present on Sam Jewell's Hornet that morning, and that when Gustaf Gustafson found himself behind that machine gun he reversed himself."

"WHAT did Joe Cripps say?"

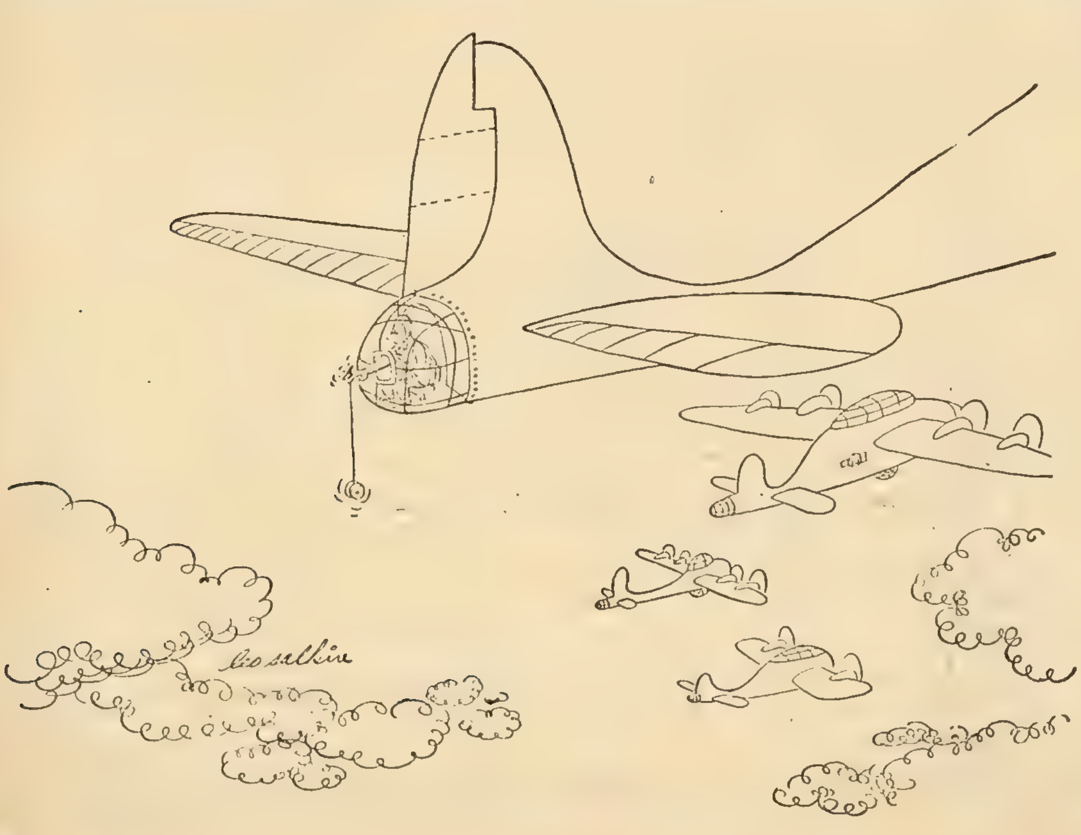
"Joe Cripps said, 'Ann, you tell a swell story but it won't stand up. Go back to Cuba and make your story stand up.' "

Johnny pushed back his chair and went over to the window again; but he didn't stay there. "I'm a dog for keeping you up. Look," he said gently. "The Jewells and Mike Flavin, sure. But Gustafson—" He made a gesture, as if it were beyond him.

"Gustafson, yes!" Ann said vehemently. "Johnny, I'm telling you what I saw! What is Gustaf to Lilah? He's five million dollars and a target for her deliberate cruelties—and that's all! She's never missed an opportunity to humiliate him. She flaunts her men in his face. She derides and debases him. She always has. And he's taken it. He couldn't help himself. He's crazy about her. She's a disease in his blood. Johnny," Ann said passionately, "you've got to be with me in this!"

"It isn't easy," said Johnny. "I knew him, too."

Ann rushed on: "You never knew the man I saw behind that machine gun on Sam Jewell's Hornet! Let's draw a picture of Gustaf's mind. Lilah has gone to Buenos Aires with Sam. Gustaf can't take any more of it. He'll go to Buenos Aires and kill Sam. But he's got to have an alibi—some one who will testify, should the need arise, that he hadn't left the States—"



STATE
Huffine

"We'd like it remodeled into a basement."

"Miss Drumm," Johnny muttered, remembering what Mr. Abernethy had told him.

"Miss Drumm, of course!" Ann cried. "Mr. Gustafson died while I was in New York, and the paper sent me up to New Hampshire to see her. She was willing to tell me about him, but it was Gustaf that she wanted to talk about. Gustaf had spent the fall painting in Maine—alone, of course! 'Gustaf was like that!' He had a cabin there. And he'd driven down to see her twice, once in September, once in October. The Quincy was en route to Dakar in September, and during October she was on her way back."

"No one else claimed to have seen him?" Johnny asked.

"No one that I was able to find! Well—Gustaf is in Buenos Aires. But it isn't easy to kill a man, even when he's mauled your pride and stolen your wife. Gustaf can't do it. Gustaf hasn't the nerve. He begins to ask himself questions. What sort of man is he? He has to know. The Emmaline Quincy is in port. He persuades Captain Angel to let him sign on as a deck hand. Nowadays it takes courage to go to sea. If he stands up under it he'll have gained confidence in himself. He'll be equal to taking on Sam Jewell afterward. . . . Johnny," Ann cried, "it's dreadfully important to me that you see it as I do!"

"The Quincy didn't work out," Johnny said grimly.

She nodded vehemently. "Gustaf has a bad time with the crew—Burdette, especially. And then the Quincy is taken. And when Paul Jewell comes up in the Hornet, Sam's cruiser, Gustaf knows that it's really Sam who's taken the Quincy, that Sam is looting her, that Sam intends to scuttle her. Sam! And Sam is Lilah's lover! And the Quincy gold will make it possible for him to keep on being her lover! That, Johnny, was the ultimate unbearable irony that made Gustaf Gustafson reverse himself. His next act is automatic. Eight men are dead in a boat, but Sam Jewell isn't one of them. Gustaf is crazy with jealousy and hate, and he comes to Havana to wipe Sam off the earth. He'd have done it, too, Johnny, if you and I hadn't got in the way."

"WAIT a minute," Johnny said. "Why didn't Gusty take you off the Quincy, show up with the gold, and get his picture in the papers?"

"He needs the money."

"But he's just come into five million dollars!"

"No, he hasn't," said Ann. "That's something else I found out in New York. Old Mr. Gustafson's will hasn't been probated yet, but it's generally known around the New York water front that his estate goes to the Gustafson Foundation, to build a hospital for seamen. Gustaf has just ten thousand a year. He can't hold Lilah with that. She married for millions." Johnny had whistled softly and was staring at Ann with respect.

"Do we finish it at breakfast, Johnny?" she wanted to know.

"If you're down first," said Johnny, full of humility, "I'll want eggs, bacon, pancakes, and coffee. And an apple. Don't forget the apple." Ann stood up, and as she did so, he laid the little gold elephant in her palm and closed her hand over it. "Elephants are lucky," he said. "But keep your door locked—the wolves are hungry."

Her eyes were grave now and less weary, and her mouth was full and sweet. He took her into his arms and pressed his lips down upon hers. "Two sticks of newsprint with 'Ann Wingate' for a by-line," he told her, "aren't going to be enough for Mr. Angel." He kissed her again. "Not now," he said, and left her.

OLD Mr. Gustafson's office looked out toward the Gulf of Mexico. It was paneled in Cuban mahogany, mellow with personality and the heady essences of Havana leaf and Cuban rum consumed in an era of high enterprise that was gone forever. It had little in common with the large blond man getting up from behind a desk of Chinese teak, his hand outstretched.

"It must be fifteen years, Johnny."

"Yes," Johnny said, "all of that, Mr. Gustafson."

The latter's bronze skin and his prematurely white hair swept back from his high sloping forehead should have been distinguishing, but they somehow weren't. Except that he looked older and was heavier and the sea air had been good for his complexion, Johnny's first thought was that he hadn't changed much. Almost at once he knew better. Eight men were dead in a boat, and this guy's smooth bronze hands with their carefully manicured pink nails had squeezed the trigger that had smashed death into their bodies. He had to be different.

"I was sorry to hear about your father," he said. "He had a lot of salt, Mr. Gustafson."

"Your grandfather had the same sort of quality," Gustafson said, "only, he couldn't root himself ashore."

"He was a peculiar man, my grandfather," said Johnny.

"Father couldn't get over the Quincy thing," Gustafson went on. "I only saw him toward the last. We had been estranged, I am sorry to say, for several months. I had been up in Maine—"

"Painting," Johnny said, his voice gritty.

"Yes," said Gustafson boldly, "painting—I wanted the autumn colors. When I heard how ill he was, I came down to see him. He was completely engulfed by what had happened. He kept saying. 'It couldn't be!' It hastened his death." Johnny's eyes followed Gustafson's to an oil painting of a grim old gentleman on the wall at the end of the room. There wasn't much resemblance. "I went over the Quincy yesterday," Gustafson was saying. "Something abominable must have happened."

Johnny heard Gustafson's premeditated phrases with a sense of unreality. He thought incredulously, He wanted the autumn colors! "Did you enjoy yourself?" he asked Gustafson.

"*Enjoy* myself—what do you mean?"

"Didn't you say you were up in Maine?"

"I was talking about going aboard the Emmaline Quincy!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Gustafson," said Johnny elaborately. "I guess I was thinking about something else—you being up in Maine for the autumn colors. What did you say about the Quincy?"

"I said that something abominable must have happened." A slight tremor disturbed Gustafson's carefully contrived self-control. He covered it up by saying, "There'll be some salvage money for you."

"I've just been in to Mr. Summerbell," Johnny said. "He let me have an advance. I'm broke."

"I HAVE your report to Mr. Abernethy," Gustafson went on. "I think I know how you feel."

"I'm glad you do, Mr. Gustafson," Johnny said. "It's very hard for me to tell any one how I feel."

"Have you anything to add?" Gustafson asked.

"To what, Mr. Gustafson?" inquired Johnny blandly.

"To Mr. Abernethy's report, of course!"

"I don't think I have," Johnny said.

"You had some one aboard the Quincy all the time, I understand, and didn't know it. I'd like to hear your theory of what happened." A muscle pulled at the corner of Gustafson's mouth as he said that, and Johnny thought, He knows now that I've got the business from Ann, and he wants to find out where he stands. I'll let him cook.

"Well," said Johnny, "my notion is that part of the crew took the ship. They killed my grandfather, shot up the lads who wouldn't play ball, and opened the sea cocks. They had outside connections—a power boat, probably. Only they didn't know about the guy who'd stowed away at Dakar. It was he who shut off the sea cocks and pulled up the ladder. Now he's holed up somewhere, waiting his chance to shake down the crew."

"It sounds reasonable," said Gustafson.

"I've been wondering about the Quincy's cargo—her unlisted cargo," Johnny went on. Gustafson waited, his eyes guarded, and Johnny lighted a cigarette, taking his time about it. "What was it—gold?"

"Yes," Gustafson said briefly.

"What some guys won't do for that kind of dough!"

"It's the times!" Gustafson ejaculated, and color flowed up under his bronze skin. "We're in a spiritual blackout. There's been nothing like it in a thousand years. There must be a fount of evil somewhere that gathers strength through the centuries. When it cracks through, everything goes." He gave a laugh. "I didn't intend to sermonize."

"A sermon never did any one any harm, Mr. Gustafson," Johnny said mildly.

GUSTAFSON seemed baffled. "What are your plans?" He brushed his own question aside as if it had sounded stupid to him. "Of course! You've got to get to the bottom of it. There are certain obligations that a man cannot ignore." Gustafson's compulsions were pushing him along at an accelerated tempo. "Have you any idea who instigated the looting—you spoke of outside connections?" Something deep within Gustafson's eyes was saying, I've got to get it over with! He became bold. "Have you run into anything yet?"

"This would be confidential," Johnny said blandly.

"Yes, of course," said Gustafson.

"Well," Johnny said, "it happened the night I brought the Quincy in. I'd had a rotten time, so I went to a spot called the Jewel Box. There was a girl I'd met sitting at a table there with some people. I think you know her—Ann Wingate. She's a newspaperwoman. I went over. It was Mr. Jewell's party—Mr. Sam Jewell. But I guess you know more about Sam than I do, because Mrs. Gustafson was there, too. Ann and Mrs. G. are great friends. Mr. Jewell invited me to have a drink, then dinner. Ann and I danced. Then we went out onto the terrace. It was raining. There was a man in a raincoat on the terrace and he took a shot at me."

Very quietly Gustafson said, "Who was he?"

"I'll give you the picture."

Johnny did so, in explicit detail, except that he rather obviously neglected to describe the man in the raincoat. Gustafson sat tapping on the desk with a pencil until he had finished. The room gathered silence then, and Johnny was wondering how much of this sort of thing the other was good for, when Gustafson said:

"You really haven't anything, have you?"

"You could put it in your eye."

"Do you feel that your grandfather is dead?"

"Don't you?" said Johnny dangerously.

"I do—but some people don't."

"What people?"

"Shipping circles," said Gustafson. "Anything as sensational as this—" Johnny's eyes had become incandescent, and Gustafson's nerve ran out on him. He hurried on: "I hope I don't need to tell you the line is convinced that Captain Angel never swerved from his duty—or you, either, for that matter. The Quincy needs a new master. If you want her, Johnny, she's yours." He smiled uneasily. "The line would be at a loss without a Captain Angel on its roster."

Johnny felt that he couldn't take any more of Gustaf Gustafson. This bloody-handed daffodil telling me the ships need men! He wants me out of Havana. He got up, curbing his anger. "That'd be lovely, Mr. Gustafson, but not right now, thank you."

He was turning to go when the door opened and Lilah Gustafson entered in a floppy hat and a delphinium-blue jersey frock. "Why, Mr. Angel!" she chanted, and held out her hand. Cold inside, his "Hello, Mrs. Gustafson," was even colder. "Still guessing?" Lilah wanted to know.

Johnny wanted to break her neck. "Guessing's too much trouble—you said so yourself," he replied.

Lilah laughed. "I knew you were fun!"

"A barrel of fun, till the hoops fall off me," Johnny said.

"Barrels can be fixed," said Lilah. She wrapped a warm smile round him. "Ann's in town. We must have a party. Gusty loves parties. Don't you, darling?" she asked him over her shoulder, "Did you ever see Gusty tight, Mr. Angel?" She didn't wait for him to answer. "Nobody else ever did, either. Gusty always sits in a corner."

Johnny thought, Why doesn't he buy himself an ax! "A party, sure, Mrs. Gustafson," he said, and left.

JOHNNY had a date for lunch with Ann at Marco's, but he wanted to rid himself first of the noxious atmosphere of Gustaf Gustafson. He picked up a cab and got out at the Pico. He had just finished his shower when the telephone rang.

"Is this M'sieu Angel?" Johnny said it was. The voice had an accent and sounded familiar. "M'sieu, I am Louis Fouché. Perhaps you will remember me—that waiter at the Jewel Box. You were most kind on the occasion of my awkwardness two weeks ago—"

"I do remember you," Johnny said. "Where are you?"

"At the house where I have my room, on Calle Esiquiel," Louis Fouché said. His voice became tense. "What I wish to say is of the utmost importance. It concerns the Emmaline Quincy, mademoiselle, and yourself—"

Johnny cut in, "How about coming up here, Mr. Fouché?"

"No, m'sieu! They are suspicious. I am being watched. Last night I overheard a name mentioned—Mlle. Wingate's. And something was said regarding some information which she possesses. M'sieu, they propose to force it out of her. When the attempt will be made, and where, I do not know. But these men are without scruple. They would be merciless! M'sieu, I urge you to take mademoiselle away from this city. If necessary, compel—"

The amputated sentence hung in the air, and a shocking sense of terror vibrating off the wire made Johnny shout thickly, "Louis—what is it?"

He caught the powdery whisper of Louis' reply. "M'sieu—at the window—"

Johnny heard the blast of a gun. Twice he heard it. Some glass had tinkled, too. Then came the thud of a man's body loaded with death hitting the floor.

Who will be the next victim of the infamous Sam Jewell? Next week Lilah puts the screws on Gustaf, and Johnny unknowingly sends Ann into danger.

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A MAN in Brooklyn whose son is in the Navy suggests a "close-fitting steel helmet to cover a vacuum" for whoever thought up certain postal regulations concerning the sending of reading matter to servicemen overseas.

This Brooklyn man's beef is about the ruling that a serviceman must write a letter of request for reading matter before the folks back home can send it to him at second-class rates.

Now, before we prescribe vacuum helmets, let's see just what the regulations are concerning reading matter.

First, if there is no request from the serviceman, you may send him up to eight ounces of reading matter at first-class rates, or three cents an ounce. Eight ounces isn't very much, maybe a magazine or two, and it costs you twenty-four cents. Frankly, it looks as though that arrangement serves chiefly to discourage the sending of unrequested reading matter.

Dear Jack
K.P.

Kolossal pleasure?

Second, if the serviceman makes a specific request for reading matter, such as certain newspapers or magazines, you're allowed to send this material to him at second-class rates—one and a half cents for two ounces—but you must mark the wrapper, "Sent by specific request." Also, you must take the letter of request to the post office with you, so the clerk can examine it. He cancels it with a stamp, so the same request letter can't be used twice.

Third, the serviceman is permitted to subscribe to periodicals and have them mailed to him by the publishers. Or, if he sends a request, the folks at home may subscribe for him.

That's the picture.

Now, it certainly is kind of ridiculous to put a serviceman through all that request rigmarole if all he wants is the last chapter of a serial story. You can't keep Penelope Pendergast hanging from that cliff while G. I. Joe sends a letter of request halfway around the world.

By the time Joe's request gets home, chances are the periodical he wants is off the stands. Even if you're lucky enough to find it, it still has to make the return trip. So, all in all, Joe is lucky to get that last chapter in time for the armistice.

True, the post office has a whale of a problem handling servicemen's mail and packages. Also, shipping space is at a premium and you can't yank out a box of cartridges to make room for that last chapter about Penelope.

But—isn't there some better arrangement? Obviously, the shipment of reading matter must be limited in some way. But this request routine, as the Brooklyn man points out, isn't exactly ideal. Let's hope the postal authorities put their heads together and come up with a better plan.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Two of us boys out here at "APO 708" would like you to settle a question, Sarge. We've got a few iron men on the right answer, if you get what I mean. How many generals does our Army have at the present time?

Pvt. L. H.,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

If you mean "general officers"—including brigadier, major, lieutenant, and full generals—the answer at this writing is approximately 1,100. If you mean full or four-star generals only, the answer is, five now on active duty: Marshall, MacArthur, Eisenhower, Arnold, and Craig.

* * *

What does A. P. O. mean? One of my friends told me it meant "Across Pacific Ocean." Is that true?

Miss J. M., Muskegon, Mich.

It can mean "Across Atlantic Ocean," too. I think somebody's been ribbing you, miss. APO stands for Army Post Office and is used in the mailing address of servicemen, usually those on duty overseas. Now, don't let anybody tell you that K. P. stands for kolossal pleasure.

* * *

When a soldier is reported "missing in action," how long afterward do his allotments and allowances continue?

J. B., Tampa, Fla.

Bulletin No. 2, War Department, dated January 5, 1943, sets forth that "the period for payments of allotments, allowances, etc., for persons missing in action is twelve months, by act of Congress (Public Law 848—77th Congress), from date of commencement of absence."

* * *

In reading about the General Patton "incident," I noticed that, while Patton was known as a lieutenant general, he was up for promotion by the Senate to the *permanent rank* of major general. Why does he have two ranks?

J. B. D., Biloxi, Miss.

Most wartime promotions are temporary. They are promotions in the Army of the United States, and ranks thus conferred are for the duration only. Permanent ranks are in the United States Army, known as the Regular Army. Thus it is possible for a man to be a colonel in the Regular Army, as was Patton, and a lieutenant general in the A. U. S. Very few promotions in permanent rank are given out in wartime.

* * *

Can a soldier who has been overseas wear overseas stripes? If not, how are we to distinguish ourselves from soldiers who are serving in the United States?

Pvt. D. A. H.,
South Pacific Theater.

No service stripes for overseas duty in World War II have yet been authorized by the War Department. For the time being, your only distinguishing mark will have to be your ribbons showing what theaters of operations you have served in.

* * *

Does a staff sergeant or his wife receive any extra money or allotment for a baby?

Mrs. J. S. K., Millersburg, Pa.

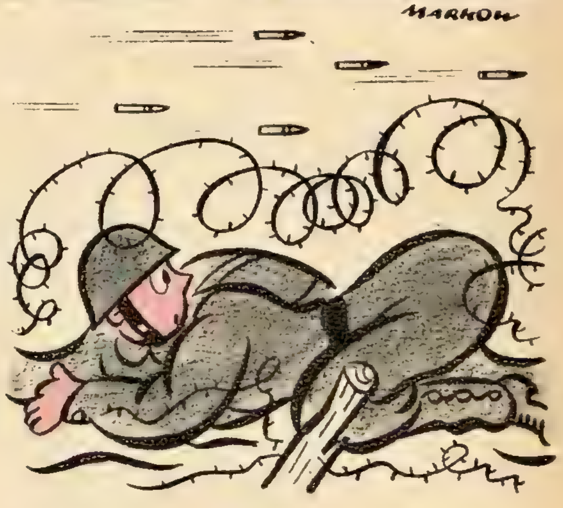
A staff sergeant has his choice between his dependents' quarters allowance of approximately $37.50 a month and the government allowances for enlisted men. If he chooses the latter, in this case his wife gets $80 a month, of which $22 comes out of his pay, or, in other words, $58 net. He'd thus be money ahead.

* * *

I've heard talk that the Army uses live ammunition in certain types of training. One story I heard is that real machine-gun bullets are fired over the heads of soldiers, who must advance on their bellies under a curtain of lead. Is this true, Sarge? If so, I haven't encountered it—yet.

Pvt. G. H., Buckley Field, Colo.

There is a course in advanced training for both officers and enlisted men known as "infiltration." Live machine-gun ammunition is fired at a low level, and soldiers must advance under it, wriggling along the ground and getting under barbed-wire barricades. This is one of the Army's most valuable courses. By giving the soldiers their baptism of fire under controlled, noncombat conditions, thousands of lives are saved later on. It has been learned at the front that men who have never heard the whizz of real bullets may get panicky and expose themselves. By hearing that whizz in practice, they know how to protect themselves when the real thing comes.



Infiltration

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ARE NAZI NERVES AS GOOD AS NAZI GUNS?

Continued from Page 23

age youngsters and physically inferior men in their late forties—the result of Hitler's 1943 total mobilization drive—with only a sprinkling of war-wise and battle-scarred veterans. These soldiers are depicted as poorly trained and under-equipped.

Other sources hold an entirely opposite view. According to them, the German soldiers in France are tough, hard-bitten, splendidly trained and equipped, and certain to give an excellent account of themselves.

Curiously enough, both sides may be right, each in its own way. The answer to the momentous question is complicated by the fact that France is not only the most important German defense bastion; it is also the greatest training ground for new German armies in the making. That such new units contain a very large proportion of inadequately trained and poorly equipped recruits is obvious, especially with the established Wehrmacht practice of issuing first-class equipment to new formations only when these are assigned to one of the fighting fronts. From a layman's point of view, these soldiers in training may well be considered second-rate material, but it is also a fact that they do not figure to any extent in the defense picture of western Europe. Their training completed, they may be sent to Russia, Italy, or any other place on the Continent.

Also, France is a resting place for German divisions that have been badly mauled on the various fighting fronts. The German Supreme Command does not relish the idea of having such units in the Reich proper, because the sight of them would be detrimental to home morale. As a rule, these divisions are sent to France and the Low Countries. Here they are rested, rehabilitated, and brought back to normal strength by the inclusion of fresh recruits. That these soldiers on their arrival from the front are a pitiful, bedraggled lot is only natural. But they are not part of the Western Defense Army.

Furthermore, the interior districts of France are garrisoned almost exclusively by units of the Ersatzheer, the standard occupation troops. (The Ersatzheer, as such, does not figure in field operations, but during the past year many of its men, particularly its alien components, were funneled into the Feldheer, or field army, as replacements.) Their quality is far behind that of the field units, but they too are in no way representatives of the regular German fighting forces. Any one basing his judgment of the Wehrmacht on the appearance and general behavior of these auxiliary troops is certain to arrive at wrong conclusions.

WHEN Major General George V. Strong, assistant chief of staff in charge of Military Intelligence (G-2), submitted his recent report on the status of Germany's continental defenses to the Congress of the United States, he stated that "further advances will be contested yard by yard and foot by foot by well trained veteran troops." Undoubtedly the Western Defense Army is among the veteran enemy troops that General Strong referred to. Military Intelligence experts have means and methods of ascertaining the vital facts. Their information is taken from sources that have been found authoritative and accurate. Their reports represent the foundation on which the structure of our military strategy is erected.

Germany's Western Defense Army consists, broadly speaking, of two distinct types of defense units—the fortress troops (Festungstruppen) and the divisions of the so-called mobile defense.

The fortress troops man the coastal fortifications and the formidable network of hedgehog bastions in their immediate rear. By the very nature of their task these soldiers must be highly trained specialists. They cannot be replaced by inexperienced men. They are stationed in the coastal strip from which the entire native population has been evacuated. Some units have been there for the better part of two years. Others were added as the danger of a full-scale Allied invasion increased. Officers and men of the fortress divisions are not allowed outside the fortified belt except when proceeding home on furlough.

The fortress troops are commanded by Colonel General Dollmann, an artillery expert whose heavy guns pierced some of the Maginot fortifications in 1940. It is symptomatic, however, that in November, 1943, Dollmann's chief of staff was shifted and his place taken by General Richard Jungklaus, another Elite Guard product and buddy of Gestapo Chief Himmler. The move was consistent with the new Nazi policy of maneuvering their trusted party generals into key positions.

The methodically deliberate strategy of the Allied staffs is a cause of much

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irritation to the Germans. The necessity of continuous alerts in the face of an ever-present invasion threat has been a major contributing factor to the working up of a case of nerves. The fortress troops, especially, have been victims of this psychological malady.

A sergeant of the 24th Küstenartillerieregiment when home on furlough had this to say:

“It is this infernal waiting that drives us crazy. Day in and day out, we sit behind our ramparts, waiting for something that, we are told time and again, may come any moment, but which never happens. Every so often we receive reconnaissance reports saying the enemy is assembling for an invasion. We rush to our posts. We sit through the night, straining our every nerve, and, when the night is gone, nothing has come of it. Just another false alarm.

“You have no idea how it wears one out to wait for something that never comes. At times when I am on guard at night, with the never-ceasing pounding of the cursed sea in my ears, I feel pinpricks all over. Your nerves wear so thin you are afraid they will snap. And always, when the officer on duty makes his rounds, he warns, ‘Be on guard; they may come any moment.’ The hell of it is that they do not come.

“The routine is killing. You hate yourself for being where you are. You want relaxation and find none. You walk into the recreation room and find the same chessboards and card games you have seen for months. You feel like spitting in the faces of your comrades, who feel the same as you. You are shown a film with beautiful young women in it, which only drives you madder. Civilians aren’t allowed in the fortifications. To meet a woman in the flesh you must go forty kilometers to the rear, and if you get a pass once a month you are lucky. Then you meet hags the very sight of whom nauseates you.

“If they would only come, we could fight it out and be damned. But the swine do not come.”

This sergeant’s nervous condition has grown more and more typical of the defenders of Hitler’s western ramparts as time has passed. Nor is it confined to the troops stationed along the Channel coast. A young lieutenant of the 22d Pomeranian Infantry Regiment, stationed in southern France, expressed himself thus:

“WE do not know why we are here. For six months we trained in the region of Grenoble. Then we engaged in anti-invasion maneuvers near Cannes. It was hard, backbreaking work, but the men did not grumble. They understood the necessity of being prepared to repel the enemy when he came. They were given to understand that an invasion of the Riviera was imminent, and were eager to get into the fight.

“That was months ago. Ever since we have been reduced to routine tasks. It is killing. The men hate it. They want more freedom of movement. They ask why so many young Frenchwomen are sent to Germany instead of keeping them here for the soldiers to associate with. I cannot blame the men.

“The other day a Gefreiter [first-class private] read a letter from his brother on the Eastern Front telling what they must go through there. The men sat in groups, discussing the letter. They could not understand why they were kept here in rank idleness, with things in Russia what they are. I should have stopped the talk, should have sent the men on their way to do something, no matter what.

“I didn’t have the heart. I simply pretended not to hear. Once I was one of them and I can understand their point of view. To be frank, I don’t know any longer myself what this is—war or a sort of slow, sneaking madness.”

The mobile defense units that constitute part of Field Marshal von Rundstedt’s forces are of a different make-up. Their purpose is to engage such enemy divisions as may have broken through the fortified belt. Unlike the fortress troops, they are attuned to a war of swift movement. As a rule they are mixed divisions having armored and motorized elements as well as infantry. They are largely quartered in the vicinity of inland French towns and also in the underground barracks of the former Maginot Line.

While the fortress troops must remain at their stations, the mobile defense units may be shifted from one front to another. However, the military command of an important defense area such as France and the Low Countries prefers to rely on troops who are thoroughly familiar with the terrain and other conditions of their prospective battle zone. For this reason, von Rundstedt likes to keep his mobile defense units so long as it is consistent with their morale.

In this connection a report to von Rundstedt’s staff by Lieutenant General Hitter, commanding the 206th Infantry Division, may be considered indicative of conditions. In it the general stated:

“I respectfully submit that my unit be sent where the men will see action.

One should not allow highly trained fighting men to remain static in the same monotonous environment for eight months. It impairs their morale.

"There have been certain deplorable excesses against the female native population for which the guilty should have been severely disciplined. I found such measures impractical because the men were confined for months to an atmosphere of demoralizing inactivity.

"In time of war soldiers are made for fighting. It has been drilled into their minds. Under conditions of inactivity they lose their edge, go stale. They look for excuses on which to base infractions of the rules. They grow restive and become difficult to handle.

"They also develop a tendency toward fraternization with the native element. They no longer understand why they should not be permitted to marry native women. The number of men in my division who are actual or prospective fathers, involving native females, runs into the hundreds. What is worse, they begin to think they owe these women something. They develop what I consider one of the greatest drawbacks of a fighting man—a family instinct.

"Unless my division is shortly transferred to an active theater, I shall find it increasingly difficult to combat soldier deterioration."

This, it should be remembered, is on the whole what an alert commanding officer in any army might tell his superiors if his troops had been held inactive for too long. It is also a fact that immediately after their transfer to the Russian front the men of Hitter's division fought with spirit and tenacity.

LAST December the Supreme Command made one of its spectacular moves. It appointed Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, the famed Desert Fox, to command the mobile forces of the Western Defense Army. Rommel still serves under von Rundstedt, but he may have secret orders from Hitler himself, giving him powers exceeding those of an ordinary subordinate commander. At the same time the units of Rommel's command were augmented by six armored and mechanized Waffen S/S divisions, which had one year's intensive training and were carefully kept from the eastern front. Officially, these divisions constitute Rommel's shock troops, but it may well be that they were given him as special insurance against civilian uprisings and, possibly, defeatist tendencies among regular army units.

Sifting all pertinent information, it may be accepted as established that Field Marshal von Rundstedt has a strong force of splendidly equipped and expertly trained men at his disposal. On the other hand, there are certain indications that the Allied war of nerves has brought about a degree of mental deterioration in the average Nazi soldier.

To just what extent this condition will affect his fighting qualities when he faces the great test remains to be answered by events.

Of one thing, however, there can be not the slightest doubt. In their mental make-up, Hitler's soldiers of today are a far cry from the swashbuckling, supremely confident warriors who poured into France in May, 1940.

Their nerves have begun to tell. This goes in particular for the fortress troops, who must bear the brunt of the initial Allied assault.

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

WEAK WOMEN, MY EYE!—Mrs. Florence L. McCord, thirty-nine years old, became a steeple jack last summer, and has since painted scores of flagpoles and radio towers. One of the jobs handled by Mrs. McC. and her husband was the 135-foot radio tower on top of the Kansas City Police Headquarters. High point was 247 feet above terra firma. Painting the tower took two days and netted the couple sixty-five dollars. Mrs. McCord says she just loves her work, and that the views are wonderful. . . . Mme. Wei Tao-ming, wife of the Chinese Ambassador, is one of Washington's loveliest hostesses. To look at her, demurely gowned in embroidered black silk native costume, makes it difficult to visualize her breath-taking past. Her book, My Revolutionary Years, contains many startling disclosures, such as tales of shuttling dynamite between Peking and Tientsin while still in her teens. She studied law in Paris, and graduated in the class with the man whom she later married. She was China's first woman magistrate, and for seven years was president of the Shanghai Law College. She and her close friend, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, were the first two women in the Republican Congress of China.

VALENTINE

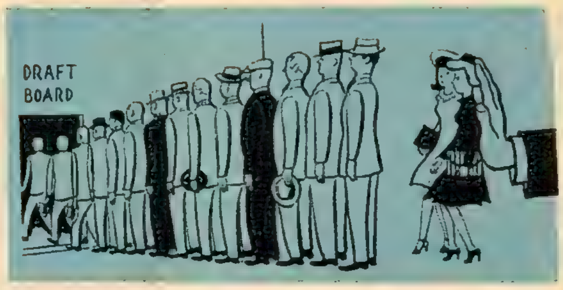
For no one could my love be littler
Than for that monster, Adolf Hitler;
Although I also cast my veto
For saffron, slant-eyed Hirohito.

HEN STORY: Heavily producing hens eat less food per dozen eggs than birds guilty of low production. And poor families who presumably consume less nourishing food than do rich ones, are notoriously prolific, and go doggedly on producing more children than they can care for adequately. Perhaps Mrs. Gotroks should go on a diet, if she has a hankering for mass production.

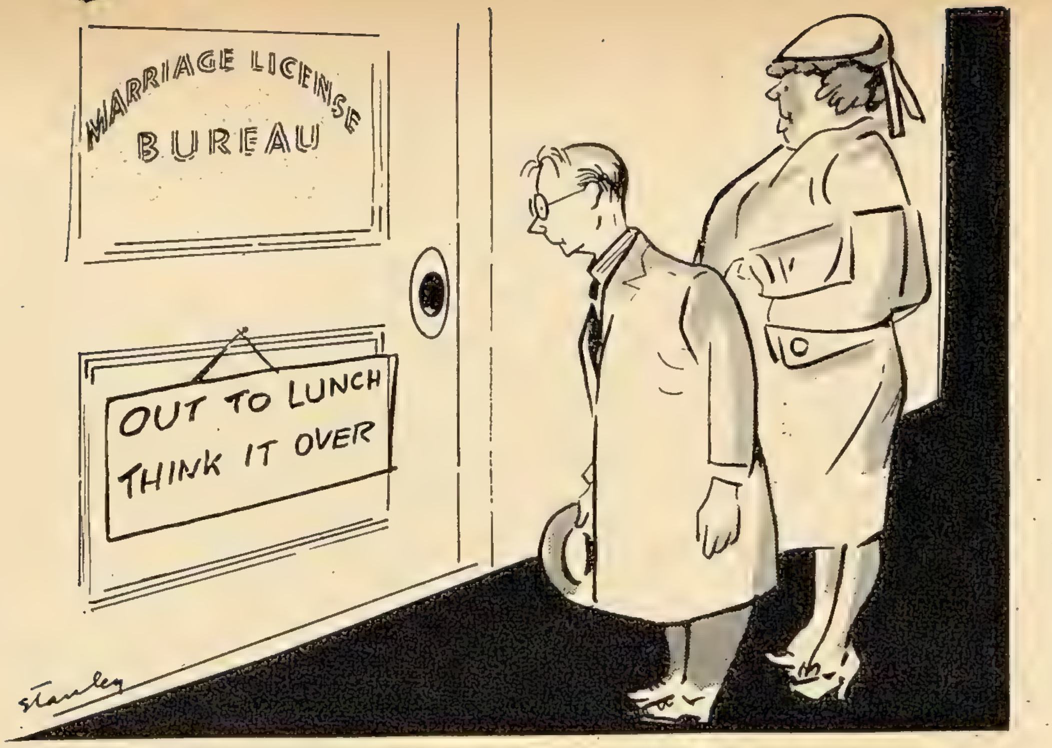
DOWN THE HATCH!—Elizabeth Dearmin Furbay has written an intriguing book about life among the Liberians. Top Hats and Tom-toms includes a description of a powerful dish called Timbuktoo, which Manhattan's Ubangi Night Club has featured on its menus. It involves brown rice swimming in rich chicken gravy, flavored with palm oil, and pulverized freshly roasted peanuts. Chunks of chicken meat are laid tenderly on top, and the whole business is sprinkled with any or all of assorted delicacies, voluptuously arranged on a plate, which are passed around. There are sliced bananas, cubed pineapple, shredded fresh coconut, chutney, and fresh cucumbers. For the average housewife not a practical dish, as it would take hours of marketing and preparation.

TOUGH LUCK FOR CANADIAN GIRLS: Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, speaking in London, depressed a large Canadian public by stating that approximately 16,000 Canadian soldiers would take English and Scotch girls home with them as wives after the war.

TRUTH-IS-STRANGER-THAN-FICTION DEPARTMENT: Serviceman Roy Anenda visited Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge S. Mitchell of New Bern, North Carolina. While there, he telephoned his mother in San Francisco, and in the course of his chat remarked that he was calling from a Mrs. Mitchell's home in New Bern. Imagine every one's surprise when Mrs. Anenda announced that Sailor Eldridge Mitchell, Jr., son of the New Berners, was on the Anenda premises at that very moment! . . . A Royal Air Force pilot returned to duty after a leave at home in an English coast village. He was immediately sent on a raid. En route back, his plane was shot down in the North Sea. He was picked up by a boat, and taken to the nearest rescue station, which proved to be so close to his mother's house that he went home for breakfast. She thought he had missed train connections and was overstaying his leave!



WOMEN AT WAR: Enrolled in the British counterpart of our WAC are 212,000 women, while our WAC numbers only 60,000, though the United Kingdom's population is about one third of our country's. The British long ago ceased depending on volunteers to fill essential jobs, both military and civilian. Women are drafted along with the men. All women in Great Britain between eighteen and forty-five are registered for some form of national service. Those who do not voluntarily enter the auxiliary forces—the land army, nursing, civil defense, or war industries—may be ordered into work wherever needed. Had the United States drafted women, we would have avoided the heavy draft on fathers. The Army could use 600,000 WACs instead of 60,000. That would be as many, in proportion to population, as the British have in their Auxiliary Territorial Service.



(*Continued from page 54*)

education through the normal school at Piney Woods, which was new then. She became a teacher and eventually county industrial supervisor in charge of twenty-three schools and three thousand pupils. Then, following in Lawrence Jones' footsteps, she went as a teacher to the poorest, least promising community she could find. Before she left it, a modern school building stood in place of the old shack she had found there. Aided by the Julius Rosenwald Negro Educational Fund and by the many tiny and touching donations from the people of the community, she had accomplished the almost impossible. She is still a powerful influence among her people and an earnest worker for Piney Woods School.

Piney Woods now has dormitory space for about three hundred boys and girls, and there are another hundred day pupils, many of them little children taught by the student teachers of Piney Woods. It has a model dairy, and a nursery and greenhouse for the propagation of plants for the orchard; space for classrooms and administrative offices; a power plant, an automobile repair shop, a woodworking shop, a hospital, a community house, and other enterprises serving the double purpose of instruction and service. Every building has been put up by the students themselves.

The school for the blind at Piney Woods is aided by state funds, and the agricultural projects by the Smith-Hughes and other acts of Congress. Three hundred of the school's 1,600 acres are in cultivation. The yield per acre from the school farm is a revelation to those who still farm by hit-or-miss methods. The pigs at Piney Woods are thoroughbreds and provide a sizable cash income besides supplying the school with pork.

Each student who leaves Piney Woods has learned some trade or means of earning a living—two alternate ways, if possible. The boys learn bricklaying, carpentry, woodworking, plumbing, electrical wiring, cooking, gardening, various phases of agriculture and animal husbandry. The girls learn cooking, sewing, laundry work, gardening, broommaking. For several years there has been a commercial course for those who could qualify in English.

The student who pays sixteen dollars a month for board, room, and tuition is called a nonworking student. That does not mean he does no work, because everybody works a certain minimum amount of time, particularly at the trade or occupation he expects to follow. Other students pay twelve dollars a month and work longer hours.

The student who can pay nothing works most of the day and goes to school at night. But if he wishes, he can remain at the school during the summer and by his labor lay up "credits" for the fall term, when he will not have to work so hard. Many students follow this plan. It is their work which keeps the school farm and other enterprises going.

Not all the students are adolescents. One married man who later became the head farmer at the school entered the fourth grade as the father of four children and finished the twelfth grade with twelve! Some of the students are eighteen or twenty before they get to Piney Woods. They may have to enter the third or fourth grade and sit beside little children as they learn. But they know what they want and they are willing.

And it's each student according to his capacities, Mr. Jones insists. A student may receive a diploma without reaching the standards of scholarship generally met by high-school graduates, but only if he is incapable of meeting them.

Those who have the ability are encouraged to go on to institutions of higher learning.

In his work Lawrence Jones has received, and treasures, encouragement from many white people, his own neighbors among them. And, most important of all, there are his teachers, those who, like Georgia Lee Myers, have left Piney Woods inspired by the same vision that took Lawrence Jones there. They multiply his efforts. They are the waves spreading from the pebble cast by Lawrence Jones into a sea of ignorance. Who can say how far these waves will reach?

There is always singing at Piney Woods, because every one there likes to sing. One of the songs is an old spiritual from slavery days—Inching Along. It is Mr. Jones' favorite, and summarizes his philosophy and teaching. It expresses the patient wisdom of those who do not demand and push and seize, but who gradually improve themselves, trying to deserve and to contribute toward the better days that surely lie ahead for the entire human race.

THE END

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TIN-CAN SAILORS

Continued from Page 22

after the remaining Jap ship, exclaimed:

"If the —— — — —— wants a fight, I'll give him one!"

And our destroyers are just as tough and durable as the men who run them. When the destroyer Strong was hit by a torpedo while bombarding Vila and Bairoko Harbor to soften them up and support Marine landings, a sister destroyer, Chevalier, went alongside. In the black of night the Chevalier was damaged, but she made fast to her stricken sister. Then, while the Strong was sinking and threatening to drag the Chevalier down with her, men climbed from one ship to the other, Jap planes dropped flares and bombs, and Jap shore batteries opened up. To cap the climax, when the Strong sank, her depth charges detonated under the bow of the Chevalier as she backed clear. Despite all these hazards, the Chevalier rescued more than 75 per cent of the Strong's crew and returned safely to one of our own bases.

No job is beyond the resources of a destroyer. Captain Ryan once took his flagship from New Caledonia to Guadalcanal with eighty tons of 90 mm. and other ammunition aboard. It appears that the logistics had gone to pot and our Marines were about to run out of ammunition, so the destroyer was loaded and raced north at twenty-five knots.

While she was unloading east of Lengo and within 500 yards of the transport Majaba, a midget submarine broached and fired a fish (torpedo) which hit the Majaba. The destroyer, at battle stations while unloading ammunition, slipped her anchor chain and was dropping depth charges on the midget in three minutes.

The next day, when Ryan's men began asking what had happened, they discovered two witnesses who had seen a second fish from the midget clear the destroyer's stern by only 200 yards. When asked why they didn't report it at the time, one of the witnesses, the chief torpedoman, said he thought the captain knew—because he was doing the right thing.

While Ryan was screening Admiral "Ching" Lee's battleships in one of those Savo Island battles, three fish passed ahead of his flagship and two astern, all of them within 200 yards. The tin can was able to warn a battleship in time for her to turn away and avoid any damage.

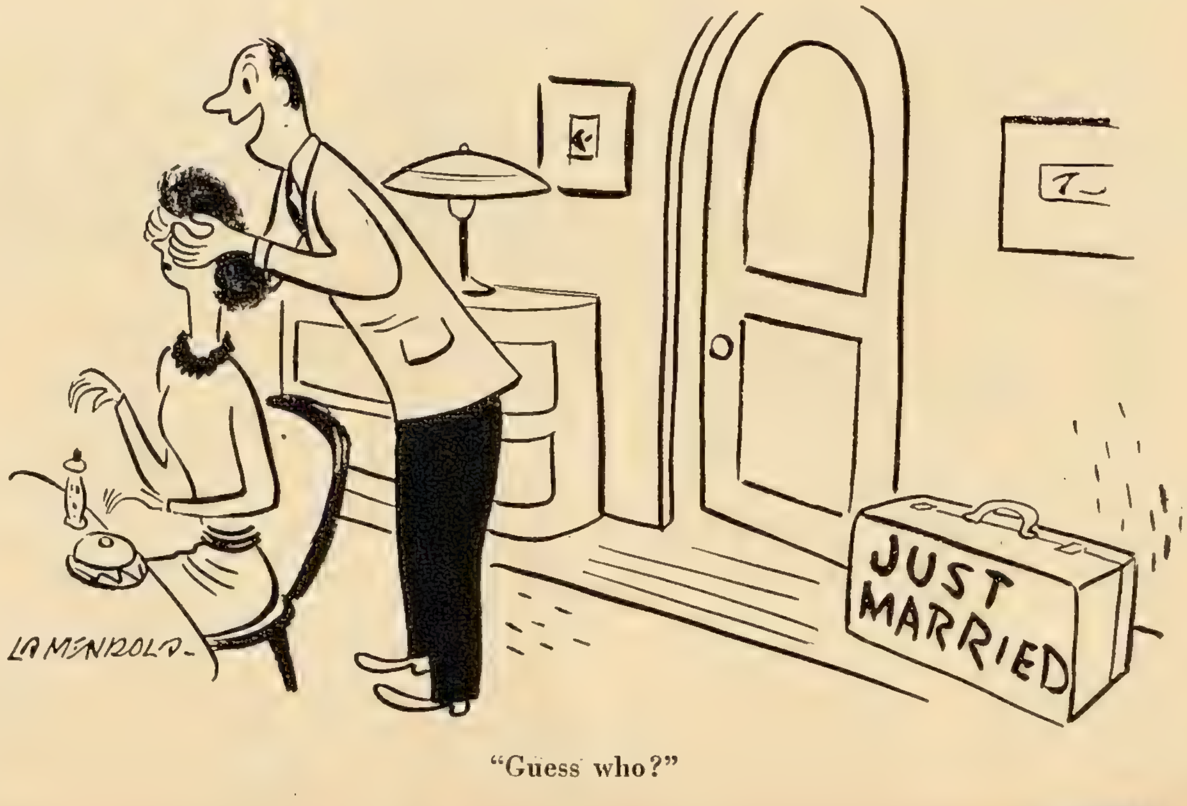
Up to the time when a fish from a Jap torpedo plane actually hit the Old Overholt (as his then flagship was nicknamed) Tommy Ryan's tensest moment came on the day when the carrier Wasp was torpedoed to her grave. Shortly after closing the Wasp to take off survivors, Ryan spied a fish dead ahead. Whichever way the destroyer might try to turn it would only aggravate the situation. So Tommy said a prayer, flexed his knees—and nothing happened. The fish had been set too deep. It passed under the port anchor and came out on the starboard side by the sea ladder.

When the fish aren't flying, the destroyer men have their fun. During the occupation of the Russells, Ryan really bore down while training the men of the LCTs (tank landing craft) which accompanied his DDs (naval nomenclature for destroyers). Conscientious Tommy had a feeling the LCT boys thought he was too hard on them until the following happened:

Thirsty Tommy had asked one of the LCT commanders to fetch him a box of limes when next he went into Renard Sound. Then one afternoon when Captain Ryan steamed into Tulagi and sent an officer over to the LCT base to check up on something, the officer came back with a shoebox and handed it to the captain on the bridge of his flagship. Fortunately, Ryan did not open it then, but sent it down to his stateroom. When he finally did open it, he found an excellent and virgin fifth of whisky, with this note:

"To the Commodore: The Army beat us to the limes. These are the spoils of war from the flat-bottomed express."

To expedite unloading of the LCTs, Ryan used to go into the coves and check up in person. He made it a habit to have coffee with the LCT skippers (all of them fresh-caught ensigns, U. S. N. R.), and on several occasions he had to decline offers of cold beer at three and four o'clock in the morning. On one occasion he complimented one of the lads on the fine quality of his coffee, and upon leaving the LCT, was surprised to find in his Navy launch



"Guess who?"

one of the Army's airtight tins of good coffee. More spoils of war, no doubt; but wise Tommy did not inquire, because the LCT did carry provisions for the Army, and if the Army and the Navy begin drinking the same brand of coffee, why, that is a step toward unification of the services.

With one island campaign following another, the destroyer people seldom found time to relax at Sydney, Auckland, Brisbane, Nouméa, or even Espiritu Santo. But, on the rare days when they were in Espiritu, they would go ashore with a sign painted OFFICERS' CLUB, tack it up on the first convenient coconut palm, and proceed to drink whatever beer or spirits they had been able to beg, borrow, or steal.

Generally speaking, destroyers are happy ships, and this is because they are democratic and informal and cozy as a middle-class American family, with the skipper presiding at breakfast, lunch, and dinner in his role of Old Man. And as for any particular uniform for the crew—well, for example, it would have been silly for a captain to order such after the destroyer men had outfitted the survivors of the Wasp, as they did of their own volition. The men simply didn't have the clothes and couldn't draw them for weeks.

It is a discerning skipper who realizes that all work and no play makes Jack a dull sailor. At Panama and similar way stations, the destroyers, in spite of rigorous operating conditions, usually manage softball games with a case of beer at home plate and other means of letting off steam.

When the equator is crossed, amusing ceremonies are in order. Tommy Ryan's price for his transformation from pollywog to shellback was paid in two stages. As his destroyers approached the Line, he stood a half-hour watch on the torpedo tubes as lookout for old Davy Jones. His uniform; leggings, sword and belt, athletic supporter, and pistol. The following day the skipper went through at the head of the line and had his seat properly paddled. A sense of humor hurts nobody in destroyers.

DESTROYER skippers and squadron commanders represent the American melting pot at its best. Among those who have been cited for distinguished action are McInerney, Ryan, Moosbrugger, Walker, Katz, Tobin, Sweeney, Smedberg, Abercrombie, Cooke, Simpson, Nyquist, and Higgins.

Personalities of the destroyer chiefs are as varied as their monikers. Frank McInerney is a burly, blue-eyed, genial fellow, a roister-doister sort of hail fellow. Ryan is smaller and quieter, more reserved and somewhat priestlike—although he has his moments. Benjamin Katz is even smaller and slighter, with deep brown eyes that could be sad, except that Katz is not the sad type; few tin-can men are. Walker is a large fellow, hale and hearty, possessed of a great sense of humor and not afraid to pat his officers and men on the back. Moosbrugger is short and thin and studious, more retiring than most, but a mad lion in action.

You can't type-cast the destroyer men any more than you can their ships. Versatility, flexibility, and change of pace are their assets.

About their achievements the destroyer skippers are uniformly modest and inclined to give credit for them to their junior officers and enlisted men, and that is only fair. In the case of Captain Thomas John Ryan, Jr., he is so modest about the Congressional Medal of Honor, one of his several decorations, that he won't even talk about it. His friends explain there are three reasons for this excessive modesty:

1. The medal was earned not in wartime but for gallant action in peacetime.
2. The gallant action consisted of dashing into a crumbling building to rescue a strange lady from a bathtub.
3. The rescued lady was a Japanese whose distress was occasioned by the 1923 earthquake at Yokohama, where Tommy Ryan's ship happened to be.

As they read the dispatches reporting our destroyer triumphs in the South Pacific, Bill Leahy, Bill Halsey, and the other old destroyer men who have been promoted to bigger ships or bigger jobs must envy the younger men who are in the middle of the golden age of destroyers.

TO MY VALENTINE

I want to hate your relatives,
  I want to catch your colds,
To find the wisdom that you think
  Your ev'ry sentence holds.

I want to keep your dinners warm
  And worry where you are
Each time you meet a colleague
  for
  A couple at the bar.

I want to live my life with you
  For all the years to come—
I want you to explain to me
  Just why I am so dumb.

—SIS WILLNER.

To ride a destroyer was the ambition of every Navy officer before the development of aviation, and it still is. Destroyers, to the Navy men, were as romantic as the cavalry was to the Army.

Destroyer man is a title, a rank of honor fit to be handed down from one generation to another—and it has been handed down in many of our leading Navy families.

Take the case of big, genial "Fuzzy" Theobald, admiral of the Boston Navy Yard. When this war broke out, "Fuzzy" was commander of a task force operating in the Aleutians. He had hoped to continue on sea duty and once again ride the tin cans he had known in his youth. But it was not to be. The elder generation must sometimes be content to sit behind the desks while the youngsters ride the waves and the Japs.

But "Fuzzy" has his compensation. He has a son, a chip off the old block, who recently was promoted to command of a destroyer named Smith. Both "Fuzzy's" boy and the Smith have distinguished themselves under fire. There will always be American destroyer men and destroyer boys like that.

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bernadette tells her mother and friends about her "vision."

Soon the entire village is following Bernadette to the grotto.

Eight years later, Bernadette enters a convent as a novitiate.

BY HARRIET GOULD

SONG OF BERNADETTE

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford, Vincent Price

> *"For those who believe in God no explanation is necessary. For those who do not believe in God, no explanation is possible."*

SO goes the foreword to the Song of Bernadette, the reverent story of the miracle of Lourdes and the young peasant girl who claimed she had seen a vision of the Virgin Mary.

In 1858, in the little French town of Lourdes, lived Bernadette Soubirous, the fourteen-year-old daughter of a miller. One spring morning she went with her sister and a friend to gather wood. She was waiting near the town dump for the other girls to join her, when suddenly the grotto where she was sitting seemed to be bathed in light. She looked up, and there, in a niche, saw a beautiful lady who ordered her to return fifteen times to that place.

Bernadette tried to keep her vision a secret, but the villagers soon heard of it and her visits turned into pilgrimages. The Roman Catholic Church opposed the whole affair as a fraud and a pagan ritual. On the last visit, Bernadette told her followers that the Lady had ordered her to wash in the spring—though the only near-by water was a small river. When Bernadette began to grabble in the dirt looking for "the spring," she was led away as insane.

But shortly after, a near-blind old man, who had waited behind in the grotto, felt water at his feet and discovered that a spring had started up in the spot. When he washed his face in the water his vision returned.

Thus began a long series of "miracle healings." The pilgrimages of the blind and halt to the spring at Lourdes continued until the war—and out of almost a million hopefuls, an average of fifteen were miraculously healed each year. Every "miracle" was checked by scientists and physicians. In 1864 Bernadette entered a convent, where she died of tuberculosis in 1897. In 1933 she was canonized.

That is the story of the Song of Bernadette as it was adapted from Franz Werfel's inspirational novel. And the 850,000 people who read this best seller will not be disappointed in the film. The production, right down to the duplication of Lourdes, is scrupulously authentic, and Henry King's direction is really inspired.

In addition, the film is studded with brilliant portrayals. Jennifer Jones demonstrates a rare cinematic sincerity in her moving performance as the wistful, naïve Bernadette. Other sterling characterizations are offered by Charles Bickford as the priest who refuses to recognize "the miracle"; Vincent Price as an arch-skeptic, and Roman Bohnen and Ann Revere as the simple ignorant parents of the girl.

The Song of Bernadette is a thought-provoking but not a controversial film. No philosophical discussion will ever solve the mystery of miracles. But whether you believe or not, the Song of Bernadette is a beautiful movie—one of the loveliest you'll ever see.

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

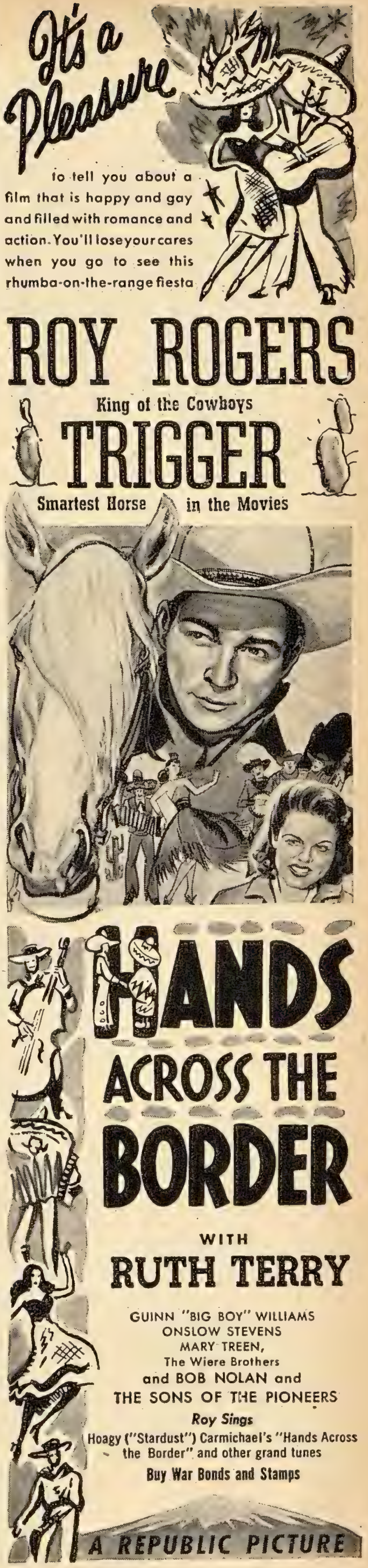
WHAT Dorothy Lamour did for the sarong, Maria Montez is doing for the harem trouser. Cashing in on the success of its travesty on The Arabian Nights, Universal's Oriental stock company (starring the very Occidental Jon Hall and Maria Montez, with Kurt Katch and Turhan Bey) has taken another crack at Persian folklore. This time it's Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves—and a delightful bit of nonsense it is. (Universal.)

"Song of Russia"

THERE'S more than one discordant note in Song of Russia. A charming story about an American symphony conductor who marries a Russian girl while touring the Soviet Union in 1941 has been turned into a hodgepodge melodrama by poor direction. Susan Peters makes a lovely heroine, but Robert Taylor simply doesn't look like a conductor. Moldy clips from old Russian films (for atmosphere) don't help much either. (M-G-M.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BATTLE OF RUSSIA (U. S. Army—20th Cent.-Fox). Documentary.
DESTINATION TOKYO (Warners). Cary Grant, John Garfield. War Drama.
HAPPY LAND (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey. Drama.
JANE EYRE (20th Cent.-Fox). Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Drama.
NO TIME FOR LOVE (Paramount). Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. Comedy.
STANDING ROOM ONLY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard. Comedy.
THE LODGER (20th Cent.-Fox). Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar. Drama.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.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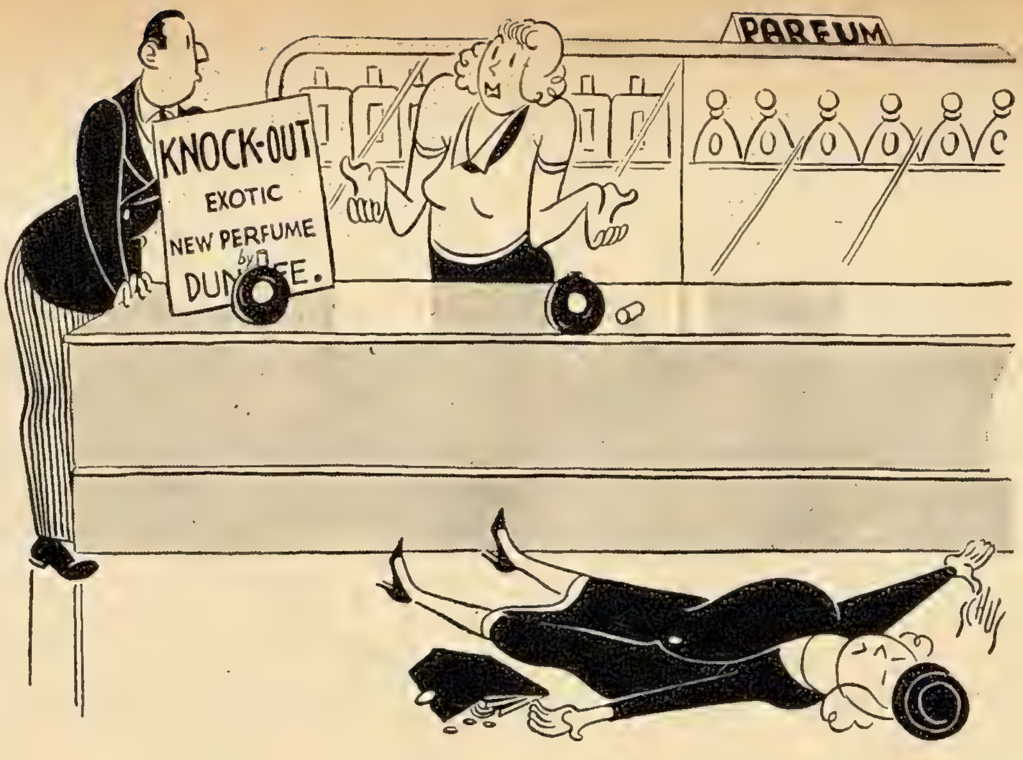


"I guess it did!"

(*Continued from page 56*)

criticism of Frank. In my capacity as a New York columnist I helped stir up a little of it myself, because that sort of thing makes lively reading.

But it's true that a lot of men do resent the way women sort of lose their heads when Frank sings. In Boston, where Frank drew 17,000 fans to the Keith Theater in a single day, a girl reporter went around in the crowd hoping to get stinging criticisms of the kids. Finally she came to an aged woman who was hobbling about on a cane.

The reporter asked the woman if she had come to observe this new phenomenon, this new lunacy, the Sinatra worship.

"Listen, you young thick-head," snapped the lady with the cane. "He's all that I got to live for. I love that man."

IT'S always happening that way—Frank is always winning new converts. In Pittsburgh it was discovered that two Brooklyn girls, Irene Kamerousky and Myrna Nudelman, were waiting in line to see Frank, after having made the trip from New York on money they'd saved. They looked famished, so they were taken to the Travelers Aid Society. Sinatratics, as they've been called, are very eloquent about Frank, and thirteen-year-old Irene persuaded the dignified welfare worker in charge to take her to the theater to hear Frank. The welfare worker, according to Irene, insisted upon staying for two shows.

A part of the attention Frank gets now is police protection. Boston assigned two Irish plain-clothes men to watch over him, and although it seemed pretty silly to him, they insisted on being with him constantly. Being he-men not overly fond of crooners, they made it plain that they didn't relish such an assignment, but by the end of the week they had Sinatra recordings. The Voice had presented each of them with a solid gold St. Christopher medal and had gone with them to a nine-o'clock mass.

Frank's not the weakling he's been pictured by all the comedians. Actually, he weighs between 136 and 138, stands 5 feet 10, and seems perfect physically, except for the punctured eardrum. He eats four meals a day, and is especially fond of spaghetti, Italian bread, and banana splits. He takes an occasional drink, but is no lush. He's as sentimental at times as his songs, and noticeably choked up when 3,700 kids sang Happy Birthday to him in Pittsburgh. It's been figured out that this was the first time any performer had been sung to in a theater.

Frank's publicity has been "natural" for months. In the beginning, George Evans gave Paramount Theater ushers bottles of spirits of ammonia, "in case a patron feels like swooning," but Frank's wildfire rise to fame made that sort of thing seem insignificant. There are many legends about Frank—one being that he has a secret claque of thirteen girls who go along with him to radio broadcasts and elsewhere, and sigh. Well, there are girls who go along, but there's no secret about it, and they're not paid. They're not even given passes. Evans has offered a $1,000 reward to anybody who can prove that he ever paid a fan to put on a demonstration of sighing or swooning—and the money has not been claimed.

"I didn't have to do anything like that," Evans says. "There were plenty of enthusiastic girls who would do it without being paid."

At twenty-six, Frank seems merely to have started. Curiously, the fact that he is married and has a daughter (he should have another child by the time this appears) has not reduced his popularity. His wife, Nancy, gets a heavy fan mail herself, and the fans like to flock around Frank's home at Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, and take her picture if he's not home.

To me the best Sinatra story is this one: Frank had just finished having his hair cut in his favorite barbershop in midtown New York. As he got up from the chair, the porter started sweeping up the trimmings that had fallen on the floor. A gang of Sinatra fans had been waiting for just this opportunity. They rushed the porter, and he gave them the trimmings from a Frank Sinatra haircut—right out of the dustpan.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

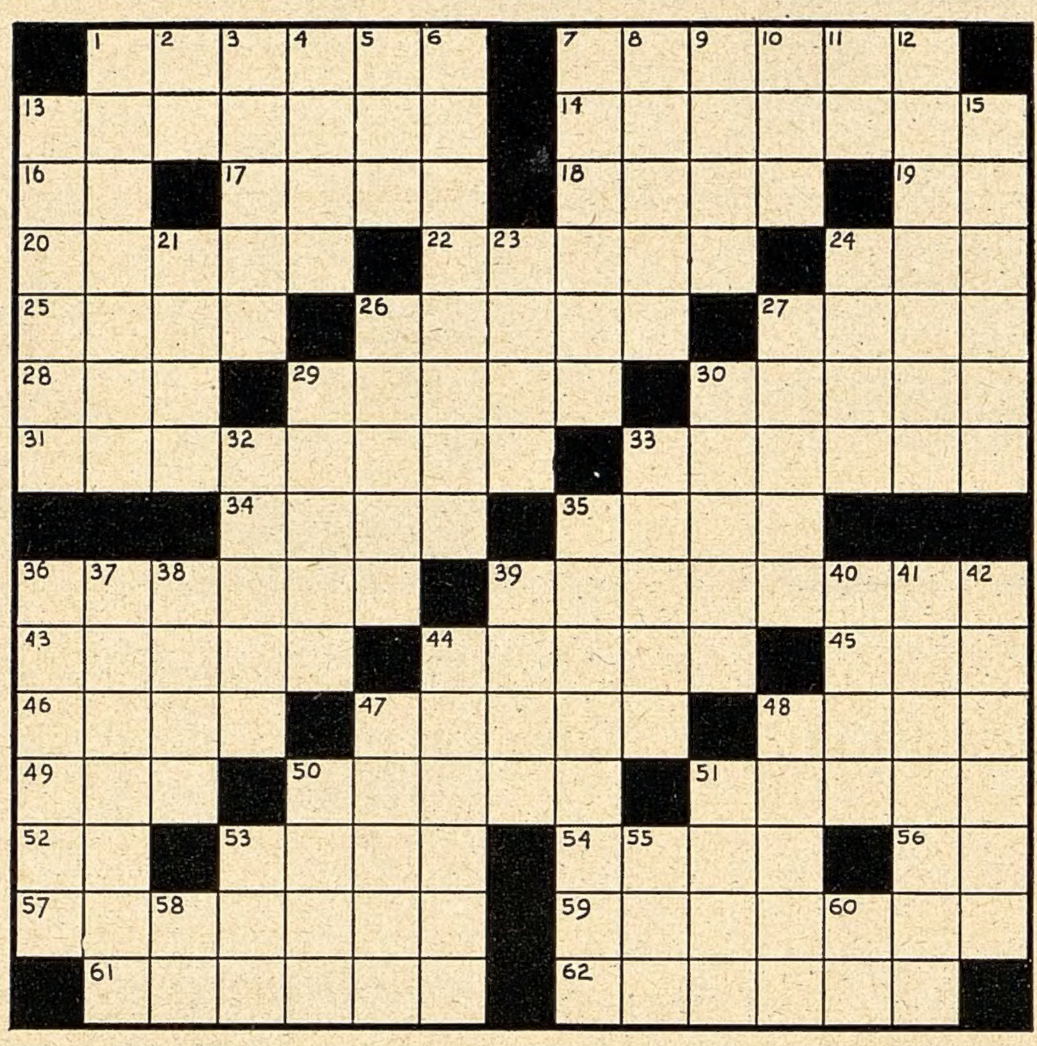
The successful people are the ones who can think up stuff for the rest of the world to keep busy at.

—*Don Marquis.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

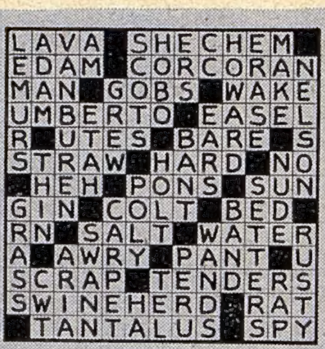
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Pistol Packin' Papa! That's what his draft board calls him
7 New day of the week, follows Sunday and Monday
13 A nice anniversary shower for Hitler
14 Filling station, patronized by the Booze Who
16 Bit of an ass
17 Wood with hardened arteries
18 They're one too many for Zeros
19 The diphthong poet
20 Chassis (fem.)
22 What Hansel & Gretel almost were
24 Tickling Reduces Rage (abbr.)
25 Fork finger
26 Frankenstein monsters with inflation
27 A little kick—in the the teeth
28 Big time piece
29 Swoo-o-o-o-o-osh!
30 Ambulating barrage balloons
31 They always have their noses in other people's business
33 Cause of the ups and downs of childhood
34 Olympus Killjoy
35 Cherman Gremlin
36 Impressionable one-eyed thing
39 'Fraidypantsless
43 "Handsome is as virtue does" is a what?
44 Sleep wrecker, sounds off mornings for those for whom the bell tolls
45 Place where Tojo lae-d an egg
46 She doesn't sound exactly like an upright gal to us
47 Kaviar Kings
48 Lake, but not Veronica
49 One for the Scotch
50 Boss's footrests



LAVA■SHECHEM■
EDAM■CORCORAN
MAN■GOBS■WAKE
UMBERTO■EASEL
R■UTES■BARE■S
STRAW■HARD■NO
■HEH■PONS■SUN
GIN■COLT■BED■
RN■SALT■WATER
A■AWRY■PANT■U
SCRAP■TENDERS
SWINEHERD■RAT
■TANTALUS■SPY

Last week's answer

51 Makes things just sew-sew
52 X
53 Country filled with anger, but apparently now peaceful
54 You'll have to earn yours to have it
56 Iced Eggheads (abbr.)
57 Some sound like loud squeakers: some're like violent yellers
59 This continent's original reds
61 Canine mamas
62 It'll keep you in stitches

VERTICAL

1 Woman's its slave
2 Agitated Rugcutters (abbr.)
3 Unrationed part of a cow (and who cares!)
4 Furcoated lightning streak
5 In your I
6 You've got to keep a sharp eye open for these during bridge battles
7 Let this be a lessened to you
8 Big tieups around loose ankles
9 It flew before the Wright Bros.
10 Arty end of Arsenic & Old Lace
11 If you see it double, it's the top
12 Gliding through the air with the greatest of ease
13 Smacks the bird with the gravy
15 Unionizes
21 The A in A. D.
23 Zeus sang "The Last Time I Saw ----"
24 Carbon copy
26 Screaming and carrying on @ $9 90 a seat
27 Slosh around (and around)
29 An extra something for that tired feeling in the back
30 It attacks in bee formation
32 The old oil, when Greek meets Greek
33 Burns, the unpoetic sort
35 A rugged thing
36 Fine old French port
37 Schnozzle road block, removable by nasal operation
38 Horse hair
39 Bombs bursting in air
40 That's the spirit, boys
41 If deaf, this poor little fish is hard of herring
42 Hardest things for idiots to come to
44 Dumb Dora calls this a female jackass; it's really what tax collectors do
47 Cotta's first name
48 This is not so hot
50 Carpe ----
51 He died from Persianing
53 It's better laid than never
55 Here's a point for you sailors to remember (abbr.)
58 Self-denying people do this quite often to themselves
60 Bert's nickname

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

RED-ITCHY SKIN?
watch out—it's often
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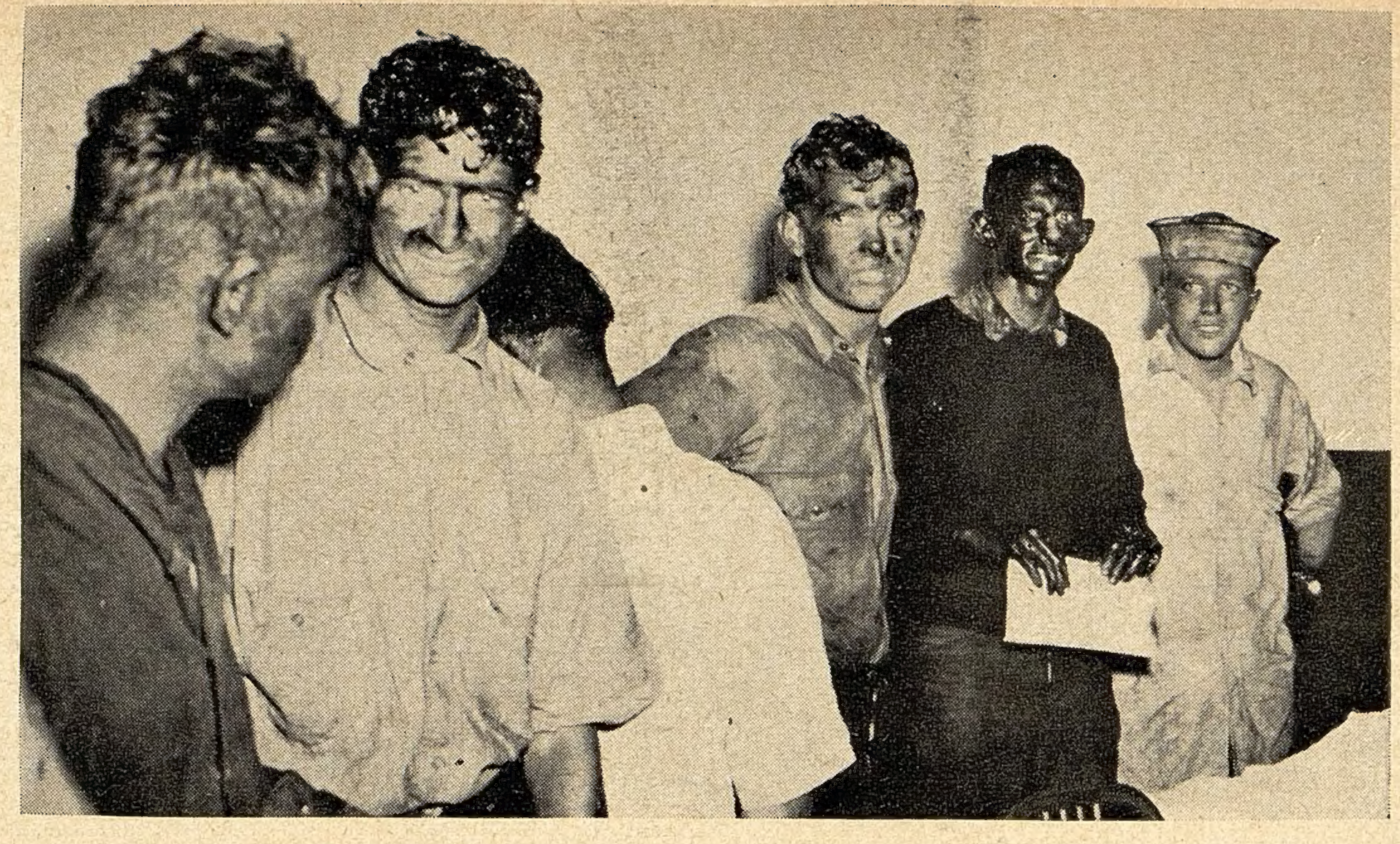
FEB. 12, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



Oil-covered survivors of a tanker torpedoed off the coast of North Carolina.

OUR MERCHANT SAILORS ARE HEROES, TOO!

THE seas that wash the shores of the world are the scene of our most crucial battle—a battle still in progress but one we are winning steadily day by day. In the fighting many lives are lost. A high proportion of the casualties are merchant seamen, technically noncombatants.

Tales of courage and devotion to duty, many literally unbelievable, have come out of this battle of the oceans. Ships have been brought to port with their backs broken, held together by rope . . . and a prayer. Halves of ships have been navigated thousands of miles to make port once again. Time and again merchant seamen have stuck to their posts far beyond the call of duty and thereby sacrificed their lives. Others, rescued after agonizing days and nights aboard life rafts, have returned to sea again as soon as they could get up from their hospital beds.

Little recognition has been accorded the heroism of these men in the public prints. In fact it is mostly the other way around. They have been accused of indifferent patriotism and called callous seekers after higher wages in a time of national peril. They have been charged with refusal to perform their duty on occasion except as called for in their union contracts. These accusations do not stand up under investigation.

But even their worst critics never question the courage of the men who man the ships. These merchant seamen work for private concerns. They are not members of the armed forces, but are hired to do a job. The hazards of this job may be gauged by the fact that, in proportion to the numbers involved, the loss of life among merchant seamen is greater than among members of the armed forces. At least until recently the most dangerous way of serving the nation during this war was to join the merchant marine.

A great deal of controversy has been stirred up over the pay merchant sailors get in comparison with the members of the armed forces. However, there is no true basis for comparison. Merchant sailors are hired to work. Members of the armed services are enrolled to fight. The advantages, financial and otherwise, that accrue to fighting men are of a different order than those available to merchant seamen. Yet on the record the hazards to life and limb in this non-fighting occupation are greater than those undergone by the men whose job it is to fight.

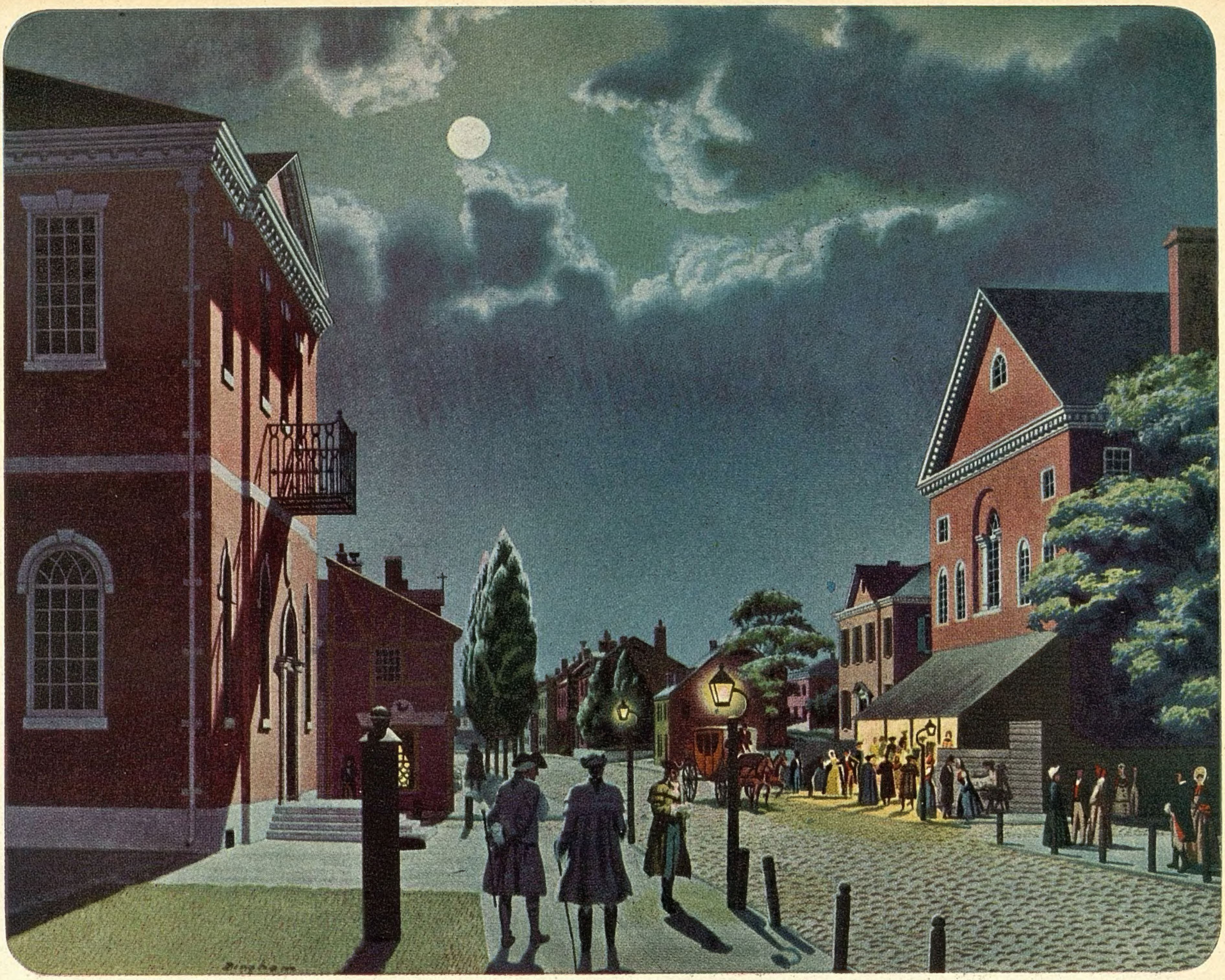
Occasionally, and all too infrequently, an heroic act by a merchant sailor is recognized by the presentation of the American Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal. This is a government decoration awarded by the American people as a badge of honor.

But the companies who operate ships which constitute our overseas life lines are also aware of the heroism of their men. They are grateful when men on their payrolls risk life and limb beyond the call of duty to serve not only their country but also their fellow workers and the company which employs them. The United Fruit Company, one of our largest operators of seagoing craft, recently struck a medal to be awarded those of their personnel who deserve it for meritorious service at sea beyond the call of duty by the company or by the nation.

The hazards of the sea are great enough in peacetime. In this war they are truly appalling. Any gesture which recognizes the heroic quality of our seamen and the part they play in opening our life lines and keeping them open deserves a big hand.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



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